

# CHATELAIN

MARCH  
1939  
TEN CENTS



FEATURING ANNE DUFFIELD'S COMPLETE NOVEL, "*BRIEF RAPTURE*"

*Are British Movies Outshining Hollywood?* By MARY LOWREY ROSS

# TRAVEL WEST THE JASPER WAY

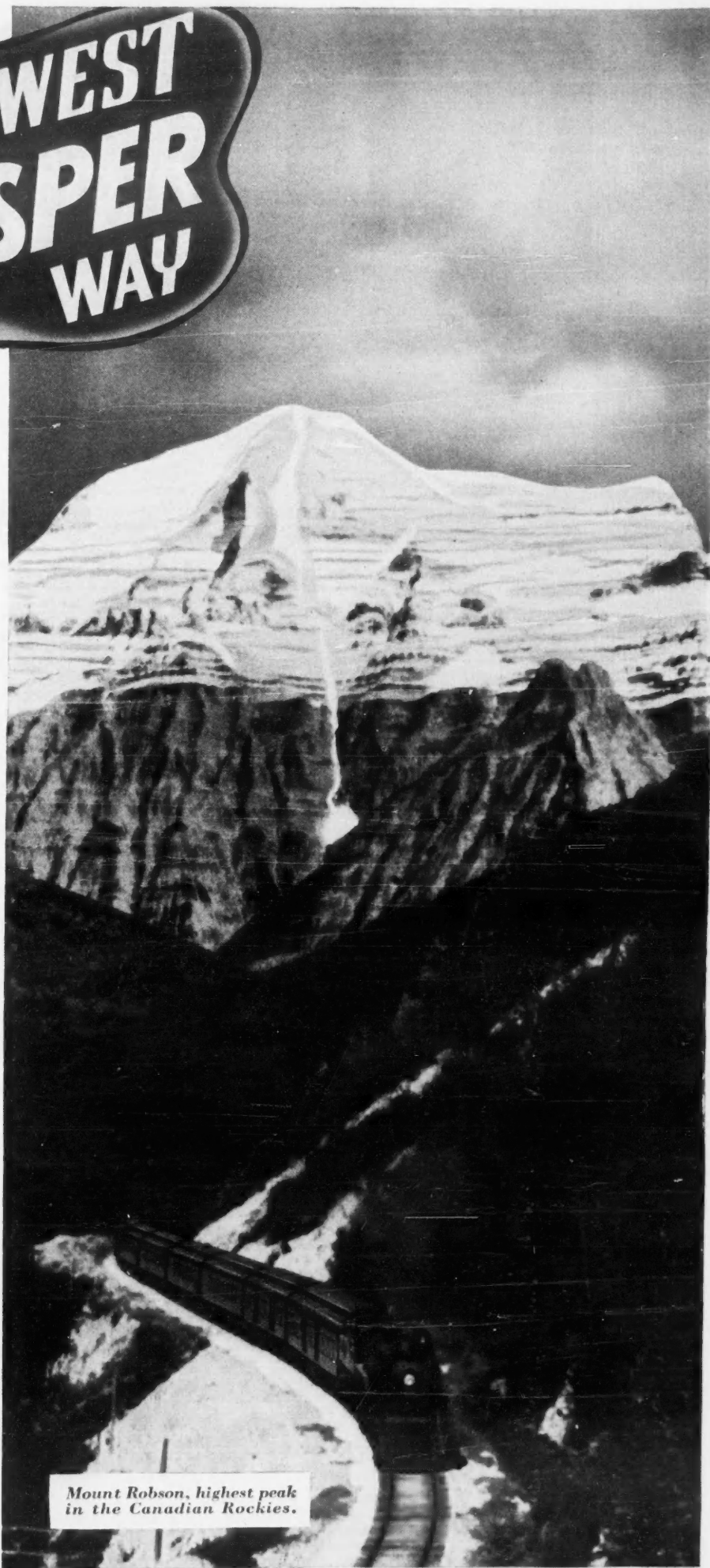
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# TRAVEL WEST THE JASPER WAY

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115 \$5<sup>00</sup> PRIZES — 125 PRIZES IN ALL...

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Read the simple, easy Contest Rules below and be sure to follow them very carefully!

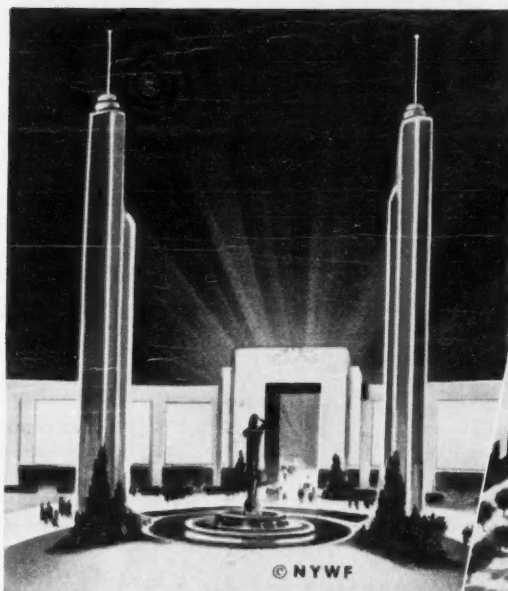
The trip you will receive if you win one of the 10 first prizes will be for *two people* to come to New York and spend an entire week visiting the marvels of the Fair. This includes *all expenses* plus a generous "extra allowance".

Or, if you don't win one of the 10 Free Trips to the Fair, remember there are 115 cash prizes of \$5.00 each! Get into this thrilling Contest right away — and get in to *win!*

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**3** Send as many entries as you wish. Write each entry and your name and address on a separate Magic Baking Powder label.

**4** Mark label with your name and address and mail to Magic Baking Powder, Post Office Box No. 5 Toronto 2, Ont.

**5** Contest closes midnight, May 31, 1939. Winners will be announced shortly thereafter. You may take your trip to the Fair whenever you wish.

**6** Anyone in Canada and Newfoundland may compete except employees of Magic Baking Powder and their families.



BE SURE TO SEE MAGIC BAKING POWDER on exhibit when you visit the interesting, imposing Standard Brands Building





# CHATELAINE

a magazine for canadian women

**She Isn't a Candy-box Baby.** Her hair, you'll notice, doesn't curl, except in her bath. Her bonnet is always at a rakish angle. Some of the men around the office are bewailing her lack of prettiness. But I have assured them vigorously that nine out of ten women will respond more to the shining naughtiness in her eyes than to the blandness of a too-good baby. Surely, in the series of unusual covers which *Chatelaine* is bringing you, this babe will be a ranking favorite. She will frame beautifully and will grin engagingly from your nursery walls if you want her to.

**Don't bully your husband** into reading Jimmy Drawbell's discourse on clever women and the men who won't marry them. Just leave this issue lying around, open at page thirteen. He'll grab it quickly enough. And may it do him a lot of good, say I! Maybe Jimmy Drawbell is trying to placate all the furies he aroused in Canada when he suggested that men gave up more than they gained in marriage. He was swamped with indignation. But he's told the truth this time. Or has he?

**A Famous Canadian name** appears in this issue. Dorothy Roberts Leisner, whose story, "The Dress with the Blue Flowers," is her first published fiction, is a daughter of Theodore Goodrich Roberts, and a niece of Sir Charles G. D. Roberts, accepted as the dean of Canadian literature. I think you'll find a quality in this young Canadian writer's work which will give you pleasure. If you do, take the trouble to drop her a note saying so. Canadian magazines are doing a steady work in presenting the work of our young writers, as well as the stories of those who are far-famed. It's an enriching experience to have a story published in a national magazine—but an infinitely greater one to have letters of appreciation and interest from men and women throughout the Dominion. Impresses the editors too!

**Conscripting the Woman-power** is a phrase which is going to be echoed down the years ahead. For, I believe, women are gradually becoming aware of what they could do in public matters—if they really wanted to. They seem to be slowly realizing the truth behind the cold statistics—that they have the greater voting power at the polls.

As one field for their intelligent activity, *Chatelaine* is urging women to make the death toll on the highways their own responsibility. Frederick Edwards, when he wrote that stirring article on the subject, "Women Can Stop This!" became so much interested that he wrote the unusually dramatic short story, "Accident!" Here's a bit of Canadian writing which you'll long remember. It flashes back into my mind every time I come to a "Stop" sign, and I hope that you get everyone in your family who drives the car to read it.

When I wrote to Mr. C. E. McTavish, general sales manager of General Motors in Canada, asking his opinion on what women can do, he said, "*Chatelaine* is certainly to be congratulated upon its crusade in the name of safety. It is hard to measure the value of individual safety campaigns, because progress toward effective accident prevention consists of a great many such efforts all added together. Nevertheless, the potential influence of any movement which could conscript the woman-power of the nation is so great that it becomes a major campaign. So the best of luck to *Chatelaine's* effort, whether it promotes safety play yards for children, or driving schools to increase operator responsibility, or whether it merely swells the growing safety-consciousness in a general way."

It's a big job and not completed in a few issues of any magazine. Nor in a few meetings of your club. Are you hammering away at the need for increased precautions in your own locality?

*Byrne Hope Sanders.*

## CHATELAINE FOR MARCH

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# CHATELAINE for MARCH



The soft lights in the night club made the faces of the dancers unreal beautiful.

## Baby Doctor

by CHARLES BONNER

HE STOPPED to say to the telephone girl with the long waxed lashes that the X-ray of her small brother didn't show the slightest sign of rickets and she wasn't to worry any more about it.

"Give him all the sun you can find, and feed him fish," he said. "Lots of fish."

She replied in a voice that trembled a little, "Thank you, doctor."

But she looked after him as if he were a god. A good many people gave him that look. He never saw it. He was too busy, too absorbed. He was like a priest, too, Jane O'Malley thought, who had taken special vows to children. She pulled out all the plugs and then her handkerchief.

Craig went up to his penthouse office on the roof of the fourteen-story Park Avenue apartment house, reached by way of a private elevator and forty-one years of a difficult road from a rocky farm. As the car neared his floor, he could hear the sounds which were his Fifth Symphony—the singsong prattle of the toddlers, the precarious treble of the pre-adolescents, the squawking brassy of infants in arms, the woodwinds of cautioning mothers. It was a horrible din, and his spine tingled to it.

He let himself in by the door to his private consulting room and said good morning to Miss Crimmins, starched, dead-panned and deadly efficient.

"Good morning, Dr. Howland," she said. Her tone

was precise and clinical. He offered her a lozenge from the little box he always carried. She took one. There was nothing wrong with her throat, but this was a daily rite, as if to say that their flesh, too, was weak.

"How many?" he said. He hung up his hat and coat and slipped into the white surgical tunic.

"Twenty-two," she said.

"Heavens," he said. He looked into the mirror and ruffled the neat black mustache, flecked with grey, which followed the firm line of his lip. Then he opened the door to the waiting room and stood there for a minute.

There they were—all sizes and sexes, sitting on the floor, climbing over chairs, investigating windows and doors and what was under the rug, poring over the books and unconvincedly fingering the toys with which the room was stocked. Nineteen mothers said "Don't," and "Please put that down," and "You mustn't touch," and "Jackie!" and "Elise!"

A red-haired girl of fourteen sat apart, scarlet with annoyance. She's feeling too big for a baby doctor, he

thought with sympathy. Well, I'll give her a couple more doses of pituitrin and let her graduate.

Two infants' nurses with ribbons streaming from their caps and long blue cloaks with scarlet revers, held children close to their knees and looked with contempt at the ones so unfortunate as to be accompanied by their mothers. A boy of seven knocked over a vase of flowers. The flowers were artificial and the vase didn't break. There was nothing breakable in the place.

His assistant, Dr. Nardly, and his two nurses, Miss Castle and Miss Boyer, went imperturbably through the preliminary routine of recording histories or bringing them up to date, and listening patiently to mothers' tales.

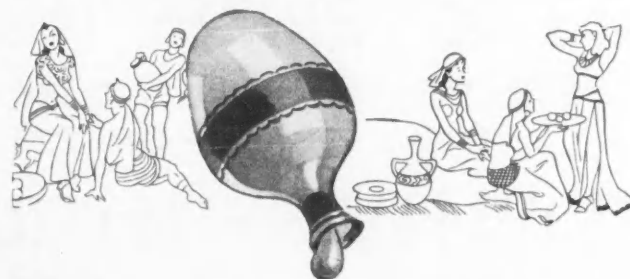
Illustrated by  
Joseph  
Nussdorf





# Skin Beauty

## WAS IMPORTANT 3000 YEARS AGO



Even above beauty of feature and form, women of ancient Egypt prized beauty of the skin. And ceaselessly they searched for some recipe, some formula to preserve it. Spices, resins, earth... nothing was disregarded in their efforts to find a way to keep their skin soft, white and lovely.



At last someone, probably a woman wiser than the others, carefully mixed the costly oils of Olive and Palm. Strangely enough, this blend cleansed the skin, soothed it, kept it soft, yet firm, lovely and youthful.



And from that day to this, nothing has been found that is finer, more soothing for your skin than these same gentle oils of Olive and Palm. That is why they are used in the making of Palmolive. But today of course, in this famous soap these precious oils are blended with scientific carefulness. The new improved Palmolive cannot irritate the most sensitive skin. Dr. Dafoe uses only Palmolive for the little Dionne Quins.



So you can safely trust Palmolive for your delicate skin. Its purity, its soft, gentle lather, its lovely colouring are produced by no artificial means. They are inherited naturally from the costly natural oils used in the making of Palmolive. Use Palmolive regularly. See how it helps keep *your* skin soft, smooth and youthful. Get three cakes today.

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GIANT  
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"I must say I like the new improved Palmolive. Its lather seems even gentler than before. Yet it cleanses my skin perfectly, without the slightest irritation."

*Joanne Patterson*  
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All at once Craig was gloriously tired. He felt he had no body—only eyes that lived on Virginia's face. "Remove the mask," he said.

inside their shirt sleeves, closed with drawstrings; at the little smile leaking out of the corners of the sketchy mouth. He let out his own pent-up breath.

The injections of blood seemed to be holding the anaemia at bay. It was unbelievable, but there it was. Now if they could only escape a transfusion. They'd have to do it, as a last resort. But, if they did, you could buy the chances for a dime.

She followed Craig out, carefully trundling Man Mountain in his trolley as if he were a small bowl of goldfish. They crossed the corridor and entered a small room equipped with canvas top examining table, collapsible rubber tub, scales, hamper, diathermic apparatus and the inevitable diaper pail.

Silently, Craig made his swift examination. Heart, okay—that was, as well as could be expected. Lungs clear. Muscles tonic.

He lifted the small package gently to the scales. "Five pounds, twelve ounces! What's wrong with that?" He felt that perhaps his voice was a little too triumphant.

Through her lenses, Virginia Lane's dark blue eyes were economically approving, but watchful. He quickly replaced Man Mountain on the table and began an intense sniffing.

"He needs a bath," he said clinically. "Olive oil. He's got resistance, the little devil."

"He has," she agreed.

Miss Lane would never let enthusiasm get out of hand, he reflected. And properly, he added hastily.

She rapidly stripped Man Mountain, cradled him against her bosom, bathed the minuscule body in warm olive oil.

"I'll get on to my rounds, Craig decided. He stayed and watched every move as she delicately completed the rub and then, with hurried, skilful fingers, drew on the small garments.

Man Mountain beamed.

"An absolutely unique case," Craig said.

"Yes," Miss Lane said, rolling Man Mountain back into the nursery.

When she came out, she said, "Mrs. Worcester is coming in at one." Her tone was not quite successfully casual. "She just wants to see about the adoptables and—"

Craig felt a sudden quickening of his pulse. "And?"

Miss Lane looked at him directly. "I suppose Man—Number 8712."

Craig nodded with tightened lips. "Mrs. Worcester can be nasty. I'll be on hand."

"Thank you," Miss Lane said briefly.

MRS. WORCESTER faced them across Virginia's desk. Unconsciously, Craig had placed himself on that side. Mrs. Worcester's look seemed to say that that correctly expressed the situation. She was a white-haired woman, beautifully groomed, with a thin face and pince-nez. She looked and was executive, and probably would have been chairman of the Woman's Auxiliary of some hospital even if her husband hadn't given to Infants' twenty-five thousand dollars a year for the past ten years. She was on record as admiring Craig Howland, but it was clear she couldn't get rid of the notion that he was a superior sort of servant.

"I might as well come to the point," she said. She always did. "This is a private hospital, and if the Woman's Auxiliary means anything at all, it means keeping up the non-medical standards. I haven't any prejudice against unwed mothers or illegitimate children as such—" Mrs. Worcester paused. She didn't sound as though she really liked them. "But there are the proper places—the city hospitals and that sort of thing. You know what I'm talking about?"

Miss Lane nodded. "This time," Mrs. Worcester went on, leaning heavily on the word, "it is the sense of the Board that it will be sufficient to call Miss Lane's attention to the infraction—"

"No one could have turned that mother away," Miss Lane interrupted. Her tone was informational.

Mrs. Worcester looked as if she could, and Craig agreed.

"She was done in," Virginia said compactly. "She didn't have a cent. The baby was born two hours later—and she died. We haven't been able to trace—"

"That's over," Mrs. Worcester said. "The illegitimate child is another thing. The Board insists that it be transferred immediately."

"There are two objections to that," Craig said quickly. He was surprised at himself.

"And they are?"

"Because of the circumstances of the mother's admission here and of the child's birth, it will be difficult to find an institution that will take him. I mean that Man—that Number 8712 has become rather our responsibility." Craig beamed a little on Mrs. Worcester to convey this pleasant idea.

"Miss Lane's responsibility," Mrs. Worcester amended.

"Of course," said Miss Lane, arranging cards.

Mrs. Worcester turned to Craig. "And the other objection, doctor?"

He chose his words carefully. "Because I absolutely refuse to permit the child's removal."

Two tiny pink spots, round as nickels, appeared on Mrs. Worcester's powder-white cheeks. She got up precisely, as though she were unfolding some kind of machine.

"Very well," she said. "The Board will have my resignation this afternoon."

"I hope not, Mrs. Worcester," Craig said conscientiously.

When the door had closed behind her, he sat silent for several minutes. Virginia Lane matched him, except that she was methodically filling in reports.

"All my life," Craig finally observed, "I've said pretty please to women like Mrs. Worcester. I've had to, to get what I wanted for my kids. It rather set me up to let her have it."

Continued on page 30



A baby erped. Miss Castle moved calmly to do the necessary and soothe the embarrassed mother. Oh-oh, Dr. Craig Howland thought, we'll have to get to work.

He said to Dr. Nardly, "You can start them in." He made a final survey and his steady grey eyes saw danger and fear and faith; saw tragedies and triumphs. He thought, some men go to sea or the air for adventure. For pure adventure, could anything compare with making children well? Making big ones out of little ones? Don't be smug, he concluded.

Miss Crimmins, behind him, said, "Telephone, doctor."

He was used to the minute shades of Crimmins' voice and he turned quickly.

"Important?"

"Man Mountain." She was not quite expressionless.

But he was, determinedly, as he went into his room, picked up the receiver.

"Oh, Miss Lane," he said. "Yes . . . yes. That's right. Of course not . . . Have Nichols take a look at him. I'll be down right after noon . . . Have Nichols take a look at him."

He lowered the instrument slowly, his eyes puzzled, a slight crease in his forehead.

Miss Crimmins looked up from the notes she was transcribing for Miss Castle and Miss Boyer. She'd never seen him both puzzled and frowning. Scarcely ever either.

THE MORNING passed swiftly. There were the usual number of routine cases—debilities indicated by underweight, lassitude, irritability—curable by proper diet and living regimens which any general practitioner could have administered, but which came to him as a sort of tithe the rich paid his reputation. Then there were the cases of deficient bone growth, organic prolapses and neuroses which quickened his scientific interest. And the glandular maladjustments which excited him most of all. Cretinism. Here was the chance to make big ones out of little ones. But there was little different in his outward reaction to each case. From the moment the first small patient lay on the examining table until the last mother had left a wreath of a devout and grateful smile, his face showed the same characteristic and complete absorption.

He said, "Here, Nardly, a cigarette. Life isn't work alone." He said that every morning when they finished with the office patients.

But his face didn't show it. Even then he hadn't come down to earth.

"I'm going to see the Winslow girl, doctor," Nardly said. "Measles. Garden variety. Nothing interesting."

He said, "It's all interesting." His face was calm and present, but his eyes were a good deal farther than his cigarette smoke.

Nardly had seen such a face before—on a visiting cleric from an English country parish. It was intelligent and good, but essentially removed from living. And yet Craig Howland had lived. It was living—to the limit—to be constantly in the thick of the struggle to cheat death.

Nardly thought, "Wonder if he's ever had a woman? With that kind, you can't tell."

He slowly unbuttoned his tunic, his cigarette dangling expertly by the adhesion of dried saliva and the paper on its under side. The burning end lay roguishly on his chin. The trick was an ancient accomplishment of internship. Nardly didn't know that he would get over it in time and also the sense of disillusionment produced by those two hospital years.

Something had been bothering the young assistant for days. Now, it had got to the point where it had to be lanced.

He said suddenly, "This is impertinent, Chief. Why haven't you ever married? A baby doctor without any kids of his own."

Craig smiled dimly through his mask of concentration. "I'm a priest," he said, "with a priest's benefices." He'd said it a thousand times. Funny how a little cliché will stick with you, like an ear. This time it sounded hollow.

"It's sabotage," Nardly said.

Craig said, "You can't have the captain of a liner paddle a canoe up the river at the same time."

Nardly laughed co-operatively. "But, really," he

said, "we'd understand the brats a lot better if we knew why people had 'em."

Craig gave him an encouraging glance. "Go ahead. My blessings."

Nardly shook his head. "I'm not even sure I like 'em."

He finished his cigarette, buttoned his coat and went out.

CRAIG GOT up and looked out of the window, at a man on a roof a block away doing something with a long stick, while pigeons circled about his head. He frowned at them as though somehow that would relieve his internal frowning.

Odd of Nardly to say that, just now, with this business of Man Mountain coming up. Not in twenty-five years had the Plan been questioned so seriously, threatened. Threatened?

Craig looked back twenty-five years to a hillside and a little brown farmhouse. Not a very pretty farmhouse. Not a very fertile hillside. He looked back to the white face of the runabout boy who was no longer a runabout boy; who lay helplessly in bed and stared up with puzzlement—and yet with confidence—at his older brother. That confidence had made Craig's plan.

He blueprinted it as carefully as an engineer and filed it as precisely as an efficiency expert. In one compartment he filed his hopes, brains, energies. He labelled that, "This is my work." Another he called, "This is my private life." He'd carried both of them around ever since. But the second had remained empty and closed.

It worried him that people should try to open it. Puzzled him, too.

In the first place, it was not at all like Virginia Lane to admit a female without a name, and permit her to die in delivering a child as nebulous.

Virginia Lane was his choice. Her selection as superintendent of Infants' Hospital and Home was, and was meant to be, a symbol of his own judgment and experience. He'd counted on Miss Lane. Counted on her serious, regular features, her horn-rimmed glasses and the trick she had of hiding her hair sensibly under her cap. All that from his first glimpse of her. Lately, he had rather heavily depended on the mind that was as precise and unemotional as a man's and a judgment which, at twenty-six, was as mature as a woman of fifty. And, finally, that she was as free of sentimentality as he.

But now there was the baby to confound it all.

His own actions confounded him, too. He hadn't kicked the baby out. He should have. With a little rising dampness on his forehead, he faced the fact: Five pounds of utter insignificance had become, fantas-

*"Men like you," said his favorite nurse "are either lunatics - or gods" . . . His story is so dramatic that Hollywood has selected it as material for a feature picture in 1939*

tically, of greater importance than his whole fashionable practice!

"It's ridiculous," he said.

But then he'd never seen, in his entire medical history, so much insistence on living. At three days, the creature had put up a smile.

It was Virginia Lane who first pointed this out.

"He's really smiling," she said.

"Nothing but gas," Craig said. "We'll have to shift him to one of the city hospitals at once."

It was one of Miss Lane's rare moments of aberration. She didn't seem to hear. "He hasn't any name," she said. "His mother wouldn't tell. We'll give him one."

Craig said stiffly, "Miss Lane, there are a thousand children who have some demand on our time."

"Yes, doctor," Miss Lane said, giving the baby an efficient pat on its swathed behind. "What shall we call him?"

This was nonsense. "How should I know?" he said. "Call him anything. Call him Mr. Smith. Call him Man Mountain Dean."

"Of course," she said. "Man Mountain." It appeared to be entirely reasonable to her.

"He has no right to be alive at all," Craig grumbled. "Miss Lane, will you kindly make room for my stethoscope?"

But Man Mountain suddenly seemed an absurd and excellent name.

From then on, things went from bad to worse. That is, Man Mountain—premature, infinitesimal, with his tuft of blond hair like a silky coxcomb, his transparent mauve hands and irrepressible smile—got better, minutely, daily. The better he got, the more impossible the situation became. A difficulty promptly arose about transferring him to a city institution because they shouldn't have admitted the mother in the first place. It seemed that, even in death, she had no official position. And Man Mountain, getting livelier every day, had none either.

"It will work out," Miss Lane said without apparent concern. It was as if she saw Man Mountain's future, privately and clearly. Just as she perceived the truth of any chart at a glance and could read a thermometer without rolling it.

"It's against all regulations," Craig repeated helplessly. "But we've got to get the child well. No one knows he's here and . . . why, it's exactly if—"

"Exactly," Virginia said opaquely. "Man Mountain gained two ounces yesterday."

"Number 8712," Craig corrected, "should get his birth weight in three more days."

NOW, he swiftly mounted the limestone steps before the clean, red-brick façade of the Infants' Hospital and Home. It was his inspiration. He'd built it. But he didn't think of that. His unashamedly single-track mind was fastened on one purpose: to get to a certain bedside in the post-maternity ward with the fewest possible detours. He was not optimistic.

Marchand opened the swinging doors vigorously. Marchand was six feet four in his blue coat and brass buttons. His face was a pattern of scars. He looked like an ex-gangster. He was. But he was indispensable with stretchers and transfusions.

Craig smiled. How's the boy, Marchand?

"Swell, doc! Those vitamin B pills were the cat's. Say, doc, I want to tell you—"

"Later," Craig said. I'm in a hurry."

"Sure, doc," Marchand said solemnly.

The resident, young Dr. Spence, curly-blond, anxious and obsequious, wanted to know if Craig would have a look at a thymus that afternoon. He would. He swung his neat little bag past Dr. Spence and went on.

Passing through the receiving room, Nurse Titherington asked him if he'd bandage Room 117 and put the baby entirely on the bottle.

"I won't!" he said. "That baby needs that milk. And I'm not going to cheat him to preserve Mrs. Whosis's celebrated musical comedy figure! Nor tell her, for any fancy fee, that the formula's just as good. It isn't! She can get another pediatrician."

He went along the corridor to the nursery, with difficulty keeping from a run. When he got there, the glass side was plastered with the noses of

fathers and aunts and small sisters. Over their heads he saw the twenty-odd, high-sided white cribs and two or three masked nurses busying themselves with changes and tuckings. There were minute squeaks and occasionally a lusty squawk and an in-between sound like the crackling of dry paper. The tops of diaper pails went up and down like clam jaws. One infinitesimal creature was being restored to its berth after a feeding, another was being taken out for that purpose. There was a rhythm about it and it sang in him, although he would have cursed the thought as lousy poetry if he'd seen it on paper. In a far corner he detected the brilliantly trim figure of Virginia Lane bending over a crib.

He made his way through the little knot at the door and went in.

He reached her side. She looked up quickly, and he saw a sort of formal relief in her intelligent, impersonal eyes before the lids dropped.

"He's all right now," her muffled voice came steadily. "A little gas, I guess. I patted him."

Craig looked down at the creature, at the fists doubled

clearly now—Hobart had said: "I'll get Dexter to run you home if you like, Marion. Harvey's had a few." Good old Hobart. Thoughtful, kind, considerate, sedate old Hobart. She had laughed at him and made a face. Dexter. The handy man. Not that she had anything against handy men, but . . . Dexter! One year younger than Methuselah, and it was spring and there was a moon. What would Marion Doane be doing on a moonlit spring night riding around with a handy man who looked like King Tut? So she had laughed at Hobart. "Harvey'll get me home, Hobey," she had said. "He always has."

Well, this was one time he hadn't. This was one time he'd got her into a hospital instead, with a boiler shop going full blast inside her head, and her wrist—her wrist—aching from a compound fracture, in a plaster cast. Compound fractures were the worst kind, too. With an effort that creased her forehead she reached out for her mind and dragged it away from that thought.

No, Harvey Lucas hadn't got her home. Just to within a couple of blocks of home. Only two blocks. "The night," Harvey had said, "is young, and you are beautiful. And Deerhead opened last Saturday. Let's go."

IT WOULD be nice to dance at Deerhead, the old familiar roadhouse, after the long winter shutdown, but this was May and the evenings were still shivery. "I couldn't go out there just in this wrap," she had told him. "I'll have to go home first and pick up a coat."

"So," Harvey had replied. "I will drive you home, and you can pick up a coat, and we will stop off at my place and I will pick up a flask. Business is picking up, and that's a bum jape, and we will go to Deerhead and dance the night away, away, away." And he had pressed his foot on the accelerator until the speedometer needle touched forty, forty-five, then fifty, and that's too fast for city driving even at night, so she had said: "Listen, Captain Eyston, not quite so much enthusiasm," just as they shot past the stop signal into Boulevard Drive. He hadn't stopped. He had slowed down a little, but he had not stopped.

And there was that little shabby old car coming east along the Drive, and Harvey had jammed on his brakes and she had been hurled forward against the windshield, and she heard the bone crack when she thrust forward a hand to save herself from the impact, just as they had crashed into the other car with a sideswiping motion because the other car had turned out in a last-second attempt to avoid the collision. Harvey's brakes were better than those on the other car. Harvey always had good brakes. Well, he needed good brakes, but what had they got him this time?

From here, the picture was fuzzy again. Harvey's car had stopped in the middle of the wide boulevard, but the shabby little car had gone on, wobbling, swaying, and the children and the mother were shrieking—they were not screaming, they were shrieking—and then it had hit the heavy iron lamp standard, and turned half over because a wheel was broken, and it shivered, just like a human being until at last it had stopped too, and she remembered thinking that the steam erupting from its shattered radiator rose into the clear night air like the pictures you see of Fujiyama, or Vesuvius.

People came running and suddenly the police were there and an ambulance, and the man from the other car was on a stretcher, and the mother, Marion Doane remembered her face was all bloody from glass cuts, and she had thought, great grief, they didn't have safety glass on that old car; the mother was bending over the stretcher and moaning, "Bob, oh, Bob, oh, Bob," over and over again. And she remembered sitting on the running board of Harvey's car holding her right wrist—her wrist—in her left hand, and then there was Harvey, bleeding from a cut on his left ear, but quite calm and self-possessed—he would be, the big lummoxy—there was Harvey taking charge of the situation, coming over to her dragging a large young man with a healthy country face and



Harvey — "You can't arrest him, the big dope."

Marion — "A lot of things aren't fair."

Mrs. Sansome — "All I want is my husband back — well."

The Sansome Children — "The little girl was sobbing, but the boy wasn't crying at all."

saying, "Doctor, you've got to fix her up right away."

So the doctor had gently unwrapped her clenched fingers from her right wrist and she had been surprised to find how tightly she had been clutching that wrist. Then the doctor had looked at it in the glare from the ambulance headlights, and he had pressed it lightly with skilled fingers, but the agony of that gentle touch had burned through her whole body, and the doctor had looked grave, and he had shaken his head, and he and Harvey, one on each side, had supported her to the ambulance and she had been terribly glad to lie down.

She remembered that the little girl was sobbing hysterically, but the boy wasn't crying at all. He was saying: "Gee, dad, you ain't hurt bad? Gee, dad, you ain't hurt bad?" again and again so that it sounded like some silly rhyme, and she wished he'd stop; and she wished the mother would stop moaning, "Oh, Bob, oh, Bob," like that, because her head was beginning to ache.

ALL THE rest, she was realizing now, was a bad dream, compounded of pain and opiates, so that the hospital and the nurses, and the doctors and the operating table with powerful lights overhead were all jumbled together at crazy angles like something a surrealist with a hangover might draw on the side of a barn. Until she woke up in this bed, and with this headache which was never going to stop so she might as well make up her mind to accept it as part of her life from this time on until death do us part.

Marion Doane was remembering vaguely that somewhere in this nightmare her father and mother had been there, but only vaguely, and then the door opened and a nurse, the pretty one—why do they always have one pretty nurse and one homely nurse?—was bringing somebody in, and the somebody was Harvey Lucas, with his arms full of parcels and a bandage round his head—and a gorgeous, a simply superb black eye.

He came into the room with quick easy strides and laid his bundles on a table. Flowers and candy, Marion Doane could tell by the shapes. And a basket of fruit. Why do people always bring fruit?

"Scram, sister," Harvey said to the nurse, making the hitchhiker's signal toward the door. She smiled and went out, and then Harvey was on his knees by the bed and his arms were spread out on the white coverlet and he grasped her left hand and squeezed it until it hurt.

"Oh, my dear," Harvey said. "Oh, my dear. That I should do this to you. I'm the one who should be there. Oh, darling, I wish I was there, instead of you. I'd give everything I have if I could be there in your place."

He would say that; but there were real tears in his eyes. Tears in Harvey Lucas' eyes. Well, that sure is one for the book.

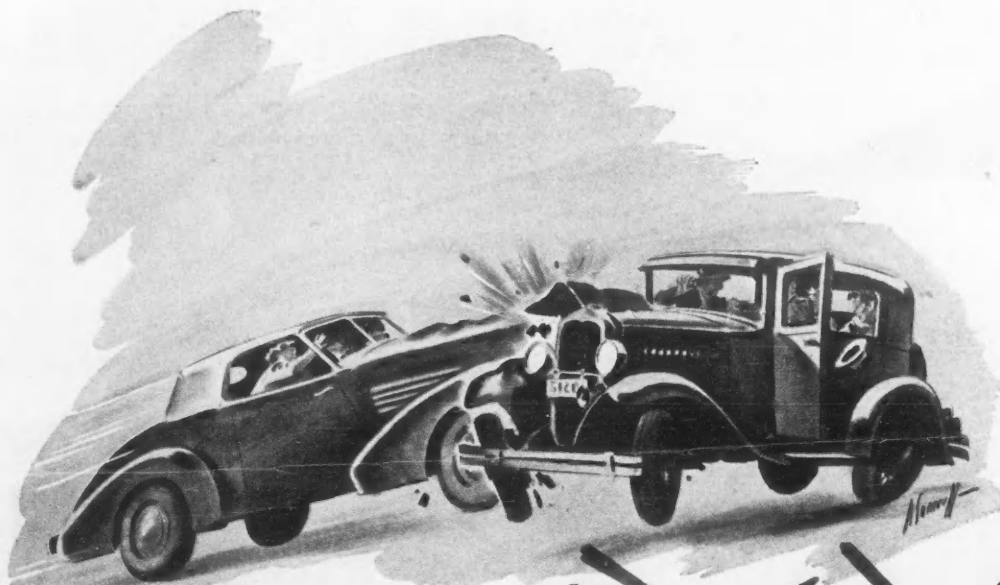
"Harvey Lucas," she said. "You're a cockeyed liar!"

But his ring was on her finger; and she held up her lips for his kiss.

IT WAS weeks before Harvey Lucas got to talk to Robert Sansome. Besides the fractured ankle and the dislocated hip, with its complications of torn tendons and lacerated muscles, there was a slight concussion, the doctor told Harvey Lucas, and the man was in no condition to stand excitement. But a few days after the accident he went out to 468 Victoria Road to see Mrs. Sansome.

"Of course, I'm going to look after that family," he had told Marion, and she had said yes, Continued on page 27





Lucas drove past the Stop sign at fifty miles—and crashed into the shabby little car.

# Accident!

"It might have happened to anyone" said the driver. What about you?

by FREDERICK EDWARDS

THERE was practically nothing in the newspapers about the accident. It was not much of an accident. Nobody was killed; and it happened around midnight, when the first editions of the morning papers already had gone to press. Editors do not tear pages apart in the later editions except for important affairs, and the important affairs going forward were happening in other parts of the world. The fact that the man plainly at fault was Harvey Lucas might have had something to do with it. The Lucases were Important People, even though Harvey was a featherbrain.

The *Record-Press* ran a small item—a dozen lines tucked away at the bottom of page two. The heading wasn't even in capitals.

## Two Are Injured As Cars Collide

An automobile accident at the intersection of Beechwood Avenue and Boulevard Drive shortly before midnight last night sent two people to Civic Hospital and gave four others a severe shaking up. The injured are: Marion Doane, 23, 1591 Beechwood Avenue, who has a broken wrist, scalp wounds and bruises; and Robert Sansome, 37, 468 Victoria Road, with a dislocated hip, fractured ankle, cuts and contusions. The others, Harvey Lucas, 25, 1734 Boulevard Drive, with whom Miss Doane was riding; Mrs. Beatrice Sansome, 34, wife of the injured man, Robert Sansome, Jr., 11, and Betty Sansome, 9, their children, were treated at Civic Hospital for shock, minor cuts and bruises, and allowed to return home.

The police report says that the car driven by Harvey Lucas collided with the Sansome car, driving it against a light standard at the curb. No arrest was made.

That was all. The *Morning Beacon* either missed the incident entirely, or decided it wasn't worth printing. The afternoon papers, having a large number of vaster matters to worry about, ignored it.

NO ARREST was made. No, Marion Doane thought, after the nurse had read the two brief paragraphs to her the following afternoon, and no arrest will be made, either. You can't arrest Harvey Lucas, the big dope. Lucky Lucas. Harebrain Harvey, the world's champion dimwit. Her head still ached. It had been aching now for sixteen hours steady. A colossal headache. A pounding, hammering ache behind her forehead, as though Thor and his minions were beating out horseshoes on the inside of her skull. Great big horseshoes. Shoes for the Valkyries' horses. The Ride of the Valkyries, Marion Doane thought, and I'll never hear that tune

again without remembering this headache. If it ever stops. Perhaps it won't ever stop. Perhaps it will just go on aching for ever and ever, amen.

She closed her eyes tightly and tried to dope out what number this would be in the list of Harvey Lucas' escapades, then gave it up. She could recall half a dozen major incidents, but when it came to adding up the lesser adventures the sum total was too big. Her wrist, inside the clumsy plaster cast, hurt her. Her wrist. It would have to be her wrist, she thought, and a wave of acrid bitterness submerged her, so that she could taste the bitterness on her tongue. Her wrist. Why couldn't it have been her leg? Both legs. Better both legs than one wrist. What would this do to her playing? Dear, dear God, don't let this wrist heal stiffly so that I cannot keep on with piano. That's my career. I must play. I must play.

This was the third car Harvey had wrecked in two years, Marion Doane remembered. Not that it mattered. The cars hadn't been badly smashed, but Harvey never bothered with a rebuilt car. He turned the remains in "as is" and bought himself a new bus. Just like that. He said cars that had been in an accident were bad luck. Lucky Lucas. Nothing serious ever happened to Harvey. Or to Harvey's cars. She remembered now, dimly, as you see a weak street light through a fog, that nothing serious had happened to Harvey's car last night. Her mind held up a fuzzy, out of focus picture of herself staggering onto the street holding her right wrist in her left hand, and warm blood trickling into her eyes from the split in her scalp where she had cracked her head against the windshield. Five stitches in that. No wonder her head ached. I hope they are neat stitches, she thought.

But she had been trying to remember about Harvey's car. Both fenders had been crumpled, and the front of the radiator had been bashed in and bent back, so that the graceful chrome figurine of Diana, on the cap, lay almost flat aiming a foolish arrow at the stars. But that was all. The other car, an old, little shabby car, was a wreck. The first impact had smashed in one side, then the collision with the lamp standard had crushed the front. It was a miracle those kids had escaped. Thank you, God, for that miracle.

Thank you, God, too, that the mother wasn't hurt. Shock, minor cuts and bruises. Bad enough, but it might

have been worse. Much worse. Bad enough for the mother and the youngsters. Too good for Harvey Lucas. Too darn good for Harvey Lucas. Shock, minor cuts and bruises! And you could throw that shock stuff right out of the window. You couldn't shock Harvey Lucas with a little thing like a motor smash that sent two other people to a hospital. Not that lad. You couldn't shock Harvey Lucas with the Last Trump. Likely he'd ask Gabriel to let him blow the horn. Shock! Ha! Ha-ha-ha! There's a real laugh for you. Shock and Harvey Lucas. Nuts!

Minor cuts and bruises. Oh, sure. He'd have a thick ear, where he banged his head against the corner post; and a black eye. And so what? He always had a black eye. She tried to remember how many shiners she had seen on Harvey Lucas since they were both freshmen, five years before. You couldn't count 'em. You simply couldn't keep track of them, any more than you could tally all his escapades. You'd need an adding machine. One adding machine! Woman, you'd need a whole battery of adding machines. And an office full of chartered accountants.

This must be the headache to end all headaches.

Still and all, Marion Doane thought, she loved him. Or did she? He fascinated her, yes, but was that love? If he weren't so darn good looking, so completely his own man, so utterly and devastatingly sure of himself. Stubborn, too, and there were times when she hated him for that. She groped back into the hours before the accident. The party had been at the Wadsworths. Hobart Wadsworth was going to London to live. Another of the old crowd breaking away. A swell party, though. Hobart had lots of chips, and he knew how to spend them. Good food and plenty of it. Good liquor and plenty of that, too. Maybe too much plenty. Is there such a thing as good liquor when you're driving a car?

Not that Harvey had been tight. Not exactly. But that big handsome crazy palooka could be tighter sober than the average man drunk. A bit high, maybe. At the wisecracking stage. Not the slightest sign of a stagger though. Harvey could hold his likker. How many times had she heard him say that? Well, maybe he could. But if he can, how do I get to be in this hospital with the grand headache of all time and a broken wrist? A broken wrist.

Hobart had said—she was remembering things more

FOR THE first time since Gordon's death nearly two years ago, Cathryn Arnold put on a gay dress. It was soft and flowery and lightly moving when she moved. It was almost frighteningly gay after the black and white and grey of those long bitter months. For the first time in those two years she found pleasure in herself in the mirror—eyes shining, light brown hair waving back from the flushed face, the blue shimmer of the dress against creamy skin. And then her eyes fell to the photograph of Gordon propped in the centre of her dressing table, black and white and changeless, looking back at her.

"Oh, Gordon, Gordon, you do understand, don't you? I am still alive. I have to go on living. And your children—there has to be something better for them than my drudgery." She gave the photograph an embarrassed little smile, picked it up and gave it a quick kiss like the kisses she used to give him when she had said something that provoked him long ago. "I didn't mean that about the children, Gordon. It's nothing like that at all. It's just that I've been working so terribly hard trying to give the little ones something of the sort of life you would have given them. And I have to have a respite, dear, a tiny bit of fun." She rubbed a white sweet-smelling stuff into her hands, trying to erase from them the marks of more than a year of keeping boarders.

This was the first time she was to go out with any man alone since Gordon's death. She had refused young Maurice Ritchie a number of times. And then last evening as he stood there on her doorstep, pleading insistently, so big, so young, the sunlight of the long July evening bright in his bronze curly hair, she had wanted suddenly so terribly to go. She felt that she would die if she couldn't break with one day's pleasure the long, long grind.

And now she was going. Maurice would be here any moment in his little green roadster. She had hustled away the hard day's work as if it was of no account, floors just skimmed over today, only the boarders' rooms really tidy. She felt a little conscience-stricken that she had sent away the man who wanted to rent the big room. But the other occupants had only left yesterday, and it would have meant her having to stop to clean and fix it up. She would have had to put Maurice off till later, and she couldn't bring herself to do it. The man had promised to come again tomorrow. She hoped he would. She needed to rent the room. The white wistful face of the little boy who was with him swam a moment before her vision, disturbing her. She hoped it hadn't made things hard for them, not moving in today. Her hand with the powder puff made an impatient gesture. She had enough to worry about with her own children.

She heard Maurice's car swing into the driveway at top speed. That was the way he did, the rascal. It made her catch her breath. She hurried to the window of the empty room that looked out on the back garden. There were the children, little four-year-old Nancy and tiny David just past two, squatting in their little sun suits, scraping the earth with kitchen spoons. Her children! She had adored them when Gordon was alive, but since his death they had become a passion, a religion, something that she lived and toiled and spent herself for, something that sustained her and lifted up her heart.

But today they were to be out of sight, out of her life for a little while. She had hired the girl who sometimes helped her, to care for them while she was away. She had sent them out behind the house so they wouldn't see her go. She had been out so little this year that they weren't used to seeing her go. They would fret. Somehow she didn't want them to fret before Maurice at the very beginning of the excursion.

Maurice was waiting for her on the porch, teetering on his heels as though he couldn't keep still. At her first sight of him her impression was always "vitality," radiant, young laughing vitality. She let him seize and swing her hands. "Cathryn, you're looking lovely!" He took the picnic basket from her and caught hold of her arm. "You shouldn't have brought anything—I've got a lot of stuff. Well, all the better; we can stay a week!"

He hurried her out to the car across the little patch of lawn. She wondered for a moment how she looked beside him with his gleaming white flannels, his brilliant blazer, his tousled shining hair and sparkling eyes. She was dubious a moment and then reassured by the admiration shining in his eyes.

He was of a life she hadn't known for a long time. He



She watched the clasp of his hands tighten on his knee. "It made me realize," he said, "just what I was letting myself in for."

## The Dress with the Blue Flowers

*She bought it for one man—  
and wore it for another*

by DOROTHY BLISS ROBERTS

snatched her back into that life as though, for this little hour, there had been nothing between, no love, no loss, no bitter grief, no drudgery. She laughed back at him, feeling the laughter in her eyes.

He yanked at the gears and away they slid, his face turned toward her even as he backed the car around to the road. "Cathryn, you're pretty! You're the prettiest girl I know!"

"Girl! Maurice, what nonsense!" She wondered, "Am I blushing?" She felt foolish and very pleasant, sitting there with her bare arm against his sleeve.

"Yes, you're a girl. You're young and you look younger. And you've got more than any of them have—a sort of essence."

She could see his face suddenly very serious, like a boy who had been visited by a deep thought. Then he grinned around at her. "And that dress! Not every girl would have the sense to choose a dress like that."

She was pleased about the dress. She had thought in buying it, "Gordon would like that"—and Gordon for the moment had stood for any man. It was a dress that any man would like. She had thought too—she brushed away the memory now—"I shouldn't buy it, with money coming so hard and going so easily on necessities for the children."

THE MILES rolled away from under them, smooth-flowing, delicious miles between green fields. She looked at Maurice's hands, young and sinewy and tan on the

steering wheel. For some funny reason it was exciting just to look at those hands. It must be because it was so long since she had ridden alone beside a man. It was so long, so long. She was alive again. She had forgotten how it felt to be alive like this.

They ate on a little hillock in the wind and sun overlooking a wide world of green and blue. And in all that world there was not a single worry. He had brought olives, ham, cake, fruit. Her sandwiches fitted in just right. They ate enormously. They laughed a lot. They lay back in the high sweet grass, chatting and looking up at the sky.

Suddenly he said quite seriously, "Darn it, I was looking forward to my first real business trip—but I'm not now. I don't like leaving you just now, Cathryn. I have a feeling that something's started that ought to go on. And here I have to leave tomorrow and go jogging about the country for at least a month."

She couldn't help stiffening when his arm went round her. A man's arm around her like this—not for nearly two years. And an arm around her had meant—had meant—well, she just wasn't like these young people any more. There was a world of difference. She said almost hoarsely, "Don't, Maurice."

"But I mean it, Cathryn. I'd never touch you if I didn't mean it, Cathryn. You're so lovely."

"You're so young, Maurice."

"I love you!"

"You can't really know yet, really, Maurice."

But she let his strong brown hand grip into her arm. She was drawn around to him—she moved her head so that his kiss glanced off her cheek.

"Cathryn, you're cruel. Why did you do that? I'm proposing to you."

"No, no, Maurice, you're just a boy compared with me—I don't mean only in years, in life too."

It was ridiculous the way she was trembling. This was all so strange after the years. She was terribly relieved when he drew back, and yet at the same time she found herself wishing, outrageously, that she hadn't struggled from his kiss.

He sat back, suddenly grinning as boyish as ever. "Well, I can wait when I really want something."

THEY GOT up after that and rambled through the fields. The wind came softly against them, the grass high about them. He looked at her all the time and presently they were hand in hand. Softly the long blue hours slipped over them. Every once in a while she felt the pressure of his hand tighten on hers. "I really mean it, Cathryn. Why won't you answer me?"

They ate again on the same little hillock, and lay



THERE used to be a time when a great many people felt, with considerable justification, that English moving pictures were the worst in the world.

You remember those early English movies. They were musical comedies, badly staged, inexpertly photographed, and interminably long; or childish Cinderella romances; or drawing-room comedies in which odd and rather disagreeable people twittered to each other in high unintelligible voices; or pictures starring music-hall favorites who had a warm place in English affections

and none whatever in our own. They made as little impression on us as a bad photograph of an indifferent stranger. To paraphrase Margaret Halsey, they looked as if they had been made by someone who had heard of moving pictures but had never actually seen one.

Considerable effort was made to popularize these films with Canadian audiences, but the attempt came to very little. Movie houses which announced a policy of all-English programs soon discovered that for the impatient moviegoers patriotism wasn't enough. They

were ready to make any reasonable sacrifice for the Mother Country, but they wouldn't sit through two hours of its film entertainment.

Then "The Private Life of Henry VIII" came along, and we all sat back and rubbed our eyes. For here was an English picture rich in detail and life, universal in appeal, superb in production and acting. Other fine English pictures followed—"Rome Express," "The Scarlet Pimpernel," "The Man Who Knew Too Much," "The Woman Alone." They followed, but not in due course. They turned up with much the appearance of accident in the familiar quota of bad or indifferent films. It looked as though the English studios could make good pictures if they wanted to, but just wouldn't take the trouble. One still went to these films expecting the worst, and grateful and astonished when it turned out to be the best.

Last year the English films took another unaccountable turn. It began with "Farewell Again," a picture describing life on board an English troopship. "Farewell Again" was followed by "South Riding," "To the Victor," "Storm in a Teacup," "The Citadel" (a production made in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's English studios), "Drums," "The Lady Vanishes," "The Beachcomber," and "Pygmalion." And suddenly we realized we hadn't seen a dull English film in months. And further, that almost the only films worth going to see were products of the British studios.

Nobody seemed to know quite what was going on. But the change was there and it was undeniable. When at the annual roundup the motion picture critics of America brought in their lists of the year's best pictures, the compilation showed that five out of the ten—"The Lady Vanishes," "The Citadel," "The Beachcomber," "Prison Without Bars," "Pygmalion"—were from English studios.

MEANWHILE things had been happening in Hollywood. Early in the year the Hollywood producers had realized that matters weren't right with the industry. It wasn't showing profits any more—at any rate not the stupendous profits to which Hollywood was accustomed. Expensive stars in super-expensive productions were playing to half-empty houses. Grade B pictures, even when doubled with other Grade B pictures, hardly paid for their week's run. A Whisper of Death was running all through the industry. So Hollywood went into conference and decided on a nation-wide publicity campaign, with contests, slogans, surveys and more and, if possible, bigger adjectives than had ever been used before.

As far as I can discover there was no parallel to this in English moving-picture circles. The Englishman, whether he is producing pins or moving pictures, is always a little distrustful of advertising. (It was an English visitor who, catching sight of an electric advertisement in letters fifty feet high against the New York skyline, murmured deplorably, "But isn't it a little conspicuous?") No doubt the English producers realized quite as clearly as their American confreres that the movie public was in a thoroughly dissatisfied state of mind. They may even have taken deliberate advantage of Hollywood's big publicity drive and, by producing the fine pictures which Hollywood promised—but so far hasn't provided—reaped the box-office advantages while allowing the Hollywood producers to foot the advertising bills. Or it may simply have been coincidence that, while the Hollywood producers were putting their money and energy into advertising, the English producers, working every man for himself, were putting theirs into production.

Certainly it is difficult to discover any special unified policy behind the improvement in English films. They're all good and they're all different. When you examine the Five Best, you will discover that each has its own special quality. "The Lady Vanishes" was brilliantly acted, scored and photographed, but its chief claim to distinction was the swift, ingenious direction provided by Alfred Hitchcock. "The Citadel" was finely directed and had a remarkable cast down to its smallest bit player (Flora Robson, for instance, was on the screen less than five minutes), but its power to hold lay in its compelling human story. "The Beachcomber" is based on Somerset Maugham's "The Vessel of Wrath," a story that every Maugham admirer cherishes for its wryness, perception and narrative skill; but the screen version in unique chiefly because of Charles Laughton's unforgettable performance as Ginger Ted. "Prison Without Bars," which

Continued on page 39



What's the Story  
Behind the Sudden  
Success of

## English Movies?



The surly looking fellow at the top is Will Fyffe, well known on the English music halls, and star of the delightful little movie "To the Victor."

Top left, Leslie Howard and Wendy Hiller are in "Pygmalion," Bernard Shaw's challenge to Hollywood producers.

At left above, two "unknowns," Michael Redgrave and Margaret Lockwood, are in "The Lady Vanishes." Alfred Hitchcock directed and now he's in Hollywood!

Left: In the opinion of many, Elsa Lanchester outshines husband Charles Laughton in "The Beachcomber."

Below: "The Citadel" has been voted best film of the year. M.G.-M made it in their British studios, with Robert Donat and Rosalind Russell



by MARY  
LOWREY ROSS

*This man's point of view on a woman's problem will give husbands something to think about—and wives a chance to smile serenely*

**N**EVER, I have always sworn to myself, shall I marry a clever woman.

Never, has said every man I have ever known, shall a clever woman put it over him. Never.

This is the one thing that all sane men are agreed upon. In a world of conflicting opinions about politics, sport and money, the unanimity of the male sex on this one subject is so real and adamant that it obviously springs from sound reasoning as well as from instinctive prudence.

The clever woman as a wife is out—O-U-T! Man will have nothing to do with her.

A man may like his women blond, or he may prefer them black. They may wear their hair that windswept way, or turn up at a party with it rolled over their heads like *brioche*s on the breakfast plate. His preference for lisping dumb-bells may strike his womenfolk as being almost certifiable. It doesn't matter. That way he's safe!

Give him, any day, something that's easy to look at and can only talk in words of one syllable. Give him a nitwit who even descends to baby talk for her effects. Give him a wench who can drive a screamer down the fairway, or a woman who doesn't know a golf club from a baseball bat.

Give him a tank who consumes ice-cream sodas from p.m. to a.m. Give him an open-air girl who can eat bread and cheese as if it were caviar, or a palpitator who destroys half his income with her expensive tastes. Give him a flirt, a jade, a fly-by-night, a swiveller-of-eyes at every other man. He can still fall for her in a big way, and fool himself he's happy.

But spare him, dear heaven, from a clever woman as a wife.

**WATCH** A man shy at a clever woman as a colt shies at a gate, and you'll witness in action what is so beautifully termed the instinct of self-preservation.

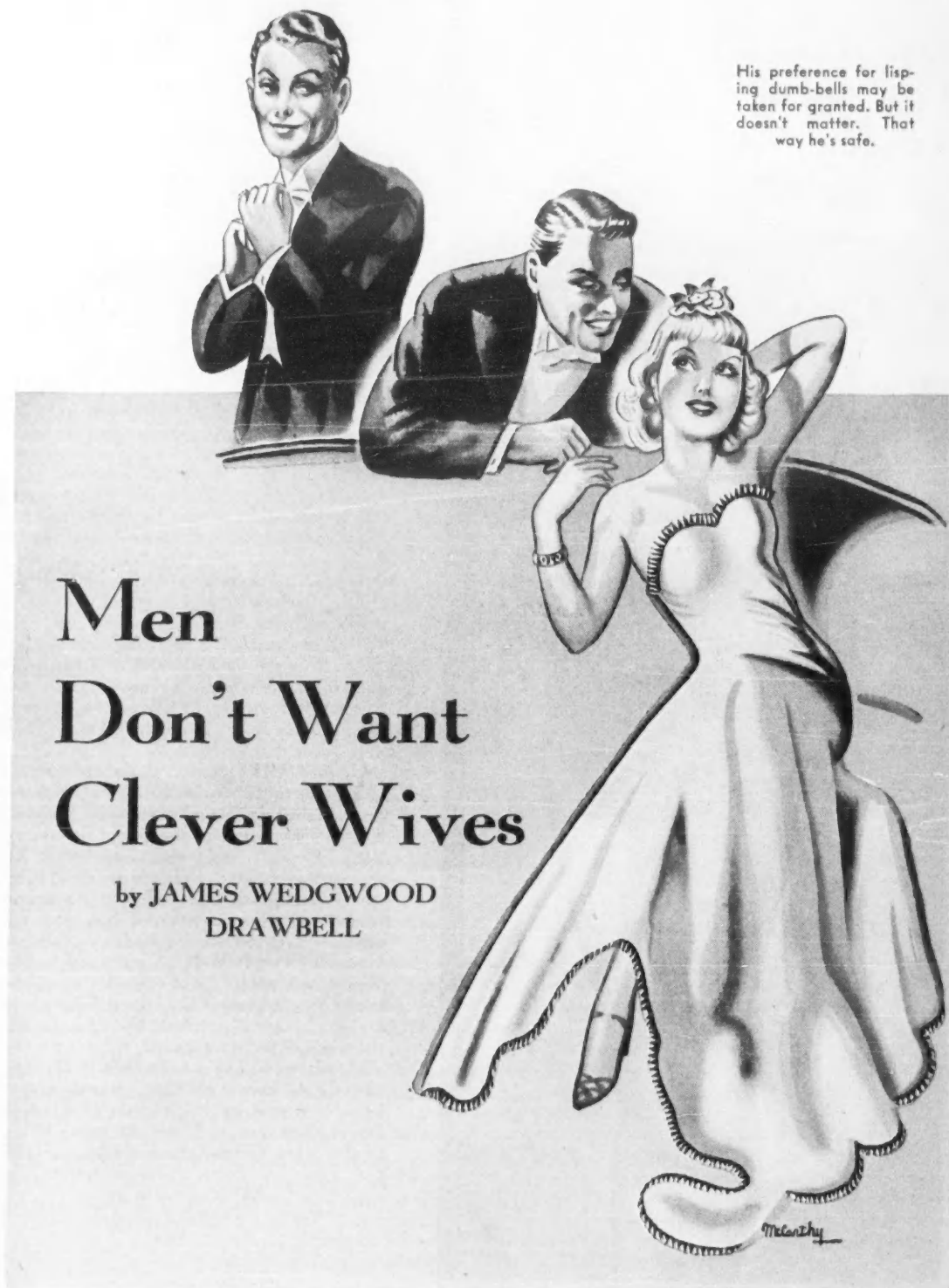
Watch his reactions as the conversation at the party turns to something intelligible and important, and he finds the woman putting in with a word of her own, an opinion of her own, a point of view that's discussable and debatable, and may even be right. She's extraordinarily interesting to listen to, perhaps. She makes her point with clarity and persuasion.

The man listens to her. May even argue with her, if there is no way out of it. But he knows, if he ever bothered to think of it, that she is talking herself out of the matrimonial stakes; and somewhere at the back of his mind he is thinking of that provoking speculation in ash-blondes who gave him her telephone number yesterday.

Nice to get away, he thinks, and pick her up in the car and go somewhere together where they can have dinner, and go on afterward to a good show. A real good show. Not one of these eternally talky-talky things that get you nowhere—a lot of jaw with high-brows draping themselves all over the stage like human encyclopaedias. But something zippy and alive, and full of girls and fellows who don't look like wraiths at a funeral. That blonde would know the show all right. She could choose it!

So he edges away—the millions of him!—from the clever woman. And she is left alone, still talking, I fear, to the other clever women; or to the empty, echoing walls; or to herself. Perhaps it had better be to herself. That way she will get used more quickly to what is in store for her throughout her life.

And at this moment you have to visualize all the non-clever women picking up their telephones as the bells go ting-a-ling-a-ling, and desperate men at the



His preference for lisping dumb-bells may be taken for granted. But it doesn't matter. That way he's safe.

## Men Don't Want Clever Wives

by JAMES WEDGWOOD  
DRAWBELL

other end of the wire appealing to them, if they have a heart, to come out and help drown the dull nightmare they've just escaped from.

It happens. It happens all the time. We're all escaping from clever women. The last thing any of us wants is to be caught out, red-handed, in the company of any woman who does with the brain God gave her what He meant her to do.

**MOST OF** my friends married in due course. I married, myself. When they were finally caught, they went as willingly as any man will go to the altar or the registrar's office. They hadn't been fools. They had not, of course, married the blondes or the baby-talkers; but they had certainly not been bagged by the Clever Woman. They were true to themselves in that.

They have been married some years now, and they are doing very nicely. Thank goodness, they think to themselves, that they know where they stand with Mary. They've made a Go of it, and they take no little credit to themselves that everything has gone off so successfully. No nonsense about Mary. A woman in a million, of course. Look who she married!

But sensible. You know: nothing spectacular. Not highbrow, or brainy. Not even clever. But a woman

who knows what's what, and doesn't waste any time on nonsense. Easy to get on with. Awfully easy.

That woman has a way with her. Gosh, if there was anybody Clever in that matrimonial deal it was the man for collaring such a knowledgeable mate.

She knows so much about him, too. That's the funny part of it. Knows him like a book. Knows when he comes home with that odd, light feeling in his head and the dryness in his throat, that he's sickening for "one of his colds." Amazing how she can tell just by saying, "Hello, Tom," or "Busy day at the office, dear?" when she comes to meet him in the hall.

He feels guilty for landing one of those colds on her, because she warned him, only two mornings ago, about wearing that heavier overcoat. But he tries to make light of it.

"Come on," he husks at her, "let's go out to dinner somewhere and take in a show. Just what I need to buck me up!"

She bucks him up all right. With a knowing look and a steaming bath, and a couple of aspirins and a hot drink. What a woman! You can't fool her. In no time Tom is in bed, and next morning as fit as a fiddle. And she doesn't have to say anything again about the heavier overcoat.

Continued on page 22



again chatting till the moon was up in the pale summer sky. And all the time she was wondering, "Is it real? Is it real? Is it real?"

The night was dark blue and bright with stars and moon when they turned at last into her driveway. She had ridden home with his arm about her, almost painfully conscious of it, conscious of the quick beat of her heart, the warmth in her cheeks, the sense of something impending.

"I loved the picnic," she said as they drew to a standstill. "It was wonderful, Maurice." She *had* loved the picnic. It was so vivid and alive within her that she knew she wouldn't forget it. There was something else within her, a freedom from burdens, a lighthearted carefreeness that she hadn't experienced for so long that wonderful sense of not having to stand alone. And why shouldn't it go on? She looked around at Maurice. Here in the night the bronze hair, the blazer, the white flannels were shadowy and dark. His face was solemnized by the darkness and the moonlight.

She sat motionless after the car had stopped, the spell of the day upon her. "It hardly seems like my home," she said. "It hardly seems like me. What have you done to me, Maurice?"

"I hope what I want to, Cathryn. I'm coming in with you till you give me your promise. I'll have to be away for at least a month, and I want to take your promise with me."

He slipped his arm about her as she got out of the car. She heard her own laughter ripple up soft and excited. "Maurice, what can I say? It's as though the years have turned back and made me young enough for you—but they haven't."

She felt the strength tightening in his arm like an irresistible power. She was brought round to him so suddenly that she couldn't resist. It was the first kiss for so long, so long—warm, passionate. She felt herself yielding utterly in his arms. Every doubt slipped away from her. And then over his warm close shoulder she saw the light of the children's room. "Maurice, the children's light is on!"

His voice came low and vague, "Why not?"

But she was struggling back from him. "They should have settled down long ago. Something's the trouble."

Reluctantly he released her.

She rushed up the steps, he striding after her. She burst open the door, almost bumping into old Mr. Thompson, one of her boarders, in his dressing gown. "What's wrong, Mr. Thompson?"

The old man took her arm. "Nothing bad, Mrs. Arnold; just the little lad doesn't seem quite right, fretful and choky."

"Oh, I shouldn't have left them! I had no right to. David's had a cold for a week. I'm a wicked woman!"

She tore up the stairs. Dimly she could hear Maurice's steps coming after her. She heard David's coughing and crying and Nancy's frightened whimpering. She rushed into the bedroom. "David!"

He was sitting up in his crib, all huddled and scarlet-faced under his mop of golden hair. "Darling!" She reached over and got the little firm clinging body into her arms.

"Mummie, Mummie! I'm sick. Where wuz you?"

With the child in her arms she turned a moment toward Maurice. He was standing there in the doorway, looking intently at her. And seeing him there against the background of care and love and struggle, she knew with a sudden rush of feeling how much she wanted him, how much she needed him. "Maurice!" She caught his hand and gave it a quick squeeze before she turned back to the little ones.

David was quiet and clinging against her shoulder. She bent over Nancy. "What is it, sweetheart? Mummie will make David all right."

Then David started coughing again, a harsh, choky cough.

She looked at him, frightened. "Perhaps I'd better call the doctor."

"I think you had," said Maurice.

She stood there suspended, her brows puckering. "Doctors charge so much. I nurse the children a lot myself. But I think this time—"

She went to the telephone, the little boy still dangling on her shoulder. She had to ring three doctors before she could get hold of one. Then Nancy clambered out of bed, whimpering and feverish-looking. She got them both drinks of water. David choked on his, spilling it over her dress. That made her think of an apron.

"Maurice, dear do please get me an apron from the kitchen."

A picture flashed into her mind, vivid and sharp—David a tiny baby, sick in the night, and Gordon there beside her in his pyjamas helping her. How good, how sustaining it had been to have him there. And now Maurice.

She heard Maurice crash into a kitchen chair and knock it over before he found the light. It filled her with a rush of tenderness, that big blundering sound.

David began to cough again. "There, there, there!" She clasped him close, close to her, the tiny clinging body.

The doorbell rang. She heard Maurice let the doctor in, and together they came up the stairs.

David started to cry under the doctor's hands. She sat down, with him in her lap, and began to unbutton his little sleeping suit.

She was looking down when she felt Maurice's hand on her arm. "Cathryn, I'm afraid I'll have to be running along. Have to make an early start in the morning. Hope the little fellow will be fine."

She looked up dismayed, tongue-tied because of the doctor. She tried to put out a hand to detain him. But he bent and kissed her quickly and was gone.

The doctor had his stethoscope to David's chest. But when David coughed again he took it off. "Whooping cough," he said. "Can't miss it. There's a lot of it about. I'd better take a look at the little girl too."

He drew Nancy over to him. "I expect she'll be coughing by morning." He looked at Cathryn almost sternly. "You can't take whooping cough lightly, especially in a little chap like that." He began to give her a string of directions while he scribbled out a prescription.

"Yes, doctor." She was trying to listen to what he said and not to the sound of Maurice's car starting up in the driveway. It roared a moment and was gone. And with it that sense of security she'd had for a little while. She looked down at little David in terror.

Then the doctor was gone too.

She felt the great night about her reaching out and out immense, uncaring, out and out from this small

"I'm awfully keen to get my boy into a real home."



Illustrated by  
Ted McCormick

human struggle into eternity. Shuddering, she tucked away the two exhausted little mites, David in his crib and Nancy in the big bed she and the child shared. Slowly she took off the blue flowery dress and hung it carefully away in the closet.

The hard-drawn breathing of the little ones came to her in the darkness where she lay tautly listening. How infinitely remote was the lighthearted laughing spirit of the picnic. But she had Maurice. She didn't know how or when the decision had come, but when he asked her again she knew her answer. David tossed about in the crib, choking himself awake with a cough that wouldn't come. She jumped out of bed.

So it was all night long. And in the morning Nancy was coughing too.

Thin little Miss Pendercost, the only boarder she had left besides Mr. Thompson, was all aflutter about the whooping cough. She had never had it. Presently, with that nervous twitch of her cheek more noticeable than

ever, she hesitatingly told Cathryn that she'd have to go.

Cathryn could scarcely keep the tears out of her eyes as she watched the jerky little figure go off down the path. Now she had only old Mr. Thompson left and two empty rooms to worry about besides the children's sickness. If only she had rented that one yesterday before the quarantine sign was on the door. But no, she was glad she hadn't. That poor pale little boy would have been trapped into the whooping cough.

She had just started up the stairs when the doorbell rang. It was the man who had come yesterday about the room. He looked up from reading the sign and smiled at her. "Too bad!"

She nodded. "It's miserable. Both my children are down with it." She was in a hurry today but it was so different from the excited glorious hurry of yesterday. When he seemed to be wanting to linger and talk she lingered a moment too. She found herself telling him about the children—and more. It was oddly relieving. When he listened, his eyes, that she had noticed as being dark and weary, were suddenly bright and intent behind his glasses. She glanced down, surprised at her loquaciousness. "It's lucky you didn't bring your little boy here yesterday."

"I'm afraid so. He's never had it. He's had about everything else though. He's not very strong."

"I'm sorry!" She waited a moment, feeling his gaze upon her. "Well, I must run up to the children now." She saw him lift his feet reluctantly and noticed the wistfulness that came into his smile. "He's lonely!" she thought with a sudden pang. And then she had closed the door and her own life was back upon her with a rush.

THE WEEKS closed in on her, dark and long and difficult. She was up a great deal in the night. David got worse and worse. One night the doctor came and stayed a long time and was back again first thing in the morning; and something hung over them taut and terrible as it had during that night and day nearly two years ago. Little David, her baby, her baby! In her wild groping for something to give her faith, to sustain her, it was always to Maurice that her thoughts came. She had thought she could never want anybody after Gordon. But now she had been close to Maurice and she knew she was not the sort who could stand alone.

Then David's temperature was down, his chest less rattly, the fear of pneumonia—that horror that had snatched away Gordon—was past. After the rapt thankfulness, too deep and utter for anything but silence, the weeks came and went in the care of the children.

Nancy got up and went out into the sun, squatting there in the bright rays on a patch of earth, a kitchen spoon and a tin can in her chubby hands, digging, pausing to whoop, digging, in resigned isolation.

Then at last David was out in the sun too, sitting there little and white and quiet in a big chair. The whooping was over and tomorrow the quarantine sign would be down. She realized suddenly that it was past the time that Maurice should be back. The leap of her heart was almost painful. She ran upstairs and for the first time in all these weeks really looked hard at herself in the mirror.

She looked very different from the time she had dressed for the picnic in that bright lovely dress. She looked very tired, and it made her look older. She hoped she would get a good night's sleep tonight. Maurice surely would be returning soon.

She woke next morning with a shining expectancy. She raised the blind and the early September sunlight flooded in like a blessing. It flooded into the darkness of all these weeks. And the darkness was no more. She looked into the mirror and like magic she had returned to youth, flushed and alive.

She did everything today with a hurried expectancy. Her care of the children and the house moved under her fingers like a dream. It was the sort of day that couldn't come and peter out into nothing.

ABOUT NOON the telephone rang. It was Maurice. The sound of his voice went through her almost painfully. "Maurice," she said, "I've missed you!"

She could tell that he was in the office, that other people were there with him. He told her he would be over in the evening, perhaps sooner.

Dinner was hard to get, the dishes hard to do. It was a day for idleness and splendor and delight—a day for a picnic. Early in the afternoon she went upstairs to dress. "Or sooner," he had said. **Continued on page 33**

who was not really one of themselves, not really "in college."

"Hello, everybody." It was obvious they were all barely through laughing at something. He said lamely, "What's the joke?"

"Oh, we must tell you!" It was Joan. But what, thought Everett, is the matter with Joan? Her voice sounded silly, and she was hanging on Vivi's arm, in a manner, for her, much too chummy. She's jealous, too, Everett thought. Well, better make up your mind to it, Joan, as I've got to.

"You see, Eve, it was one of Tony's little crushes—a freshman. One of the cutesy little blue-eyed ones. She said to me, 'Oh, I saw you walking with Mr. Marbury'—Mr. Marbury, mind you, Eve—and you did look too marvellous together. I do think he's too, too marvellous, don't you? Look, Eve! Here were her baby-blue eyes—like this."

Joan leaned heavily on Vivi's arm and blinked up adoringly at him; while Vivi tried to blink adoringly back, but only succeeded in looking more than ever like a chimpanzee. "Just too, too marvellous! He's so—you know, natural and all, and yet so—so sophisticated." Joan paused a moment, making her eyes wide and blue and innocent. "Sophisticated—but not nauseating—if you know what I mean," and with that she went off into a gale of what it never occurred to her to question was gay laughter.

Oh, don't, Joan, thought Everett, in a kind of anguish. Keep your dignity. But he saw Anthony laugh, and he heard himself laughing, and he looked at Vivi laughing mightily, and said to himself he really is laughing, the poor fool.

"Sophisticated but not nauseating! That's good! That's swell!" Vivi slapped Anthony loudly on the back. "That's good, that is! Sophisticated but not—no—"

His mind couldn't function that long, thought Everett. "Nauseating, Vivi. Yes—that's good. Awfully good. But why not leave out the 'not'?"

Just a flippant remark, but immediately Everett knew it was wrong. Everyone except the chimpanzee stopped laughing and, Everett thought, he's forgotten what he's laughing at.

"Going my way, anybody?" Joan was suddenly tall, remote. She glanced, one would have said against her will, at Anthony.

"Got to attend a lecture," said Tony. "Old Fifi on The Family Are the Backbone of the Country. So long, everybody."

HE TURNED and was off. And yet there was a moment, Everett saw it, when he looked at Alison, and she at him.

Without a further word Joan and Vivi turned away. Everett smiled a little awkwardly at Alison. How nicely in-a-piece she was in her dark suit of brown and the flash of orange scarf at her throat.

"Carry your books, Alison?"

"Half my burdens up the hill? Thank you, Big Brother."

She always called him Big Brother, and he wished he knew why. Sometimes he thought it was to escape calling him Eve sometimes, he thought it was to make fun of him; sometimes he was sure she meant something nice by it.

He said it was a grand day and she said yes, it was; and at the steps of her recitation hall he handed her her books. She stood above him on the steps, and he was conscious of her soft brown jacket neatly zippered up the front, and the bit of orange at her throat. He lifted his eyes to hers, and felt, rather than saw, the flash of her lips and the soft clear oval of her face. Her eyes regarded him, and did not drop on meeting his.

"There's a good movie tonight, Alison. Will you go?"

"Sorry, Big Brother. Got a date."

He was conscious of a dull hurt, and of his instane reaction that to be hurt was utterly childish. Of course



Tony pulled from his pocket a packet of matches, some string, a crumpled envelope, and a red rose. Here's a letter for you." But Everett's eyes were fixed on the rose.

she had dates. And undoubtedly dates with Anthony. He said, awkwardly, "Well—some other time."

She said, "By," briefly and turned away, so he turned away, hurrying along, passing quickly groups of laughing students, none of whom he knew. Well, even in college he hadn't known very many. Why hadn't he asked her to go with him another night?

He went by the library before he caught himself and turned back. Oh well, he was a fool to set his mind on a girl Anthony wanted!

After the movie he and Alison might have talked a little. But she had a date.

TONY WAS not in for dinner, and Everett had to restrain himself bodily from calling him up at his fraternity and asking him if he would go to the movies with him. But then if Tony had a date, could he possibly ask with whom, unless Tony told him? All of that course was only to make himself sick with jealousy. And who was he to be jealous, and what of, and why?

He left the table in disgust at himself. He would go to the movies by himself.

He went. He went, in a violent hurry to get there early, to see all who came in. He sat in the back, and was in a rage at himself because he could not help turning to look at every face. He was sure, if Tony and Alison had a date, they would come to this first night of the week's big feature. They couldn't already have come; Everett was sure they couldn't have come. He saw nothing of the picture, watching every late comer, wondering if that slim silhouette could be Alison's, if that high-held curly head could be Tony's. He knew, without realizing that he knew, that he minded only if Alison were with Tony.

He stayed through the intermission, and twice changed his seat from one side of the hall to the other scanning the faces as they came and went. He was making no pretenses now. He was sick, with a stupid raging pain; if Alison had come with Tony he must know it. Surely Tony, cavalier as he was, wouldn't hurt Joan by taking Alison, her friend and roommate, even to the movies, unless he was seriously meaning to pitch over Joan for Alison. How could anyone do that kind of thing to a girl, so casually as Tony did it? To Tony it was simple: "The thing was over" and "what's the sense of

prolonging the agony." The agony was never Tony's agony.

But this was agony. Everett knew it. In just a short month of his life, with hardly half a dozen sentences between himself and a girl, this thing had happened. It couldn't go on. It would kill his year of work—and for what? She wasn't his kind. She wouldn't even look at him twice. And why should he want her, if she had this quality of making him absolutely wretched? He was sick of himself.

He rose suddenly and left the theatre, elbowing himself out, the hurry of his movements bringing on a kind of spasm of pain, so that he wondered if he were going to cry. He looked frantically to left and right as he made his way out, the bright screen illuminating every face. But there were so many faces. They might be anywhere. This was suffering. This was torture.

He got out of the theatre, and started at top speed up the hill toward home; and his throat and head wataching with pain. Where in the world had this devastating thing come from, so suddenly, so without warning? All this last month he had thought of Alison, to be sure, searching for her with his eyes on the campus, in the library; right up to today there had been only a sort of romantic half-in-love, half-jealous element of charm about it, because she had been so slim and young and sweet, her grey eyes so guarded against something, and her lips such a defiant scarlet. And now this.

"What's your hurry, Big Brother?"

It was a clear gay call. It whirled Everett in his tracks.

It was Alison. She was coming out of a building that Everett knew in the daytime bore the gilt sign, The Wingate School of Physical Education; a town school of some kind; Everett had never given it any thought.

"Half my burdens up the hill, Brother?" She was holding out to him a small satchel.

He took it mechanically. "Oh thank you."

"You're welcome."

She was laughing at him. Her bare head shining, her bright lips parted, her brown jacket zipped tight to her lifted chin, she seemed very gay, very lighthearted.

He tucked the little satchel under his arm and turned to walk beside her. He wanted to cry out to her—I've been hunting for you, madly hunting! I thought I





In addition to dancing she sang, for encore, a song half French and half English. They called her back ten times to give extra verses. They stamped and shouted.

*Here are the young people you know - - mirrored in this dramatic novel, which is destined to be one of the important books of the year*

The Marbury family live in the presidential bouse of the college over which Professor Marbury has charge and which the two sons, Anthony and Everett, attend. Of the two boys, Everett is the more thoughtful and serious-minded and his nature is in striking contrast to that of the volatile Tony, whose gay and light-bearded manner makes him very popular with the other students—particularly the girls.

The boys' mother, Laura Marbury, feels that being sons of the college president they should set a good example to the other students in their conduct, and is more than a little distressed when Tony has bectic swing sessions in their home. Alison Blake is the star of these little parties and Mrs. Marbury's main reason for disliking her is the fact that Alison was brought up in France and was formerly a dancer in a Paris music hall.

Joan Raeburn is in love with Tony and is jealous when he becomes interested in Alison. But it is Everett who first takes Alison out. They go for a drive after dancing and despite the romantic setting Everett is terribly shy and self-conscious. Alison tells Everett that he is hardly her type, but despite this he has fallen deeply in love with her.

AS EVERETT started down the winding walk the chimes began ringing, solemnly, in the thin November sunlight. Startled, Everett looked up into the face of the library clock. Eleven? And the chimes ringing? Ah yes—Armistice Day. Only the middle of November, but already a girl's clear grey eyes and scarlet mouth were between him and the calendar, between him and his books, between him and—Tony. Well, he was going to the library to—work. But—would Alison be there? Would he say, "Hi, Alison! What about a movie tonight?" or would he sit, as always, the width of the room away?

He wished he had a dog to run to him and push his wet nose in his hand. But dogs shed hairs, even when they don't have muddy feet. But the sun was good, and the brown leaves on the grass; and workmen in rows, carrying

bamboo rakes with red handles and yellow tines, were like an operetta chorus.

His sister Annabelle was coming up the walk. She was pushing a perambulator, and looked at him a little vaguely, as if she didn't quite recollect him. Well, that was all right. He didn't quite recollect her. Since she had been married and had a baby, the old Annabelle—handsome but unimaginative—seemed to have become lost in curtains, in recipes, in spinach-through-a-sieve.

"Hello, Annabelle. Well—and how's the son and heir?" A hopeless-looking child, Everett thought, just round and staring, not even saying "Gaa."

"He's got a little rash. I came to ask mother."

Her eyes always looked vaguely anxious now, Everett thought, and her really magnificent dark hair a little untidy. It was as if marriage had loosened the strings that kept her together.

"Bevan thinks it's eggs. I've been giving him egg. What do you think?"

"I!" For a moment Everett saw his brother-in-law Bevan—a thin, flat-looking person with a reedy voice. He gave Everett the creeps for fear he might ever grow to be like him. He had opinions on things, especially the importance of things. It would be like him to have an opinion about the baby's rash.

"No. You wouldn't know." Annabelle dismissed him and went on her way. Well, thought Everett, there you have it—a Wife and Mother.

AND THEN he saw them, on the grass of the quadrangle before the library—Joan and Alison, Tony and Vivi. Vivi does look, thought Everett, like a chimpanzee; nevertheless he is, during this our football season, our College Hero.

Everett made himself approach them. They would see him anyway; he couldn't possibly just sneak by. That's what it always was, just running away; running away from the fact that as soon as he approached, the laughter and the noisiness would die automatically away. Why was it he brought seriousness with him? In his heart Everett knew he was more gay than any of them. It was just some trick he hadn't learned.

"Hi, Eve." "Hello, Eve." "Hello, Big Brother."

It wasn't a falling-on-the-neck, but it was an adequate welcome. It covered the necessities for Tony's brother,

# The Other Brother...

by CLARISSA FAIRCHILD CUSHMAN



LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

You hear men say:

**"THAT'S JUST  
MY DISH!"**

**Its bright color  
and racy flavor invite  
your spoon  
again and again**

East side, west side, all across the land . . . wherever men and menus get together . . . Campbell's Tomato Soup stands out as a favorite. In cottages and mansions, on countless tables, the rich red of sun-ripened tomatoes invites your eye and commands your spoon.

This overwhelming preference for one particular soup is not hard to understand. In the flavory wisps that float upward from a plate that glows like a Summer sun, your appetite is challenged. Eagerly, you square away and delve into its delicious depths.

What makes Campbell's Tomato Soup taste so good? Why does it please so many people? Campbell's experts will tell you how they start with pick-of-the-patch tomatoes, sound and rosy-red, cook them to a smooth purée, add a nugget of golden table-butter, season sparingly. Why not serve this cheer-leader to your family soon?



A lake of soup would be the dish  
To fill up *my* interior.  
But I'd insist on Campbell's as  
A sort of Lake Souperior!

**Campbell's  
Tomato  
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CANADA'S MOST POPULAR SOUP

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would die for a sight of you! Would you believe it? But please believe it! It's true! Does it make you happy? Or do you think it just funny?

"It isn't very heavy," he said.

"It isn't heavy. It's just my dancing trunks and slippers."

Dancing trunks and slippers. If this was the "date," what was it? Tony, he knew, would put his hand under her arm and press it a little and laugh down at her and ask her all those things, and tell her with his golden eyes and the inflections in his golden voice that if he wasn't mighty careful—But then, Anthony probably knew what she did with her time.

"Pussy got your tongue?"

He half stopped and turned toward her, confused. "Oh—sorry. I guess I was—"

"Besides, I've been dancing for an hour and I don't feel exactly like the fire engine you do."

"I'm afraid I was rushing along."

"You were."

That seemed to conclude that, and in the effort to think of what to say next Everett began rushing up the hill again, until Alison, putting her hand on his arm, laughed a little and said, "Listen, Big Brother, would you mind putting your engine into low gear up this steep place?"

He turned, reddening. "I say—I am sorry. I don't know what's come over me."

"No—you're all right. It's I that am tired. Do you know Madame Sherer? Well, you've missed something. She was one reason why I come here. She's a marvel. To look at, she's just a big strapping German woman, but when she dances a few steps to show you what she wants, she is full of something, I don't know just what, so that she kind of lifts you up. You know what she said to me tonight?" The girl's face was alight, her body light with an intense grace that had suddenly enveloped her. She seemed suddenly to Everett to be floating, poised, animated yet still. "She said that she loved America, because the gardens had hollyhocks in them. And she's right. You have hollyhocks instead of—oh—gilt chairs, and silly glass chandeliers, and oleanders in tubs—I guess I'm a bit jumbled. It's November." She looked at him sideways and became silent.

HE FELT a bit breathless. He wanted to say, But November's beautiful! Come out with me and see how red the sumac is, and how the black berries of the nannybush hang like tiny black cherries, and how the brown seedpods of the fern brake are like curled fingers along a wet brook, and how the viburnum twigs make a shimmering bright red haze where the white berries have fallen off; and see, here, the blue-black balls of smilax berries and the white puffs on the clematis vine and the milkweed flaunting its racing silks; and see that not the least beautiful of all are the white velvety plumes that stand where purple aster and yellow goldenrod are still a memory of brightness. Instead he said, "I guess I just don't get it about your dancing."

She looked full at him, and there was an impudent, gay look in her grey eyes. "Like mamma—you don't approve of the Folies Bergères?"

"Of course I do!" Everett was indignant, though he knew she was laughing

at him. "I mean—I can't visualize it."

"Why not?" Her voice was light. "My mother was a dancer and my father a gambler. At any rate he broke the bank once at Monte Carlo and that seems to have fixed his reputation for life—"

The girl paused. Even her step faltered, and she stood a moment as if something insurmountable had made her stop. Then she said, and the soaring wings of her voice were folded flat, "He is a gambler. What's the use of pretending he isn't?"

She started up the hill again, in a flight that Everett for a moment found it hard to keep up with. Then she fell back to her normal step and turned toward him.

"That's why I'm here, instead of living with gilt furniture and glass chandeliers in Paris. When Joan's father offered to send me to college,

I snapped at the chance. What girl wouldn't? To get away for even a year from the gilt furniture—not to mention," and the girl's voice was frankly bitter, "father's latest lady friend."

"How did Joan's father come to—I mean—" Everett floundered helplessly. "It's none of my business."

She looked at him coolly under the glare of an arc lamp. "Not for any consideration from me, if that's what you mean."

Everett turned scarlet. "I didn't. You know I didn't! I never thought of such a thing!"

"Well—" the cool eyes still surveyed him, "I didn't think you did—Big Brother. But there are a lot of people who do think that kind of thing. Well, if you want to know, Joan's father and mine were together in the War. And last summer my father gave him a set of diamond shirt studs, to finance me

a year in America, in school." Her voice was suddenly passionate, denying vehemently into the darkness what Everett had not thought. "My father is fine and generous, and he was glad he did it. And he stuck to it. And Joan's father is really a grand person and so is her mother, and so I thought that Joan—I thought she was going to be my friend!"

Hurt was in the voice, and Everett could think of nothing adequate to say. The story seemed fantastic against the quiet darkness of this peaceful college town.

But as suddenly as it had come the girl lost her bitterness. Without looking at Everett in the darkness, she said lightly, normally, "Anyway, it was the thing for me to do—to come, I mean. My father thinks I might teach. Can you possibly think of anything in the world more awful than that? Wouldn't you a thousand times rather dance? And I can dance."

Everett laughed, a little uncertainly. Though curiously enough he didn't feel uncertain at all. Listening to this girl, he felt oddly competent, with a place in the world and a path set to his feet—none of which this girl had. "You, see, I just can't imagine myself dancing. But teaching—"

They were nearing her dormitory, and across the darkness of the campus he could feel again that binding thread, a thread of companionship, of understanding, something that the daylight made invisible.

"As a matter of fact," Everett heard his voice saying, with a quick impulsiveness in it that he hardly recognized as his own voice, "I'd like nothing better than to teach. To have a lot of younger fellows look up to you, think you're wiser than they are, and smarter—even if you are really only older and have learned your lessons better—yes, I'd like that. And to live with someone, quietly, in a little place—"

Everett stopped abruptly. He had heard across his own voice a note of foolish uncontrollable longing.

Her voice came back, coolly brisk. "Well, why don't you, then?"

Somehow Everett didn't resent the cool briskness. "Well, mother thinks people teach who can't do anything better; and father thinks no one is fit to teach who hasn't a taste for scholarship—and I'm not a scholar—"

"And what do you think?"

"And I think only those should teach who have a gift for teaching people."

Now to have said that, thought Everett, is an amazing thing. Because that was really what he believed. That really was why he couldn't try to get a job at teaching. He was afraid that he didn't have the gift.

But her voice was passionate again in the dark. "Why do you stand around for what other people think? Do what you want."

"It's their money I'm spending—or rather, wasting."

"What if it is? What's it for? You'll be going on living after they're dead! Use it to get away from them with! That's what I'm doing. If they get rid of me for good—they've got no kick coming. After all, what good's a set of diamond shirt studs that a grand duke paid dad a gambling debt with? I tell you I'm going to climb into freedom on them if it's the last thing I do!"

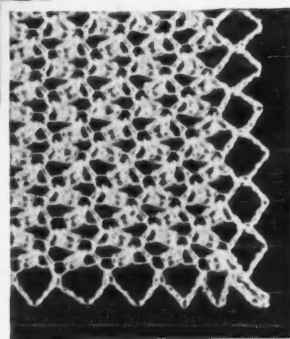
Continued on page 40



## Crochet Lapels

Materials required—  
2 Balls Crochet No. 60,  
White. Steel Crochet  
Hook No. 3½ English or  
No. 7 American.

Photographs courtesy of  
The Canadian Spool  
Cotton Company.



### Tension:

4 groups and 8 rows = 1".

Neckband—11dc = 1".

(The correct size will only be obtained by exactly following these instructions.

Commence with 19ch.

1st row—Into 4th ch from hook work 1 group (1 group = 2tr 1dc into same place), \* miss 2ch, 1 group into next ch, repeat from \* to end of ch (6 groups), 3ch, turn.

2nd row—\* Miss 1dc 1tr, into next tr work 1 group, repeat from \* to end of row, 3ch, turn.

3rd row—As 2nd row.

4th row—As 2nd row ending with 1ch, 1 tr into turning ch, 3ch, turn.

5th row—1 group into first tr, \* miss 1dc 1tr, 1 group into next tr, repeat from \* to end of row, 3ch, turn (7 groups).

6th and 7th rows—As 2nd row.

8th row—As 4th row.

9th row—As 5th row (8 groups).

10th-13th rows—As 2nd row.

14th row—As 4th row.

15th row—As 5th row.

16th-21st rows—As 2nd row.

Repeat last 8 rows 7 times more. Break off thread. Join thread in

first of foundation ch, work down long straight edge of lapel, \* 6ch, 1dc into space of turning ch, repeat from \* to corner, 8ch 1dc into same place, turn, \* 6ch, 1dc into 2nd tr of next group, repeat from last \* along bottom of lapel. Break off thread.

Work 2nd lapel in same way.

Neckband—Commence with 89ch.

1st row—1dc into 2nd ch from hook, 1dc into each of following ch, 1ch, turn.

2nd row—1dc into each dc, 1ch, turn. Repeat 2nd row 15 times more.

Starch and pin out on a board to dry.

MAKING UP—Make a narrow fold down inside edge of lapels and press with iron. Attach neckband to lapels.

Abbreviations—

Ch.....chain

Dc.....double crochet

Tr.....treble. ■



## FOR BEST RECIPES USING BREAD...

**CAN YOU USE** a crisp, new \$5 bill? Five dollars all your own, to buy extras you need... for yourself... for the house... for the children?

Then here's your opportunity! Your favorite recipe for using bread may win you a prize in this easy contest.

You're sure to have at least *one* "pet" recipe that calls for bread. Think of all the dishes in which you use bread crumbs... or toast... or sliced bread... or bread cubes.

And don't think it has to be elaborate. A simple, economical vegetable casserole, main dish or dessert may be the very recipe to win! The only requirement is that it must contain bread.



**GAIN ALLURING SLENDERNESS WITHOUT FATIGUE OR JUMPY NERVES**

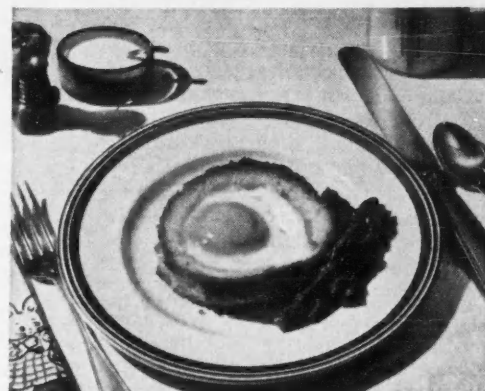
To reduce safely, eat bread for strength and energy. Remember—bread itself is not fattening. It actually helps to burn up fat... and builds up muscle and nerve tissue. Substitute bread for the starchiest foods, fats and sugars, and your pep will stay up as your weight comes down.

**Send for this book—it will help you win!**—Mail the coupon for a free copy of "103 Ways to Serve Bread". Try the recipes. Perhaps you can improve one of them—by a change in ingredients and seasoning. Or perhaps you have a recipe that is not in the book at all. Look and see. You may be using—every day—a recipe that will bring you that \$5 bill.

Take a few minutes—now—and send for the book! And mail in your recipe *soon*. Your reward may be a \$5 prize to buy some of those extras you need!

### RULES OF CONTEST

1. This contest is open to everyone in Canada and Newfoundland, except employees of the makers of Fleischmann's Yeast.
2. A prize of \$5 each will be awarded to the 206 best recipes which include bread, in some form, in the list of ingredients.
3. Entrants from each province and from Newfoundland will compete only with other entrants from the same territory. Each province and Newfoundland has its own quota of prizes, to be awarded only to entrants residing in those respective territories.
4. Recipes will be judged for originality, practicalness, and good results. No entries returned. Entries and contents thereof become the property of the makers of Fleischmann's Yeast. Decision of the judges will be final.
5. Send as many recipes as you wish. Write each recipe and your name and address on a separate sheet of paper.
6. Mail to Fleischmann's Yeast, 801 Dominion Square Building, Montreal, Que.
7. Contest closes June 30, 1939. All entries must be post-marked by midnight of that date.



**HAVE YOU A RECIPE AS GOOD AS THIS FOR USING BREAD? SEND IT!**

#### Eggs in Bread Cases

12 slices bread    Salt, pepper  
Soft butter    Grated cheese, if desired  
6 eggs    Crisp bacon, if desired

Cut bread in large rounds with cookie cutter; spread half of them with butter. With smaller cutter, remove centres from remaining rounds, and place resulting rings on buttered rounds; spread with butter. Into centre of case, break an egg carefully; sprinkle with salt and pepper—and with grated cheese, if desired. Place on pan and bake in hot oven, 475°, about 7 minutes, or until white is set. Serve with crisp bacon, if desired.

**FREE** THIS BIG 25¢ RECIPE BOOK!  
IT HELPS YOU WIN!

Get this valuable book! It helps you plan a winning recipe for this contest. It tells how to use bread in cooking. Gives you 103 wonderful recipes for new main dishes, tasty new sandwiches, delicious desserts—

also special recipes for children, for reducing diets, and for special occasions. Beautifully printed. 36 illustrations. This big 52-page book is worth 25¢. But you can have it *free*. Just mail coupon.



### BUY BREAD FROM YOUR BAKER

The finest bread that can be baked today is sold by your local baker. His trained skill, scientific equipment—and the very finest materials—give you a loaf that is unsurpassed in wholesomeness and delicious flavor.



#### FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST

801 Dominion Square Building, Montreal, Que.

Please send my free copy of "103 Ways to Serve Bread."

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street \_\_\_\_\_

Town \_\_\_\_\_ Prov. \_\_\_\_\_





*Must the customer be fearful of fraud? What are the protections she should know and watch for in buying merchandise that will mean real value? What are the modern business methods of assuring her satisfaction?*

by JOYCE MARSHALL



**I**N DAYS gone by most women went shopping with the old adage at the back of their minds—"Let the Buyer Beware."

She felt that the merchant was out to sell his goods above all else. That he looked after his own interest, and expected the purchaser to look after hers. Let the customer be wary, suspicious, she thought. Let her believe only half of what the merchant, anxious to be rid of his stock, told her.

So much for bygone days.

But is it true today?

Suppose Mrs. Jefferson, of Calgary, opens her morning paper and sees that one of the shops in her community is holding a sale of little girls' dresses for \$1.29. The styles and colors of the dresses are described. The fabrics are named. Two or three styles are pictured on tots in motion, to show the scope they give to active limbs and bodies. A line of large type indicates that these dresses sold regularly between \$1.49 and \$2.59.

This sounds very attractive, especially as Mrs. Jefferson has two little girls of her own.

But does she fold her paper and say, "These people are probably trying to cheat me. These are no doubt some old dresses that no one wants to buy. If I go down to the store to look at them I will find that the dresses are utterly unlike the sketches and descriptions and are not from higher priced stock at all?"

Of course she doesn't. She puts on her hat and coat and gets down to the store as soon as she can. There she finds the sale going on just as the advertisement claimed. Whether she will find any dresses that suit her tastes or the needs of her daughters I cannot tell.

But if she does not, it will not be because she was deliberately misled by the advertisement.

How has this come about? Why is it that we so seldom think to doubt what we read in the advertisements that guide so much of our buying? Are we women of Canada simply a credulous folk? If we were, it would take only two or three instances of being badly deceived to make us permanently more suspicious.

It seemed to me that it would be interesting to find out just what the system, or systems, do that protect us. And as there are very few women who do not read some advertisements—either in newspapers or magazines or mail-order catalogues—before they shop, I felt that any discoveries I made would be well worth passing on.

My first call was at the research bureau of a large department store.

My guide, the assistant head of the bureau, explained to me that it has two main functions; one the testing of goods before they are sold by the store, and the other the checking of all advertising before it is printed.

In both these connections, my guide explained, the bureau represents, not any department of selling or promotion, but the customer which the store is designed to serve. It is not concerned with selling or with pushing. It merely examines and tests goods and sees that they are accurately represented to the consumer.

In order to test goods the bureau maintains an elaborate scientific laboratory. It is staffed by technical experts who have to be chemists, engineers, dietitians, textile workers, each a specialist in his or her particular field.

The bureau is equipped to test foodstuffs, drugs, paints and varnishes, textiles, home appliances. Textiles are tested for wearing qualities and tensile strength, and the fibres are analyzed and identified. As well, the bureau maintains outside connections for instances when it requires some analysis which it itself is not equipped to perform.

But once it has tested the goods, what of the bureau's work in checking the advertising copy through which these goods are presented to the public?

The bureau personally reads and approves newspaper copy before it can be printed.

It has drawn up a house organ, a guide for its advertisers. This little pamphlet sets down in clear and unmistakable terms what the copy writers of the store may say and what they may not say. For instance, the real

name of goods must follow the trade name. In the case of furs, for example, the term "Hudson seal" must be followed by "dyed muskrat," "sable" by "skunk." The various species of imitation silk, of course, must be identified.

The customer must be precisely and accurately told what she is buying.

About the manner in which prices are stated the organ is equally definite. Every price tag must mean what it says and say what it means. "Misrepresentation by accident or design will not be tolerated."

That is clear enough for anyone, isn't it?

#### A Guide for Buying Rayon

LATER I learned of the tests which are made on rayon fabrics, and ready-made lingerie made of rayon, which bear a descriptive label of quality. This label, which is to be found on most of the rayon merchandise women buy as dress materials, hosiery, draperies, upholstery, fabrics, and other lines, demands rigid specifications for quality and as the sign of tested and approved rayon.

To see how rayon fabrics and garments, bearing this label, were tested to meet these demands, I went to the Ontario Research Foundation where I found that all the questions thrifty shoppers ask themselves, are asked for them by the Foundation—and answered satisfactorily, before the label or tag is awarded them.

One of the most interesting departments in the Foundation, is that in which the temperature and humidity is controlled to a uniform degree all the year round. Tests are made in such minute calculations that any variation in the atmosphere affects their accuracy. And since the identical conditions must, naturally, apply for all tests, many of them were made in this section.

Initial tests for ready-made garments check the body measurements to make certain that they are according to standards. The strength of the seams, the number of stitches to the inch, the

Continued on page 20

ever the gold fineness of the article is.

When the letters "e.p.n.s." appear, it indicates that a base of at least .10 nickel has been used. The name of the base metal must be stamped on all silver-plated hollow ware and silver-plated flatware must bear the name of the predominating base metal used if less than .10 pure nickel.

FOLLOWING these visits I went to another retail store, a firm which also has branches in many cities in Canada. Here again a courteous man was glad to give me information about the steps which the store takes to protect its customers.

"Of course we maintain a very strict check over all our advertising copy," he said. "That is because the goodwill of customers is the lifeblood of any store, and it simply can't afford to fool them."

"In fact," I said, "by protecting its customers, a store is actually protecting itself."

"Precisely. Goodwill is a curious commodity. It is built up slowly, but once destroyed—as it certainly would be if people began to distrust the advertising of a store—it would be a very expensive thing to rebuild."

Every store of any size in the Dominion has some system whereby the goods it sells are checked. It has connections with independent chemists and engineers to whom merchandise may be sent to be tested.

So much for department stores, I said. But these organizations do only twelve or thirteen per cent of the retail business of Canada. What of the chain stores and independent merchants who absorb the other more than eighty per cent? Is there any adequate check applied to the advertising they turn out?

#### Better Business Bureaus

MY NEXT call was at the Toronto Better Business Bureau.

This Bureau is affiliated with more than fifty-six Better Business Bureaus in Canada and the United States. There are now Better Business Bureaus in five Canadian cities—Montreal, Toronto, Halifax, Winnipeg and Ottawa. The oldest, the Montreal Bureau, has been in operation for eighteen years, while the youngest, the Ottawa Bureau, opened only this year.

These Bureaus do work that has never been done before, because never before has there been an agent capable of attending to it. They are completely impartial. They can afford to be because their supporting members are sufficiently numerous—the Toronto Bureau has 500—and represent more than eighty classifications of business, so that they need not cater to any one classification. And because they receive no government support they cannot be dictated to by party interests.

"What actually is the work of the Better Business Bureau?" I asked.

"We read a great many display advertisements very carefully," I was informed, "and any ad that seems in the least suspicious is clipped and shopped by the Bureau's own shoppers."

These shoppers go to the store in question and ask to see the advertised merchandise. A careful inspection and

questioning will satisfy them whether the advertising statements are correct, misleading, or false. If any doubt remains in their minds they will purchase some of the merchandise and send it to be analyzed.

At the end of the investigation a report is sent to the merchant—a pink slip if his advertisement has been proved inaccurate, and a blue one if it has been proved accurate.

In Toronto, it is interesting to note, eighty per cent of the doubtful advertising thus checked—and the Bureau checks not only the advertising of its own members but that of numerous other firms as well—has proved to be accurate.

But what of the remainder that is either false or purposely misleading? A section of the Criminal Code of Canada provides for a fine of up to \$200 or a six months prison term, or both, for anyone who publishes an advertising fact which is "untrue, deceptive or misleading."

YES, WE are coming at last to the day when the buyer need no longer beware. If she buys standard quality lines from a reputable merchant, she can be assured of good value.

We have a more intelligent group of consumers, who demand that the advertising matter they read be fair and accurate. We have stores protecting their customers and at the same time themselves by rigidly checking their own copy writers. We have the Better Business Bureaus in so many Canadian cities bringing all merchants into line with ideas of accuracy and fair play.

Moreover we have the assurance which comes with buying nationally advertised products. These products bear the trade names made famous by their manufacturers—names which must continue to win the approval of the public—or disappear from the market. Branded goods bear the guarantee of their manufacturer's name, and housewives who use them know by experience that they are buying the highest quality and value available. When a manufacturer stands behind his product with national advertising, introducing its name into many thousands of homes, he must, obviously, be depended upon to give the best value. What a far cry it is from the modern branded merchandise, attractively packaged and prepared, to the carelessly presented unnamed products which housewives of other decades bought at their own risk.

And, finally, we have the protection of the law.

The section of the Criminal Code which penalizes all advertisers detected in unfair practices I have mentioned already.

Then there is the Food and Drugs Act which makes it a criminal offense to misbrand food or drugs. And in the term "misbranding" is included not only using the name of one product for that of another, but also making false or exaggerated claims of its properties. A point entirely in line with what we have been discussing.

The shopkeeper, large or small, seldom tries to deceive his customer. For his own sake he simply cannot afford to do so.

## WASHING MACHINE OWNERS THRILLED! NOW SEE WHITE CLOTHES WASH UP 15% WHITER

See How a Remarkable New Ingredient also makes New High-Test Oxydol give up to TWICE THE SUDS of Old-Fashioned Soaps—Keeps it Safe as Ever for Washable Colors and Hands



WHY, JANE—HOW ON EARTH DID YOU GET YOUR CLOTHES SO MUCH WHITER THIS WEEK? DON'T TELL ME TOM FINALLY GOT YOU THAT NEW WASHER!

NEW WASHER NOTHING! IT'S JUST THAT I'M USING THAT NEW SOAP EVERYONE'S RAVING ABOUT—HIGH-TEST OXYDOL.

AND IS IT REALLY TRUE THAT IT GIVES UP TO TWICE THE SUDS OF OLD-STYLE SOAP EVEN IN THIS HARD WATER OF OURS?

SEE FOR YOURSELF! AND WHAT'S MORE THE SUDS STAND UP 2 TO 3 TIMES LONGER!

WHEN I HEARD THAT HIGH-TEST OXYDOL WASHES CLOTHES UP TO 15% WHITER I COULD HARDLY BELIEVE IT! BUT THIS CERTAINLY PROVES IT!

AND WAIT TILL YOU SEE HOW GRAND IT IS FOR COLORED THINGS. THEY STAY SO CRISP AND FRESH!



SEEING IS BELIEVING! I'M SWITCHING TO HIGH-TEST OXYDOL RIGHT NOW!

BE SURE TO TRY IT FOR DISHES, TOO! YOU'VE NO IDEA HOW MUCH FASTER THE GREASE GOES—AND HOW EASY IT IS ON YOUR HANDS!



## AMAZING NEW "NO-SCRUB" SOAP SETS WHOLE COUNTRY TALKING

Registered Trade Mark

NOW—a new triumph of science brings you a new-type "no-scrub" soap that amazes all who try it. For it contains a remarkable new ingredient that enables it to wash white clothes up to 15% whiter than old-fashioned soaps tested—yet keeps it SAFE for washable colors, fabrics and hands.

Called High-Test OXYDOL, it combines safety with whiter washing in a way that's been sought by scientists for years. And, when tested against less efficient bar and package soaps, it does these astonishing things:—

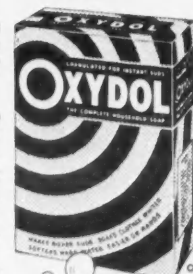
(1) Washes white clothes up to 15% whiter, as shown by standard Tintometer readings. (2) Gives up to TWICE THE SUDS even in hard water—suds that stand up 2 to 3 times longer.

Washing machine owners are especially enthusiastic about new High-Test Oxydol. For it has the power to soak dirt loose while

the washer is running—gives DOUBLE-ACTION wash. No need to waste so much of your time in rubbing out "extra dirty" spots by hand.

In tub washing—new High-Test Oxydol is extremely rapid in action. Soaks dirt loose in as little as 10 minutes, without scrubbing or boiling. As a result, it ends those hours of tedious rubbing with old-fashioned soaps that shorten the life of your clothes.

In addition, new High-Test Oxydol is extremely economical. For a single cup of it goes up to 1/4 again as far—does up to 25% more work than the same amount of old-style bar and package soaps. So no matter what soap you've used in the past, get acquainted with the amazing new High-Test OXYDOL today! Once you try it, we believe you'll never go back to less modern soaps again. At all dealers, Procter & Gamble.



YOUR DEALER  
NOW HAS NEW  
HIGH-TEST  
OXYDOL

The Same Orange and Blue Package—the Only Change is in the Soap.

MADE IN CANADA





**Y**OU have been entrusted with a serious responsibility—the care of your baby's health and the guidance of his character-forming habits through infancy and childhood.

And you, a modern mother, are fortunate indeed. You and your baby are living at a time when infant mortality is about 60 per cent less than it was in 1900. The death rate from communicable diseases—measles, scarlet fever, whooping cough, diphtheria—has decreased 90 per cent since 1911. The death rate from tuberculosis among children has dropped 85 per cent in the same period. Childhood diseases are being fought more successfully than ever before in history.

You have the opportunity to minimize guesswork in rearing your child—to escape the necessity of relying on the well-meant but occasionally ill-informed advice of friends and neighbors. Through your doctor and other reliable sources, you have at your command a wealth of information about children's daily health habits and about protecting them from disease. Expert advice is available on feeding, bathing, sleep, exercise, outdoor airing and play—all this, and more, is yours if you seek it and use it.

From leading authorities, Metropolitan has gathered valuable information on the care and training of children.



This is published in three booklets—fifty-seven pages of material to help mothers. The booklets discuss—

Prenatal care  
Preparations for the new baby  
Feeding, sleep and rest  
Bathing and dressing  
Baby's sicknesses  
Immunization and vaccination  
Fresh air and sunshine  
Play and exercise  
Teething, weight and growth  
The child's mental and emotional life  
Physical habits, concentration, reasoning and memory

The three booklets "The Baby," "Baby's Record Book," and "Good Habits for Children" are yours for the asking, postage free. Send this coupon today.

Plan to visit the Metropolitan's Exhibits at

THE GOLDEN GATE INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION IN SAN FRANCISCO  
and THE NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE CO., Canadian Head Office, Ottawa.

Please send me, free, the booklets checked:

☐ "The Baby" ☐ "Baby's Record Book" ☐ "Good Habits for Children"

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

CITY ..... PROVINCE ..... Dept. 3-L-39

## METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

NEW YORK

FREDERICK H. ECKER  
Chairman of the Board



CANADIAN HEAD OFFICE—OTTAWA

LEROY A. LINCOLN  
President

SERVING CANADA SINCE 1872

## Need the Buyer Beware?

Continued from page 18

general finish of the garment, are all noted. Is the actual weave a strong one? What is the strength of the yarn used? Exhaustive tests gauge the answers to these points. It is fascinating to watch them. One machine, for instance, pulls the fabric against heavy weights, while a chart notes the amount of strain it will take, and the exact point at which it will rip. In another a round ball is pushed steadily against a sample of the fabric being tested, to find out its bursting strength. Still another rubs samples of upholstery endlessly to check how much wear they will stand. For testing the amount of "filling" in a fabric, complicated laboratory routines check it for you—and so save the hit-and-miss finger rubbing technique of our grandmothers.

Obviously the question every woman will ask is, "Will it wash and iron?" Every piece of fabric is carefully checked for these points. If, in the case of some weaves, laundering is not advisable, dry cleaning is suggested on the label. But its reaction to dry cleaning is carefully noted first. And all fabrics must react satisfactorily to pressing. Up on the third floor where these tests are made is a fascinating machine which checks on the color fastness. Samples of the fabric are subjected to steady hours of glaring midsummer sunshine, so that the manufacturer can know just when the fabric will begin to fade.

One of the big problems in the past has been concerned with the damage done by perspiration. To check this, samples of the fabric are soaked in a solution which is the chemical equivalent of perspiration, then folded tightly between white samples—and the resultant dye-loss tabulated. If it is noticeable, the fabric is returned to

the manufacturer for further work. Rayon garments bearing this label must have a high resistance to perspiration.

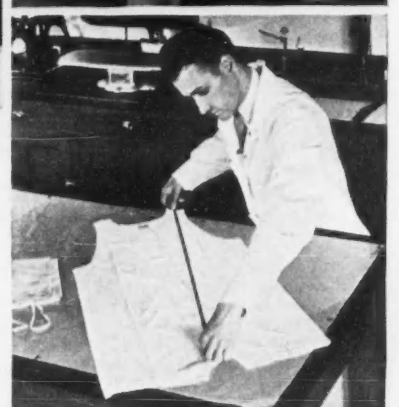
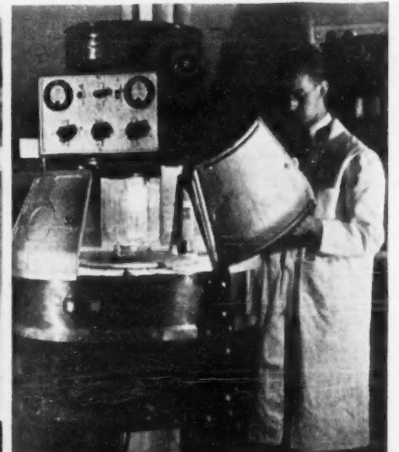
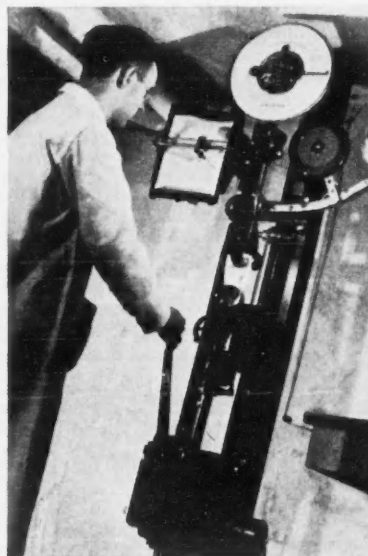
Thus, when a woman buys today under the guidance of an assuring label, she knows that science has taken the guesswork out of it. And moreover, this signpost is not only on the higher priced lines, but covers the purchasing range for all thrifty shoppers.

### National Marks On Silver

IN THE purchasing of silver and other precious metals, the buyer is protected by the Government. The Department of Trade and Commerce has instituted a campaign of educative advertising, in which the public are shown clearly identifying marks should be looked for when purchasing precious metals.

The system of hallmarking silver was started in England way back in 1300, and in those days the penalty a silversmith underwent for representing as sterling silver an article that wasn't so, was the cutting off of his right hand! Maybe the law isn't quite so severe now, but the Government of this country, like that of England and the United States, still makes it one of its special jobs to see that the purchaser of silver, whether new or antique, is not hoodwinked.

Anyone who is purchasing articles of gold or silverware should always look for the "national marks." Sterling silver articles of Canadian manufacture will bear the word "Sterling," with the mark of a lion surrounded by the letter C. Gold bears a crown surrounded by the letter C, in conjunction with the mark 10K, 14K, 18K or what-



Illustrating the care which is taken to ensure buying satisfaction are these three photographs from the Ontario Research Foundation where rayon merchandise bearing a descriptive quality tag is tested. Above right, is the sunlight machine which tests fading qualities. Above shows the testing for the tensile strength, and to the right the initial measurement for correct sizes.

# BEAUTY CULTURE



A DEPARTMENT OF  
STYLE, HEALTH  
AND PERSONALITY

## GROWING UP!

Meet your 'teen-age daughter on her own ground and plan her spring clothes with her

**I**T MAY have escaped the notice of psychologists, but the adolescent clothes problem is really something. With boys there's little to mark but a growing tenderness for amazing socks and sweaters. But girls are different. In fact, at twelve and thirteen, the average Canadian girl becomes so different in her clothes interests that mother wonders what on earth can have become of that carefree, acquiescent baby of hers.

She's turning into a young woman, of course. And her mind is a sudden confusion of colors and styles, and what she's seen in a movie, and the things the richest girl at school wears. And her judgment is often pretty tentative and unsound. So there are family storms and tears over scarlet pumps versus sensible black oxfords, and long party dresses as opposed to short ones.

That is, of course, if she's one of the early blossoming kind. If she stays tomboy, and unaware of the dark-haired lad who sits third from the back in the next row over at school, you'll find the shoe on the other foot. You've got to stir and stimulate her interest in her

appearance, or you may have a dowdy frump on your hands when the really gay young years come around.

Because from twelve to seventeen she's forming her final and lasting clothes sense. She has lots of time to wander through the shops, to fuss with bows and flowers and sashes, and to try her hand at making pretty things to which the budget won't stretch.

So now's your chance to guide, direct and suggest—with the softest of velvet gloves to mask maternal authority. To point out the cheapness of the kind of girl who wears those extremes with which she may be swept away, or the gaudy dramatics of the movie outfit she would like to wear to school. To give her this important style dictum so soundly that she will carry it with her all her life—that smart clothes depend more on quality, suitability and fit than anything else.

But maybe you need to do a little missionary work with yourself before you can meet your daughter on her clothes problems. You have had complete control of everything she wears for so

Continued on next page



Young... fresh... and completely suitable are the school clothes demonstrated by pretty Deanna Durbin, Universal star. Top left, she wears a patterned flannel with the belt and buttons picking up the highlight color. Top right shows a perfectly general wear coat, a beret with a feather and an action-easy checkered skirt and blouse. Above is the popular jacket, skirt and sweater outfit—this time with the plain skirt and sweater and patterned jacket. And finally the favorite of every 'teen-ager, short sleeved sweater, jauntily tied scarf and skirt.

The perfect school girl hat — a soft fuzzy felt with a gay feather, turn-up brim to frame a smiling youthful face. It matches the sweater.



by  
**CAROLYN  
DAMON**





TO ACHIEVE  
"THE ELIZABETH  
ARDEN LOOK"

In every city, every country of the modern world, the really beautiful woman invariably uses Elizabeth Arden preparations. She cleanses her skin several times daily, with feathery light Ardena Cleansing Cream or, since Miss Arden now gives you a choice of cleansing creams, alternates with the new Fluffy Cream. These, with her stimulating Ardena Skin Tonic, her soothing Velva and Orange Skin Creams, are fundamental essentials of the Elizabeth Arden look.

Ardena Skin Tonic—cool, stimulating; \$1.10 to \$15  
Ardena Cleansing Cream—light, soothing; \$1.10 to \$6  
Fluffy Cleansing Cream—like whipped cream; \$1.10 to \$6  
Ardena Velva Cream—for average skins; \$1.10 to \$6  
Orange Skin Cream—for dry or wrinkled skins; \$1.10 to \$8

Sold at Smartest Shops in Every Town

*Elizabeth Arden*

NEW YORK LONDON PARIS TORONTO

## Men Don't Want Clever Wives

Continued from page 13

And it's odd how she knows when to do that sort of thing herself, and when to call at once for the doctor. Tom wouldn't know. But Mary knows at once. A kind of instinct. Uncanny.

And the way, when he is worried or in a jam, how she manages to take away from him all those little domestic worries that seem to pile up and overcome him at the wrong time. She sees that they're left to the right moment, or conveniently overlooked, or forgotten altogether.

A time and place for everything, seems to be her philosophy. That's a big help when a man is working his head off. Not that any of my friends work their heads off. Their women see to it that they don't do anything quite as silly as that.

When there is a home to be maintained, and a family to be provided for, a man must work hard. But it's only a fool of a wife who lets him overwork. And Mary isn't exactly a fool—if you know what I mean.

She looks after that home, and that family, very well. You wouldn't think, to see her now, that she is the same girl who used to teach us all how to dance the Charleston—just twelve years ago. Or maybe you would. Lots of girls of the same period—those same mad '20's—have made my friends happy in their married life.

IT'S WONDERFUL, too, the way Mary has come through the bad times as well as the good. Those awful Depression days, only a few years ago, when business went sick, and it was economy, economy all the way. It took a knowing wife, then, to steer the domestic side of the partnership through the fog. And yet, funny when you come to think of it, the family never seemed to do without anything. Extraordinary, the way the wife managed that part of it.

No grumbling. No complaining. Just making ends more than meet, in her own peculiar way. Income was cut by more than half; but not a trace of hardship in the home.

We men call it woman's instinct . . . if we call it anything at all. It's her instinct that sees we get exactly what we like to eat and at exactly the right time. How my wife knows that I want cereal for breakfast on a certain morning, and eggs and bacon another morning, is something that completely beats me. Yet she invariably does. How is it that, when you've been having tea for weeks (and wanting it), you go down one morning thinking: "Boy! What I want this morning is coffee. And lots of it!" And as you enter the breakfast room the delicious smell of coffee hits you—bang!—right on the spot.

All men who didn't marry clever women experience this. All men, short of underwear, or shirts, or pyjamas, suddenly find brand-new underwear, or shirts, or pyjamas, of the right shade and the right weight and the right size, laid out for them at the right moment in some mysterious way.

When the shaving cream gives out,

■ Continued on page 38

## THE FUR COAT THAT RUINED HELEN'S WINTER



Heavier clothing increases the danger of underarm odor. Guard charm with MUM.

POOR HELEN! She thought her lovely new coat would make her more attractive. But she failed to realize that those warm, snug sleeves are a trap for underarm odor. She thought that winter made a girl safe . . . but everyone perspires all year 'round, even when no moisture is visible. Underarm odor may be there—unless you always prevent it with Mum!

And remember, too, that a bath removes only past perspiration. Mum prevents odor to come. That's why popular girls use Mum!

Mum is QUICK—30 seconds to use . . . SAFE—Mum does not harm skin or clothing . . . SURE—Mum stops odor without stopping perspiration. Get a jar of Mum at any drug store today. Use it daily, and know you're always sweet!

For Sanitary Napkins—Mum leads all deodorants for use on napkins, too. Women know it's gentle, safe. Always use Mum this way, too.



MADE IN CANADA

# MUM

TAKES THE ODOR  
OUT OF PERSPIRATION

important to her now than anything else. Color—as long as it's fresh and vital—isn't as important. She's bubbling with youth and freshness herself, and doesn't have to worry—or shouldn't have to—about complexion tones and values. She can wear simple fabrics to good effect—ginghams, rayons, prints, cottons—as long as they don't look cheap or sleazy. She can get accessories—little caps, belts, scarves, etc.—for a song. So the thing to spend your time on is the fit and line of her clothes.

Make no mistake about it, she'll wail to high heaven if her clothes don't fit. They must be snug at the waist and full in the skirt, and just right at the shoulders and neckline, even though she begrudges the time spent in fittings.

She needs a youthful flare to her clothes. That is, if pleats are in, let her have them fuller and more plentiful than you like them, if she wants them that way. If waists are tight and yokes high, she'll want them more so. If pockets are good, give her as many as she likes, and let her have them set at angles, or patched on, or however her heart desires. One of the privileges of this age is that a style can be exaggerated to lend just the right flippant and very young touch. And that will satisfy her feeling for the unusual and keep her away from cheap and showy forms of expression.

She needs schoolgirl collars and lots of nice starched cuffs and neckwear, bright little scarves which she will knot in front or at the back or on one shoulder; perhaps a charm bracelet and a simple ring, and when she's older some pearls to wear with her high-necked sweaters.

She needs at least one simply-made, light wool dress, a skirt and two or three sweaters, a service coat and a rain outfit, a print dress for better wear, and one little tailored felt hat, a calotte, a beret and a party dress. A simply-made suit would be a grand addition, too. She'd like at least one pair of slacks and two of shorts, and a housecoat or lounging pyjamas. Gingham dresses can be of any given number.

Let her have gay colors—and if you want the school things dark, see that she is allowed to get the gayest scarf, belt or nosegay she wants. If you do that you can probably persuade her to have smart, well-cut brogues with low heels for school, and perhaps a simple pair of suede or patent slippers with cuban heels for better wear.

The wool dress, ready-made, will cost you from about six dollars up. The print—particularly if it's silk and well made—that or a little more. If you buy the party dress it may run to ten dollars. Sweaters, skirts and cotton frocks are around two or three dollars

each. The calotte and beret shouldn't be more than seventy cents, and the felt hat two or three dollars. She'll pick up the scarves and belts reasonably enough. The shoes would be from four dollars up.

She needs her skirts just below the knee and in the later teens, about an inch above the prevailing styles.

#### The Things She'll Want

A PLAID skirt to wear with plain sweaters. A velveteen jacket with her plain skirts. A charm bracelet. A novelty sport pin. A nosegay. Bright hankies to tuck in high pockets; a wide crushable belt for her plain frocks. Some pretty pyjamas. A plaid or checkered raincoat with a rain parka. A bright blue sweater to wear with a navy skirt and jacket. A camel's hair polo coat in natural, or beige, or brown, with a belt and generous skirt lines. Or a navy botany serge. Shoes that match her clothes—and by helping her pick her wardrobe around one color you can let her have them. Little jackets which she can make with guidance.

And a long party dress. Please let her have it if she's very keen. You can get lovely taffetas with wide skirts and puffed sleeves and little velvet bows, in such combinations as apple green with coral, or turquoise with burgundy, and she'll look more childish than ever in them. Or in dirndl lines with wide smocking at the belt and high pockets.

#### Things She Can Do Without

FANCY sophisticated clothes of any kind. Hats, other than the kind mentioned, unless she gets something like a simple poke. Too short skirts—don't make her wear them too long, either. Umbrellas—if she has rain boots, coat and head covering she doesn't have to have one. Fancy jewellery—she doesn't need any. Black. Make her see that it will be one of her best bets later when she can't wear the bright colors. Frills. Your child's clothes have become just as sleek, in their way, as yours. She doesn't want rosebuds and furbelows any more.

Exaggerated evening styles. You can get around this by getting a little jacket frock—every girl loves them. Long sleeves—the youngsters just won't wear them. Afternoon dresses. She goes to teas in suits and parties in silks. Rumpled clothes. She's old enough to keep them pressed and properly cared for—with your guidance. Too many accessories! Nine times out of ten she spoils her good looks by loading them on.

Once you get into the spirit of the thing, it's a grand co-operative business, this dressing your teen-age daughter. And fun for both of you! :

### THE STYLE QUESTION OF THE MONTH

#### The Low Waistline

Remember those hitched-about-the-hips girdles we used to wear? Maybe they'll be back. It's up to you. The style question of the month is whether or not the new trend to lower waistlines is going to get over—and how far.

Women won't entirely give up high shoulders. They're too smart. Or low hair. It's too comfortable. Will they cling to the girlish above-natural waistline, in spite of Paris?

New spring street dresses have normal-to-lower waists. If you accept them, they'll take.

In Paris they say you'll weaken eventually, if not now. Monotony, the stylists believe, is a disease. And they're making some pretty stimulating prescriptions up for spring.

Watch for the low waist!



**IMAGINE ME  
HAVING  
BAD BREATH!**

YOU'D THINK A NURSE WOULD KNOW  
BETTER! BUT A MONTH AGO....

WHY SO DOWNHEARTED, SUE? ON  
THE OUTS WITH THAT HANDSOME  
PATIENT OF YOURS?



WELL, SORT OF. JIM DID LIKE ME,  
RUTH—REALLY. BUT NOW HE  
DOESN'T EVEN WANT ME AROUND!

GET WISE TO YOURSELF, KID!  
TALK TO YOUR DENTIST  
ABOUT YOUR  
BREATH!



TESTS INDICATE THAT 76% OF ALL  
PEOPLE OVER THE AGE OF 17 HAVE  
BAD BREATH. AND TESTS ALSO  
SHOW THAT MOST BAD BREATH  
COMES FROM IMPROPERLY  
CLEANED TEETH. I ADVISE  
COLGATE'S DENTAL CREAM  
BECAUSE...



#### COLGATE'S DENTAL CREAM COMBATS BAD BREATH



"COLGATE'S special penetrating foam gets into every tiny hidden crevice between your teeth... emulsifies and washes away the decaying food deposits that cause most bad breath, dull, dingy teeth, and much tooth decay. At the same time, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent cleans and brightens the enamel—makes your teeth sparkle—gives new brilliance to your smile!"

#### AND SOON AFTER I SWITCHED TO COLGATE'S...

WELL, GOODBYE, RUTH! THANKS  
TO YOU, JIM AND I ARE  
GETTING MARRIED TOMORROW!

DON'T THANK ME—  
THANK COLGATE'S!



#### NOW—NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HER SPARKLING SMILE!



...AND NO  
TOOTHPASTE  
EVER MADE  
MY TEETH AS  
BRIGHT AND  
CLEAN AS  
COLGATE'S!



LARGE 20c  
SIZE  
GIANT DOUBLE  
SIZE 35c  
MEDIUM SIZE  
10c

For those  
who prefer it,  
Colgate's Tooth  
Powder will give  
the same Colgate  
results. Large Tin 20c



\*Ida Lupino and Warren William in a Columbia production based on the exploits of "THE LONE WOLF".



"Romance is sweeter  
when **HANDS**  
feel soft," says

*Ida Lupino*  
(Lovely  
Hollywood Star)

## Hand Skin, ill-supplied with Moisture, suffers from "Winter Dryness"

"**H**OLLYWOOD HANDS", girls call them—the soft hands whose touch is delightful! Even busy girls can have them! Skin moisture-glands are less active in winter; water, wind and cold tend to dry out your hand skin. Then's when roughness and chapping threaten. But take heart! Jergens Lotion supplements the insufficient natural

moisture; helps do beautifying and softening work for your hand skin. Doctors have experience. To soften and smooth rough skin many physicians use 2 fine ingredients you have in Jergens Lotion. Regular use prevents chapping. Never sticky! Delightfully fragrant! Get Jergens Lotion today. Only 50¢, 25¢, 10¢, \$1.00 at beauty counters.

**JERGENS  
LOTION**

NEW FACE CREAM—Jergens All-Purpose Face Cream—helps against dry skin. 25¢, 15¢.



(MADE IN CANADA)

**FREE! GENEROUS SAMPLE**  
and BOOKLET ON HAND CARE

The Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd.  
864 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario

I want to see for myself how Jergens Lotion helps to make my hands smooth, soft and white. Please send your generous free sample of Jergens!

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
(PLEASE PRINT)  
Street \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ Province \_\_\_\_\_

long that it's difficult to realize she is developing tastes and ideas of her own. And you may err on the conservative side. After all, she's young and has all of life ahead of her. While you keep her in the narrow track of good taste, let her be gay with bright colors, lively, vivacious lines and the festive little touches so dear to the heart of the teens. And it's ten to one she'll know more about those important little things—the tie of a scarf, or the angle of a pocket, or the expanse of a skirt—than you will. So try to work it out together.

If your daughter belongs to the style-deaf minority, it's a safe bet to dress her in nice, comfortable, but well-fitted shirtmaker styles. Plenty of skirt room for climbing and biking and tearing around. Simple tailored lines that stay put when the more exacting things would be all haywire. Don't force her into the latest schoolgirl things. But if she's clean, fresh and properly dressed, she'll look back and be grateful when she does begin to care.

### What She Needs in the Early Teens

THIS IS an excellent time of year to begin the mother-and-daughter clothes confabs. Spring is on the way. Stylists are paying more and more attention to the very definite needs of the younger teens. Many shops nowadays



Nothing is nicer for the active, just growing up type of young girl than the shirtmaker dress—which big sister wears here, and the younger lady a gay Viyella plaid for school wear. (Photograph by courtesy of Viyella)

have special consultants who understand their figure problems, know the new young styles and are adept at struggling with small budgets and big ideas.

For instance, Mary at thirteen is quite a different person, in outline, from the shapeless Mary of ten or the poised, developed Mary there will be at eighteen. Her waist hasn't finished defining itself, and her bust is likely to be higher than it will be. That makes necessary special care in lines and decorative touches, to bring out the lovely Mary who should enjoy life and be completely happy in what she wears during those formative years. So please believe me, lines are more

**"NO  
FAMILY  
COLDS  
AT OUR HOUSE!"**



**WE USE  
KLEENEX  
For HANDKERCHIEFS  
to Check Spread of Colds"**

● We used to take it for granted that when one of us caught a cold it had to spread through the family . . . then we learned the Kleenex habit. Now, we all use Kleenex for handkerchiefs, especially during colds. Kleenex catches and holds the dangerous cold germs—each tissue is used only once then destroyed—germs and all! We avoid the danger of spreading cold germs through repeated use of cold-laden handkerchiefs. Kleenex is softer, too—prevents the discomfort of an unsightly, raw, red nose. And now with new low prices everybody can afford the Kleenex Habit.

No more "family colds" at our house—thanks to Kleenex!

### GET GENUINE KLEENEX

**It's made of Cellucotton\***

\*Cellucotton is an exclusive patented product, twice as soft—5 times more absorbent than finest surgical cotton.

**NEW LOW PRICE!** Do not accept inferior substitutes. There is only one Kleenex—ask for it by name.



*"There's a new month  
on my calendar"*



"Remember how I used to be, Carol? Forever letting down my friends . . . breaking dates and appointments . . . staying at home several days each month—because I thought I had to!"



"Then you made me see how much I was missing by doing nothing to relieve menstrual pain—robbing myself of a full month of *living* every year. That's when you told me about Midol."



"I could bless you for it today! If it weren't for Midol, I'd be at home right now. Thanks to you both, there's a new month on my calendar!"



DOCTORS know that severe or prolonged functional periodic pain is not natural to most women. Now thousands of women have discovered much of it is *unnecessary*. For unless there is some organic disorder calling for a physician's or surgeon's attention, most of those who try Midol find it brings swift relief from such suffering.

Midol is made for women for this sole purpose. A few Midol tablets should see you serenely through your worst day. Try Midol; discover, as many women have, that it's easy to keep going and still keep comfortable! Your druggist has Midol in trim and economical aluminum cases to tuck in purse or pocket.

To try MIDOL free, just send your name and address to General Drug Co., Dept. B-39, Windsor, Ont. Trial box will be mailed prepaid.

**MIDOL**



MADE IN CANADA

## Accident

Continued from page 9

of course he was. He thought he sensed a lack of enthusiasm in her tone, then told himself he must have imagined it, or else Marion was so much occupied with her own griefs that she had no interest to spare for the Sansomes' troubles. Natural enough, too, although not like Marion. But then, the poor kid wasn't herself. How could she be?

The Sansomes, it turned out, lived in the lower half of a two-family duplex. Comfortable and roomy enough. Sufficiently, if not modernly, furnished. Mrs. Sansome was beginning to be buxom, with a tinge of grey in her dark hair and the slightly abstracted look of a busy hardworking housewife with children growing up and meals to prepare, beds to make, all the multifarious petty, monotonously repeating duties of a full and active household. Her injuries, he noted with a deep relief, had been no more than superficial, were already healing well. There would be no permanent scars, and that gave him courage for what he had to do.

She met Harvey Lucas gravely, without resentment, seated him in an armchair belonging to a slightly rubbed chesterfield set in the living-dining room, composed herself on the chesterfield facing him at an angle, with a child he had not seen before snuggled beside her knee. A pretty blond boy, not old enough to have had his baby curls cut yet.

"Hello there, young fellow," Harvey Lycas greeted the youngster, flashing one of his brilliant, ingratiating smiles. The baby smiled shyly back at him, then turned his head and buried his face in his mother's aproned lap. "How old is he?" Harvey asked, a sincere interest in his voice. "He wasn't in the car, was he?"

"He's just turned three," Mrs. Sansome said. "No, he wasn't in the car, thank God!"

There was such deep emotion in her tone that Harvey flushed. He turned the subject quickly. "How're the other two? All right, I hope."

"Doctor says they'll be all right," the mother told him. "They got cut up a bit with the glass, but you get over things quick at their age. I tried to keep them in bed, but goodness, you can't even keep them in the house, much less in bed. They're out in the yard. You know how it is with kids."

"Yes. Sure. Of course," Harvey said, as though he really did know how it is with kids. "I cannot tell you how glad I am they weren't hurt, Mrs. Sansome. I—I—there just aren't any words."

"It was only by the mercy of providence we weren't all killed," the woman said gravely, and looked him squarely in the face.

For once in his life Harvey Lucas was disturbed. This wasn't going to be easy. He felt ashamed, looked down at the tips of his shoes, escaping that searching serious regard.

"I—" he began, then halted, groping for the right phrases. Only there were no right phrases. "I—I'm terribly, terribly sorry, Mrs. Sansome. I came out to tell you that. And to see if there is anything, anything at all, I

## You're ready for Romance after a Woodbury Facial Cocktail



*Miss Lorna Dewar*

Voted one of the best dressed debutantes, this lovely Toronto society girl enjoys designing her own smart clothes. Her favorite sports, sailing and badminton. Her favorite soap, Woodbury.

"I give you two facts . . . you draw your own conclusions. Fact 1. My spies tell me that the loveliest debutantes enjoy a Woodbury Facial Cocktail at 5 P. M. Fact 2. My eyes tell me that they are the debs who make deepest impressions after 5 P. M. What do you make of that?"

Says CHOLLY KNICKERBOCKER  
Noted Society Commentator

### A Reviving Beauty Treatment with Woodbury Facial Soap Starts the Evening Hours of Gaiety, Romance.

With all their claims to popularity, this season's debutantes dare not greet the evening with a dull, fatigue-worn face. Like every normal girl, who has a heart for romance, they seriously cultivate "a skin you love to touch".

So between tea and dinner, daily, a Woodbury Facial Cocktail is the beauty pick-up these fascinating ladies give their skin. This quick five o'clock skin-cleansing with Woodbury Facial Soap starts their hours of glamour and gaiety.

When work and fuss and hurry leave your complexion shadowed with fatigue, try this reviving facial cocktail. Smother your skin in the sweet, kindly lather of Woodbury Facial Soap, then rinse. Your face will come up glowing with new life.

This beauty soap is made to a famous formula of soothing oils and unguents. Now its lather is rich in a skin-stimulating Vitamin which aids the skin's vitality.

For three generations socially charming women have regarded Woodbury as "just about perfect" for complexion care. Use Woodbury regularly at bedtime, too. It's Beauty's grandest nightcap!



CONTAINS SKIN-STIMULATING VITAMIN\*  
\*Produced by ultra-violet irradiation—Patent No. 1676579

(MADE IN CANADA)



## That party put me on the front page!



"Hurry!"—the editor barked. "You're covering that Van Dyke blow-out tonight!" It was my big chance . . . but I could have cried, "Why"—I wailed inwardly, "does Avis Van Dyke have to bow to society tonight!"



I stopped just long enough to phone my roommate. "Elsie"—I begged—"be a lamb and press my green dress. I'm reporting a deb party tonight and, honestly, I'm so chafed and irritable I could scream!"



I must have looked skeptical, for she flew for the scissors and cut a Modess pad in two! "That," she said, thrusting a handful of soft, fluffy filler toward me, "is what is in Modess! That's why it doesn't chafe!"



So—off I went, cheery as a cricket. I buzzed around, writing about fabulous jewels, champagne, and divine Paris dresses . . . with never a moment's worry . . . nor a single moment of chafing discomfort. And—wrote a story that even an old hand could be proud of!



"All set"—Elsie greeted me gaily, waving a blue box. "Dress pressed . . . velvet wrap brushed . . . and a gift that will give you blissful relief! Take it, ducky—it's Modess—my new discovery—and the greatest boon to womankind ever invented!"



"And what's more," continued Elsie, "it's safer! Watch . . ." And she took the moisture-resistant backing from inside a Modess pad and dropped water on it. To my amazement not a drop went through!



"Whee! On the front page and signed!" shrieked Elsie, brandishing the paper the next day. "You owe it all to Little Goody Two-Shoes who told you about Modess! And think," she added, "soft, fluff-type Modess costs no more than those layer-type pads we used to buy!"

# Modess

Softer! Safer!



## FASHION SHORTS

by KAY MURPHY

### Spring in Manhattan

AS I WRITE, there is about six inches of snow on New York streets, but spring has already arrived in the fashion districts where the new showings of coats, suits, dresses, millinery and accessories make us feel that the sun is warm, the trees are green and spring is with us. For now is the time when the large stores all over the United States and from the key cities of Canada, send their buyers to see what you will be wearing this coming season. On the first day of the large Openings in the style centre, over one thousand buyers arrived in New York, with hundreds following daily. For New York sells nearly a billion dollars worth of feminine apparel each year, and a large part of that immense sum of money will be spent within the next few weeks. Yes, spring has come to Manhattan, and let's look around and see some of the smart new things now ready for you gals to wear and enjoy.

### The New Coats

THE WAR is on! Both fitted and flared coats are shown, and you can take your choice. Some sections of the country prefer the fitted silhouette, others go in for loose flaring lines. The smart buyer chooses both, for a lass can change her mind! The straight-line coat is, however, emphasized, and these are being cut narrower than last year, with shoulders wide enough to give that tapered look to the figure. Self-quilting and tucking form a large part of the trimming detail, and the smooth, flatter fabrics are very important. While women still insist on black and navy as the most popular and practical color for a dressy spring coat, beige in all tones is very strong, and there is also a definite preference shown for lighter navy, medium blues, a greyish blue and a greenish blue. In fact there are about six new shades of blue that will all get a run for their money. Those who prefer high shades will have a choice of rich rose, and several violet tones. The two-way collarless tuxedo neckline is very popular and is a lovely background for your fur scarf. For casual wear, swagger tweeds and herringbones are numerous, and here and there my eye is caught by vivid plaids and interesting checks that will hold the younger generation's keen attention.

### Seen Here and There at the Openings

Chiffon and sheer crepe sashes on hats to keep them anchored to our heads when the spring winds get too familiar.

The new bicorne hat, in black, with tiny cyclamen-colored ostrich plumes.

Pinkish nose veils giving a dash of color to a group of severe little bits of straw millinery.

Baby bonnets for grown-up "baby-faces"—a new high in spring hatdom.

The swish of bright plaid, striped or checked taffeta petticoats under sheer dark dresses. Some even peep enticingly below the shortened skirt.

Plenty of "junk" jewellery (the new name for costume pieces).

Two, three and more strands of so-called pearls, each of a different shade.

Earrings that hook around your ears (the way spectacles do) . . . a delight to the tender-eared, who object to screw-ins.

Frameless suede bags that have that "flopped-over" look.

Patent leather shoes for dressy wear, featuring bracelet bands instead of straps, and some with jewelled stud-dings in the heels.

Prominence of sunny shades in hosiery.

Crisp cotton blouses in candy stripes, also "hammock" stripes.

Brief leather gloves in color (and it's very smart to match up your gloves with the colorful feathers, ribbons, flowers or veils on your new bonnets.

Sheer pleated "aprons" on the fronts of smarter afternoon frocks.

Scotch plaid tams, matched up with bag and gloves (in lightweight wool).

"Face cards," such as the King and Queen of Hearts, on dress clips.

Plenty of high-placed patch pockets on sports jackets.

Bright chiffon and cotton hankies to match your lipstick.

Color . . . youth . . . gaiety . . . the keynote for spring!

### And Our Figures?

THIS SPRING brings out the good points in our figures more prominently than ever, and the bad ones too, unless we are careful. Waists must be slim—hips must be trim—shoulders must not be narrow. Thanks be, we have really effective foundation garments that will do plenty for us, if we give them a chance. And don't forget your bustline. It must be soft and feminine, with nice, youthful curves. So if nature—or all those parties you have been going to this winter—have done your figure wrong, get busy with your exercises, watch your calories, and place your trust in a good-fitting corset and brassiere or a slim-lined corsetette.

Spring is just around the corner—so be prepared! Cream out those wind lines on your face . . . lotion those reddish hands . . . shampoo and brush your hair to a new high lustre . . . and meet the new season gay-heartedly, and at your best! ■

some met face to face. Harvey begged and pleaded, but Sansome refused stubbornly to see him; and as the long weary aching hospital days multiplied the injured man grew more morose, more embittered. Until one day—it was July by now—Sansome told the doctor: "All right. Next time he comes, send him in. Might as well get this over with, once and for all."

"You can have a few minutes only," the medico told Harvey. "He's resentful toward you, and he mustn't get too excited." It was a very few minutes. Sansome was in a wheelchair, his leg, strapped to a board supporting the heavy cast, held stiffly and straightly out before him. He cut short Harvey's attempt at friendly greeting with a short contemptuous laugh.

"I got nothing to say to you, Mr. Harvey Lucas," Sansome growled at him. "There ain't nothing you can do for me, or mine. I don't want your money. I can't stop you paying my bills here, and seeing that you wrecked my old bus it's only right and just that you should buy me a new one. You can afford it. But my family don't take charity, Mr. Lucas, and if they did you can bet your sweet life they wouldn't take it from you."

"I don't think you're being fair, Sansome," Harvey objected, reasonably enough. "I want to make amends. I want to help you."

"Well, you can't help me. Help me! You help me! The doctors and nurses are doing what they can, but you can't help me. You can pay the bills, that's all you can do."

"Help me! Listen, Mr. Harvey Lucas. You got money and you got position. You think you can do anything with your money and position. Well, here's one thing you can't do. You can't make me fit to climb steel and run a catwalk again. Can you?"

"No," Harvey said. "I can't do that."

"All you're good for," Sansome flung at him in venomous farewell, "is to run through stop signals."

"THE MAN'S attitude is unreasonable," Harvey complained to Marion. "I only want to make amends. Such amends as I can . . . I'm desperately sorry all this had to happen. I'll do anything I can. Anything. And he won't let me. It isn't fair."

"A lot of things aren't fair, Harvey," Marion Doane said.

Yes, Harvey, she thought, observing him closely, enquiringly, as though she were seeing him for the first time. What is happening to me isn't fair, Harvey. It is brutally unfair.

She was out of bed, in an armchair, but her broken wrist was still in its plaster sheath. Well, it wouldn't be in that cast tomorrow, she remembered. They X-rayed it again today—for the 'steenth time. It would be out of the cast tomorrow morning. And back in a nice new cast tomorrow afternoon.

They had told her today. The bone was splintered. It hadn't knit properly. So, tomorrow they were going to break

it anew, then try to reset it. All these weeks of dreary misery had been wasted. The whole agonizing business was to be gone through all over again. And she knew now—they hadn't told her, but she knew—that her wrist—her wrist—would never more be fit. Always it would be stiff, her right arm shorter than her left. She, Marion Doane, the brilliant young concert pianist, was crippled for life.

Well, there it was. Good-bye, piano. Farewell, career. Oh, she'd be able to play, after a fashion. After a fashion.

She hadn't told Harvey Lucas, yet. She wasn't going to tell him. He'd find out soon enough. She gazed thoughtfully at her left hand, with its long, slim, artistic fingers. They were longer and slimmer than ever now, after weeks of inactivity. Maybe they were more artistic, too. And a lot of help that was.

She looked at Harvey Lucas' ring on the third finger, then, motivated by a sudden flooding impulse, slipped it off, using her little finger and thumb. It came away easily, because her hand was so thin, almost to emaciation. She held the ring out to Harvey with a quick imperious gesture.

"Marion!" he exclaimed, startled. "What is this?"

"You'd better take it, Harvey," she said. "And please don't bother to come to see me again. Not unless I send for you. I couldn't stand it."

He took the ring, looked at it, dazed. "I—I don't get it," he said.

"I think you do, Harvey."

"But I don't. You haven't turned against me, too? Surely not you, Marion? You—you don't love me any more? Is that it?"

"I'm afraid that's it. But perhaps I never did really love you, Harvey. I liked you a lot. But I've been thinking. You get plenty of time for thinking, lying in bed. Yes, I liked you a lot. I still like you, in a way. But . . . love. No, Harvey, I don't love you. I can't."

"But—good grief!" he was angry now. "This is ridiculous. It's just plain silly. You can't chuck me over like this, Marion, merely on account of a fool accident that might have happened to anybody. You're as bad as that stubborn idiot, Sansome. You can't do this to me. It isn't fair."

"You said that before, Harvey," Marion Doane told him. "It isn't fair. Well, perhaps you're right. Maybe it isn't fair. So many things happen that aren't fair, Harvey. So many, many things."

"Please go away now, Harvey, will you? I'm terribly tired. And I want to cry."

He dropped the ring into a coat pocket, turned toward the door and, stumbling a little because his knees were weak under him, walked slowly from the room.

There didn't seem to be anything else for him to do.

*Editor's Note: This is a fiction story. All names of characters and places are imaginary and have no reference to living persons or actual localities. ❖*

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# FELLOWS' SYRUP

*A Tonic*  
MUCH  
PRESCRIBED

can do to help." He couldn't offer this grave, self-contained, competent woman money. Not right off, like that, he couldn't.

"You have cause to be sorry, Mr. Lucas," she said. Not accusingly, not blaming him, but stating an obvious fact. "But there isn't anything you can do. We'll make out."

"But you must let me do something. Of course, I'll take care of the hospital bills. Anything you want for your husband. Specialists. Anything at all. I've told them that at the hospital. And I'll see that you get a new car. Could I—could I—?"

She was silent then for moments, thinking. At last she nodded.

"Yes. I think that's only fair. You were in the wrong, and the car is just junk. But there isn't anything else. Bob carries accident insurance, and the car was partly covered, too. He's always been fussy about keeping up those payments. And he'll draw sick pay from the lodge. We'll make out. There isn't anything you can do, really."

"But—but. After all that seems very little. Could I— isn't there something you need? For yourself, I mean."

"If you're hinting you'd like to give me money, Mr. Lucas, I thank you for the kind offer. I'm sure you mean well. But I couldn't take it. Bob wouldn't let me. He's always been proud and independent like, Bob has."

"But, Mrs. Sansome . . . in the circumstances. I carry insurance too, you know. It isn't a question of money. It's—it's—I want to do something. Isn't there anything?"

She shook her head, then with a sudden fiercely maternal gesture laid a protecting hand on the baby's fair curls.

"There's only one thing I want, Mr. Lucas," she said. "That's my husband back again, well and strong."

Again Harvey Lucas looked down at his shoes. There was a tenseness here and it made him acutely uncomfortable. He struggled in his mind for a new lead, away from this pent-up, straining emotion.

"Oh, by the way," he said, "I meant to ask you before. What is your husband's work?"

"He is a structural steel worker."

"Oh!" He started to say something, then stopped. A structural steel worker with a dislocated hip and broken ankle. There wasn't anything to say. He rose, held out his hand.

"I'll do what I can." It sounded feeble, inane.

The woman met his clasp with a brief formal pressure.

"Yes," she told Harvey Lucas. "You'll do what you can."

Beatrice Sansome talked about Harvey's visit with her husband in the hospital next day.

"Thinks his money can square everything," Bob Sansome said angrily. "The yellow louse."

"He means it, Bob," his wife told him patiently. "He wants to help us—if he can. He's really a nice young chap."

"Well, he can't help me." Sansome's voice was savage. "Nice young chap! He's a heel. He drove smack through that stop sign, didn't he?"

AND THAT was that. It was weeks before Harvey Lucas and Bob San-

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to the stone deaf and to waiters in night clubs, who have to shut music out of their consciousness or go nuts.

When they had given their orders and the waiter had departed, Nardly said, "Want to dance? There are hostesses, you know."

Craig smiled faintly and shook his head. "It's not one of my accomplishments—not in years."

Nardly said, "I don't care about it, either. More satisfactory to look at 'em than embrace 'em. So many beautiful women these days it wears on you."

Craig looked around. The soft lights made the dancing faces unreal—beautiful—on swaying stems, they were freshly opened flowers, framed in leaves of gold and teak and silver and bright rosewood. To him, it was a unique revelation. His blood was quickened and renewed.

One of the more graceful and supple stalks bowed to him, and his heart bounded uncomfortably. It was Virginia Lane.

"Must I ask you to dance, doctor?"

She stood before him, very straight in a simple close-fitting satin gown which contrasted subtly with the warm cream-white of her bare arms and neck. Her eyes, unmodified by glasses, shone down like two night-blue stars. Her hair cascaded in coppery sweeps to her shoulders. Obviously, Craig saw, she was the most beautiful woman in the room.

He felt vaguely resentful. He stood up. "My dancing is rudimentary," he said. "Will you sit down?"

"I'm with Dr. Cummings." Her voice was deprecatory, amused. "He's gone off trail." She looked evenly at Craig. "I sent him."

They sat down. Nardly wandered off.

She made a cradle of her palms and rested her chin in it. "Now tell me what you think. Isn't my dress pretty?" It didn't sound entirely ingenuous.

"What I think is my business," he said. "To tell you would be none of my business."

"Make it," she said. "I'll license you—for the evening."

"Well, I'm surprised."

"That I'm a woman."

"That you're a beautiful woman."

"Not very complimentary, but we'll overlook it. Do you resent the fact?"

"I haven't any right to. Perhaps I can say that it isn't in character—the character, at least, that I'd built up to my satisfaction."

Her eyes were faintly amused, although her face was correctly arranged.

"And what was that, doctor?"

"The character I'd built up was of a woman, a nurse, who had dedicated herself—absolutely—not only to a career, but to her patients. I admit I hardly thought it possible."

"It was true," she said quietly.

Craig shook his head. "Not consistent with this." He indicated the room with his cigarette.

"I'm not on duty," she pointed out indifferently.

"On or off," he said implacably.

She said with resignation, "I am a woman. One requires a little glamour, a little admiration which doesn't come from a clinical thermometer or a doctor approving one's colonic technique. As a good psychiatrist, you should understand. It's functional, you know,

this being a woman. The creature you imagined was a machine."

Craig's face was consciously stiff. "I said I hardly believed it possible. That sort of woman."

"The sort you are as a man?"

"The sort I've tried to be."

"Occasionally," she said deliberately, "the world gets a man like you. He becomes either a god—or a lunatic. Neither is good."

A waiter whispered, "Dr. Howland, the telephone."

Suddenly, he had a great desire to beat back his frustration, to take her bodily out of this alien stew of smoke and sound and light and false glamour. To emasculate her with starched cuffs and cap and horn-rimmed glasses.

"That call," he said, "is an emergency of some sort. Will you come with me? You're a nurse. You belong there. Building people, not breaking them down."

She looked at him, slowly shaking her head. "Aren't you happy at all?"

"I was until—" He dropped his hands. "Will you go with me now?"

"No. It couldn't possibly do any good. Do you any good?"

"It would."

Her mouth was uncompromising. "I'm off duty."

Craig went to the telephone booth. "Man Mountain," Miss Titherington said. He caught it in her voice.

He struggled through the crowd, back toward his table. He was anxious, and a little exhilarated. She would have to come now.

The table was empty. He combed the roomful of rippling, nodding heads. He found her copper mane, tossed back, her lips laughing up at Cummings.

He pushed his way out.

HE PUT on a gown and tiptoed to Man Mountain's side. The baby was wide awake. Craig stared down for a minute. Then he bent swiftly, put his fingers on the tiny wrist. The skin was chalk except for the purple mottling on the neck.

"What I was afraid of," he murmured. Silently he cursed Man Mountain's mother; not for being frail and human and stupidly generous. For being undernourished.

He strode into the corridor, to the angle where the night floor nurse sat behind her desk and the green-visored lamp.

"Miss Simpson, move 8712 to a vacant room," he said. "Send for Dr. Spence."

"Twenty-two is free," she said, and lifted the receiver.

Spence came up in three minutes, and they went into Twenty-two. It was Craig who pricked the tiny thumb and drew off the drop of blood.

He gave Spence the tube.

"Get me the count—quickly," he said. "Also, type the blood against the Staff and Home."

Spence looked up, questioning. "That blotch on the neck," he said. "Purpura?"

Good man, Spence, Craig thought. But this was no time. He nodded sharply. "Subcutaneous," he said. "Hurry."

He walked the length of the hall twice. He stopped at the nurse's desk. "Let me sit down there, Miss Simpson," he said.

He picked up the telephone and said

## THERE IS NO AVERAGE WOMAN

she said—"If I were You"—  
but I said—"Well, you're Not!"



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DEMAND AND GET "ASPIRIN"

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### Baby Doctor

Continued from page 7

It did. He was exhilarated. He flexed his mental biceps under Virginia Lane's eyes. They were dark blue.

"We can't afford to lose Mrs. Worcester," she said practically.

He didn't hear. He leaned eagerly toward her. "The thing now is to get him well. I think we may pull it off. I think we have a chance."

Her glance was controlled. "I'm a practical woman, doctor," she said. "I'm a confirmed sinner, but last night I said a prayer."

Her voice reassured Craig. It was as unemotional as a train announcement. Even a prayer didn't seem to fit that composed face.

"You know," Craig said, "you're the only woman I've found in medicine who's given complete dedication—as I've tried to—to her career. Darn it, what I'm trying to say is there's nothing silly about you. And, personally, I'm grateful."

"Thank you, doctor," Miss Lane said.

And, as he closed the door, Virginia Lane thought that, for one so brilliant, Dr. Craig Howland was an extraordinarily stupid man.

WHEN CRAIG had completed a final round at ten that evening, Cornelius Sullivan called up.

"Doctor," Sullivan said, "I thought I'd tip you off that a few of the trustees met at my house tonight and, while there was nothing like formal action, I must say they were pretty stirred up about that irregular admission and the child you've got there now. Worcester's darned important, you know. And, besides, it's the principle of the thing. I guess I don't have to tell you that some of these fellows are gunning for you. Looking for any excuse. Think you've grown too big for your age. Ha! Ha! Thought I'd just tip you off."

Raging inwardly, Craig held himself. "Thank you, Sullivan," he said shortly, and hung up.

That was their way. To them, he was a defaulted bond. To him, Man Mountain was a child—a sick child.

He ran into Nardly going out. "You look tired, Chief. All work, no play."

Craig said, "It never killed a man." "It can make him a very dull fellow—to himself, I mean."

Craig shot him a look. Nardly was fresh. But certainly he'd been small company to himself this day.

He grunted. "What's your idea of play?"

"Night club. They're insane, of course. But they din music into your ears and you get shoved around and maybe a little gay. It shakes you up."

"Rot," Craig said. "Where is it?"

"La Corrida," Nardly said. "It's Spanish and couldn't be sillier. People wriggling around as if everybody had locomotor."

They left the name with Marchand and climbed into Craig's car.

Nardly was right. There seemed very little sanity in the place as they were jostled to a table by a waiter who was expert at it and who had no fears of the mob which romped madly to the strains of a rumba. The man's face had the withdrawn expression peculiar

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## The Dress With the Blue Flowers

Continued from page 12

said. She knew he would come before evening. He would come on a day like this in time for a picnic. No work would keep him away, not Maurice of the ardent tongue and the light laughter.

She brought out the dress with blue flowers and spread it on the bed. No wonder he had loved it. With eager hands she put it on. From the mirror her eyes shone back at her. Today they didn't drop to the picture of Gordon on the bureau.

Her hands searched quickly through the bureau drawer. They found it—the little satin box that hadn't been opened for nearly a year. She opened it now and took out the bottle of lovely perfume that Gordon had given her when little David was born, in his happiness over the tiny boy. She felt a pang as the warm sweet fragrance touched her flesh.

The doorbell rang. Maurice! She had known he would come before evening. With trembling fingers she tied the sash of the dress. She hurried downstairs.

But when she had flung wide the door with her welcome warm in her throat there was only the tall thin man with the little boy who had been here twice about the room. Here he was just when she was getting ready for Maurice, as on the day of the picnic. She smiled at him a little ruefully, but his answering smile was so pleased and eager that she was suddenly glad to see him. Besides, she wanted to rent the room, she told herself. They came in and to her surprise the little boy stood still in the middle of the room and whooped.

"Yes, he caught it," said the man. "It seems to have been all over. But he's been up and about for several days, and I thought that since yours have had it you wouldn't mind—I'm awfully keen to get him into a real home."

She looked down at the child and for the moment forgot Maurice. "Oh the poor little fellow!" She thought he was the thinnest child she had ever seen, and to make it doubly pathetic he had such large sweet eyes.

"He won't eat," explained the man. "He isn't happy. He wasn't happy at his grandparents', and since I brought him back to me he hasn't seemed happy either. And now his whooping cough has been the last straw."

"I'll do my best to give him a real life while he's here with David and Nancy." She couldn't help noticing how much the child's eyes were like his father's. It was almost uncanny.

"Thank you. I know you will. My name is Alan Harvey. This is George."

He was pleased about the room. "It's—it's very homelike." He set down his suitcase and began to take off the little boy's reefer in a clumsily tender way. He looked up at her shyly with the smile that made his face so attractive. "I try to be a good mother," he said.

She had begun to think about Maurice again. It was getting late for a picnic. Perhaps he wasn't coming this afternoon after all. Then she must get supper over early. She wanted all the cares of the day out of

the way, everything glad and free this evening when he came back to her. She looked down at the blue flowery dress, and as she did so she saw the small forefinger of the shy little boy reach out and almost touch a flower. When she glanced over to smile at the father she saw his face shining with pleasure.

They were with her all the rest of the afternoon. She gave little George homemade cookies and milk in the kitchen with Nancy and David. She was amused to see Alan Harvey take off his coat and tie on her biggest apron. "We wished ourselves on you this afternoon and I'm going to help. Besides I think you're getting ready for something, too."

THERE HADN'T been a time like this in the old kitchen for ages; laughter and lots of talk, and laughing children riding on a tall man's shoulders. It was suppertime before she knew it. Then supper was eaten and over. The evening had come.

She hoped now she could get these new boarders of hers out of the way before Maurice came. She took her children up to bed early. "It's good for them anyway," she thought. Presently she heard Mr. Harvey following suit with his little boy. She could hear his voice coaxing along with tender patience that strange distraught little child. It made her heart ache.

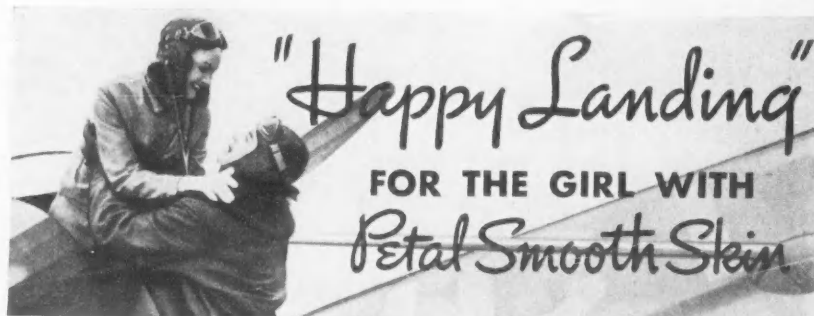
She was wondering desperately where he was going to sit this evening when he came up to her in the hallway. "I've a hunch you're going to have company this evening. Don't be afraid that I'm taking over the house completely. I just couldn't resist that touch of hominess this afternoon. I'm going over to the old place to pack our trunk and then I'm going to drop in at the office for a while. I'll be back at about ten." He looked at her earnestly, eager to have someone know and care about his goings and comings.

Until ten, then, the house would be quiet and free. It would be quiet and free for Maurice, a waiting house as her heart was waiting. She wondered if she was just as Maurice would like her best. The perfume must be all gone from her skin by now. She went into her room and touched her warm flesh again with the poignant sweetness. Downstairs the front door opened and closed and Mr. Harvey's feet went down the steps. The only sound left in the house was the regular creak-creaking of old Mr. Thompson's rocker in his room. She looked in the mirror and saw the excited waiting in her eyes and lips.

Somehow Gordon's picture caught her eyes away from the mirror, almost as though he had looked up at her. She had the funny feeling that he wanted to speak. She looked back at him, emotions running together in a queer torment. Footsteps on the porch! She hurried downstairs.

"I'm sorry," said Alan Harvey blushing; "forgot something."

Then he was really gone. She waited. The minutes went by slowly, slowly, her heart rushing through them. When the doorbell rang at last it was almost like a shock.



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\*Statements concerning the effects of the "skin-vitamin" applied to the skin are based upon medical literature and tests on the skin of animals following an accepted laboratory method.



# WOODEN ANNIVERSARY —More Like a Honeymoon!



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"I'm glad to get this extra skin care in Pond's—the cream I've always used."

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Antonia de Bragança  
(MRS. ASHLEY CHANLER)



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who praise the new skin care.

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## Amazing Pond's Offer

With purchase of large jar of Pond's Cold Cream, get a generous box of Pond's "Glare-Proof" Powder. Both for the price of the Cold Cream.

LIMITED SUPPLY...  
GET YOURS  
TODAY!



**SOCIETY BEAUTIES USE POND'S**

\* Statements concerning the effects of the "skin-vitamin" applied to the skin are based upon medical literature and tests on the skin of animals following an accepted laboratory method.

to the operator, "Get me La Corrida night club."

"How do you spell that, doctor?"

He said, "Never mind," and put the receiver down.

He got up slowly and tried to say something casual and pleasant to Miss Simpson. His mouth was dry. He turned away without speaking to her and walked toward Twenty-two.

He said to himself, "You act as if you were drunk. This time, more than any other, you've got to keep yourself in hand." Which was absurd on the face of it, because he'd never been out of hand—not once in his career.

It was just one more baby, he tried to tell himself. Where on earth was Spence?

He took another look at Man Mountain. He was smiling. "I wish to heaven you wouldn't," Craig said. The blue eyes stared up. Confidently, Craig decided. Confound it!

He went down the corridor again and called the operator and spelled out the La Corrida place. "Just get it," he said. "I'll speak to them."

It was an interminable stretch before a man said, "La Corrida, please."

Craig said he wanted Miss Lane.

"Do you know her table number?"

"Table number," he snapped. "How should I know? She's there. She's a nurse. Get her."

"I'll see what we can—"

"Hold on," Craig said. "She's with a Dr. Cummings. He's bald and short." He was a little surprised that Cummings had shrunk several inches and lost his oily black hair.

"Oh, we know the doctor," the man said. "Hold the line please."

It was hours before Virginia's cool voice came across the city.

"Yes, doctor."

"Please," he said. "Come at once."

"I'm not on duty," she said.

Suddenly, he didn't care what he said. "Virginia. For heaven's sake! It's Man Mountain!"

He heard the sudden catch in her throat, clearly, magnified, through the receiver. "Why didn't you say so?"

"Virginia! Man Mountain's mine. Ours. I need you. Not just a nurse. Virginia."

The receiver was dangling, he guessed.

Spence came up with the laboratory report. He looked worried. He'll get over that look, Craig thought, but not the feeling. It doesn't make any difference how many babies you lose.

"Red cells two million," Spence said. "Hemoglobin twenty per cent."

Was Man Mountain going to solve his own problem after all, Craig thought. "Transfusion," he said. "Did you find the type?"

"Two," Spence said. "Marchand's the best."

"Get him," Craig said.

Under the powerful light, Marchand, stripped to the waist, stretched his six feet four. His scarred face beamed.

"Thank heaven, I can do something, doc! This one means a lot to you?"

Craig nodded his head very slowly.

The Heidbrink machine was moved in, all shiny. In lighter moments, Craig called it his soda fountain. He was sure he could get a frosted chocolate out of it, he said.

By Marchand's side and about the size of his foot, lay Man Mountain.

Virginia came in, her face white, her eyes steady. She was pinning on her cap.

"Craig," she said. She simply put a hand on his arm.

"Transfusion," he said. "Will you handle the oxygen?"

There were two nurses behind them. One whispered, "Next to impossible in a kid that size. You can't find the vein."

"He can do it," the other said.

Craig heard. He wasn't sure.

"You've got to," Virginia Lane said in a low voice. That was all he needed.

Virginia went over to the "soda fountain." She took one brief look at Man Mountain's small, quiet face and fitted the mask and tube over it. She turned the valve. There was dead silence now, except for the occasional hiss of the machine. It was like a sigh.

Swiftly but with utter precision, Craig made the incision in Marchand's upper arm, found the vein, attached the cannula. Then he bent over Man Mountain's tiny left foot. He was after the internal saphenous, in the ankle.

It was guesswork in an organism so small. It would have to be the smartest guesswork of his life. In his hand he held the syringe poised, the end no larger than a sewing needle. With it, now, he had to stitch heart's blood into Man Mountain's tiny body.

Spence, at the pulse, said quietly, "He's going, doctor."

Craig's hand was arrested, absolutely motionless. There was the match stick of an ankle. He had to find the vein instantly. He couldn't dig around. There wasn't time.

He struck.

It was right. He got it. The blood began to flow through the cannula from Marchand to Number 8712.

"I'll give him a name," Craig thought. "Both of them."

At sixty c.c., he turned the stopcock. "A little more oxygen," he said to Virginia.

Automatically, precisely, she responded, turned the valve. Under the nurse's cap, her face was serenely calm. It had an unearthly intelligence. It had great, sudden beauty.

All at once, Craig was gloriously tired. He leaned against the "soda fountain." Then he felt he had no body, only eyes that lived on Virginia Lane's face.

"Remove the mask," he told her. He'd seen Bellows' Cavell. He'd seen Blake's angels. He'd seen a million babies. But he'd never, until then, as the color flooded into Man Mountain's face and he doubled a challenging small fist up at Virginia, looked squarely through the golden gates. ■

## BRIEF RAPTURE

"The best thing that could happen to that island would be for a tidal wave to wash over it—and never wash back," said the doctor. What was the island's cruel secret? What effect had it on Celia's life?

COMPLETE IN THIS ISSUE

Simplicity  
3026Simplicity  
3025Simplicity  
3011Simplicity  
3017Simplicity  
3017Simplicity  
3008

## Mother's Little Sunshine...

THAT'S WHAT she'll look like, and no doubt about it, if you follow the fashions and make her some gay and festive prints this spring. The action skirts, basque and jumper lines, and pretty bows and belts add charm to these happy-looking outfits.

Get vat colors, fast to sunlight and washing, and you can choose the merriest prints the shops offer—and that means bright—for their first season dresses.

Older sister will like the party frock, No. 3008, with its dainty feminine lines, in a blurred old-fashioned pattern.

Watch her disposition perk up when she gets on one of these sunny season frocks—they're a sure cure for little girl pouts and tempers.

Pattern descriptions on page 60.

The dresses sketched on this page were designed in some of the new Magog prints.





## GARGLE LISTERINE—QUICK

*Safe antiseptic reaches deep into the throat  
to kill millions of germs before  
they invade membrane*

Feel chilly? . . . Uneasy? . . . With just a hint of rawness and tickle in the throat?

Do something about it, quick! before there is actual pain in swallowing.

### Don't Treat Symptoms Get at the Cause

The irritated throat-surface is usually the result of infection by germs. Help the system in its fight to repel these germs by gargling with Listerine Antiseptic.

Every one of these surface germs which it reaches is almost instantly killed by full-strength Listerine Antiseptic. It destroys not only one type of germ, or two; but any and all kinds which are associated with the Common Cold and Simple Sore Throat. And there are literally millions of such germs in the mouth.

The effect of Listerine Antiseptic is definitely *antiseptic*—NOT *anesthetic*. It doesn't lull you into a feeling of false security by merely dulling the irritation in the throat. Listerine Antiseptic acts to check the infection, and so gives Nature a helping hand.

### Fewer, Less Severe Colds Proved in Clinical Tests

Many users report best results with gargling every hour. If the inflammation still persists, it is advisable to consult your doctor.

Tests made during seven years of care-

fully supervised research established the clear-cut finding that those who gargled regularly twice a day with Listerine Antiseptic had *fewer* colds . . . and got rid of them *faster* . . . than non-garglers.

This winter, why not make a test of your own case? Get a bottle of Listerine Antiseptic, *the safe antiseptic with the pleasant taste*. Keep it handy in the medicine cabinet. Use it regularly.

Then see if your experience doesn't check with that of millions who never accept anything but Listerine Antiseptic when they buy an antiseptic mouthwash.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO. (CANADA) LTD.  
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## SALE

~~90¢~~ VALUE **59¢**  
BOTH FOR



40¢ tube of the New Listerine Tooth Paste, which contains more than 1/4 pound.

50¢ Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush. Famous tuft helps clean back teeth better.

AT ALL DRUG COUNTERS NOW!

Maurice stood on the threshold, darkly outlined against the twilight. She saw him with the sharp sensitivity that comes after separation—big, broad, triumphantly young, a little unfamiliar to her in his heathery tweeds. He was so strapping, so handsome. His name caught in her throat. She could only put out her hands to him.

He took her hands and pressed them quickly, then dropping one, drew her out onto the verandah. "Let's sit out here, Cathryn." His voice was tense.

They sat side by side on the porch sofa. He leaned forward, apparently studying his large handsome brogues. Somehow her hand had slipped from his big brown grip. She began to tell him about little David's illness, about that desperate night, the fear, the struggle. She could hear her voice going on and on, sounding oddly nervous. "For a whole night and day, Maurice, I was afraid—"

In the gathering dusk she watched the clasp of his hands tighten, a furrow gather on his smooth brown forehead. She put out her hand and laid it on his arm, feeling the rough man-cloth like a kiss. She was suddenly aware that she was bitterly cold, chilled through. It was really autumn when the sun went down. She needed a wrap over this dress, this flowery, gauzy dress. A shudder went through her so sharply that her shoulders shook. She looked at Maurice to see if he had noticed it. Gordon would have jumped up—"Heavens, you need a wrap!" But Maurice was so young, so young.

Maurice cleared his throat with a suddenness that made her start. "Gracious!" she exclaimed smiling. But he had begun to talk. "Cathryn, this is awfully painful because you're such a lovely woman. You're a dear." She saw the clasp of his brown hands tighten till the knuckles gleamed white. "I guess it was that night when we got back from the picnic made me realize. It—it was sort of a comedown after the picnic." He went blundering on, looking down at his shoes. "It sort of made me realize what I was letting myself in for."

He stood up then and for the first time looked at her. "Cathryn, I feel rotten, because you're—you're wonderful, but I said things that night that I'll have to retract. I've been away and I've had time to think things over. I—I'm young—I'm too young for the whole business. And I guess I'm not the type."

He turned away his face and numbly she watched his handsome boyish profile slipping away from her into the gathering dusk. She felt absolutely hollow, like a shell with a cold wind blowing through it.

She stood up too, shivering. He didn't even say, "I've kept you out in the cold!" She heard her voice strained and almost pleading. "But it was a lovely picnic, Maurice, wasn't it?"

"It was the loveliest picnic in the world!" There was a catch in his voice. He pressed her hand quickly. But in his young sure feet going down the steps there was no hesitation.

SHE STARED after him a moment, the dusk and the sharp tears hiding him from her even before he reached

Continued on page 37



### THE PET IN YOUR WARDROBE—the cos-

tume which "rises to the occasion"—is the one that's smart but never too "dressy." And this delightful combination is easily attained with Viyella Flannel, in a handsome tartan skirt and solid-color blouse.

Viyella tailors smoothly and hangs gracefully...ideal under a coat. It happily combines snug warmth and light weight. It's soft...luxurious...yet this splendid English flannel is economical...it washes endlessly without shrinking or losing shape.

In authentic tartans and lovely solid colors. By the yard and readymade. Ask for Viyella at your favorite store or write William Hollins & Company, Ltd., 266 King Street, Toronto.

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**FABRICS**  
SUN FAST · TUB FAST



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What girl or woman doesn't yearn for a bright new frock this time of year! Something light—something she can whisk into the washtub after a few wearings, knowing it will come out fresh-as-new! MAGOG Fastest Fabrics—that's the answer! Why don't you get yourself a length or two of Old Colony Prints... their lovely new floral patterns will usher Spring right into your winter-weary wardrobe!

For smart quality and beauty at little cost—for Sun-Fast Tub-Fast wearability, LOOK FOR THE MAGOG LABEL!

*A Product of*  
**DOMINION TEXTILE  
COMPANY LIMITED**

## The Dress with the Blue Flowers

Continued from page 34

the car. She turned slowly and opened the door. There was the sudden roar of his noisy little car. And the darkness and silence of the house were about her.

She went upstairs and to her room without turning on any light. It was the sort of bleak and almost humiliating unhappiness that wanted to be secret and unseen. She stood there in the bedroom, enveloped in the tranquil sound of her children's breathing. For the first time she heard that soft sweet sound in bitterness. Maurice hadn't wanted the children.

Dully she reached to unfasten the blue flowery dress. Her hand stopped suspended at the tiny zipper. She was suddenly conscious of a sound she had been hearing right along without realizing it, so much one it was with her own aching heart. It came through the wall from the room that used to be hers and Gordon's, the room where the strange little boy lay alone in the big double bed—a muffled unceasing sobbing.

She went from her room and to the doorway of his. Great heaving sobs shook the darkness. She went softly and stooped by the bed. "George!" There was a startled jerk of the little body and the sobs stopped suspended. She drew her hand soothingly through his hair. "Don't cry, little George." He started sobbing again, shaking away her hand.

She stayed there talking quietly, holding the little damp hand she had found under the bedclothes. At last the crying stopped. "Would you like to hear a story, George?"

When she had made him comfortable she half lay along the edge of the bed and told him one of the stories she told her own children. Presently she heard his breathing coming even and smooth. At the end of the story she leaned over and touched her lips to the sweet place where a child's soft hair meets his smooth forehead. "Goodnight, George."

She got up softly and turned toward the door.

Alan Harvey was standing there, still and silent in the doorway. He made as if to step forward, but she put her finger to her lips. He drew back and they were together in the lighted hall.

He was looking at her in the way she had noticed before.

And she looked back at him, into his fine lean face. It was good to see his face, etched by years and sorrow into kindliness and understanding, shining at her with a soft radiance. She knew now what it was that Gordon had tried to say to her, that the depths of her heart had tried to say to her. If she hadn't been so excited about Maurice she'd have heard it before.

INDIAN SUMMER came in a blue and gold haze on the frost-nipped stalks of the garden. Cathryn came to the back door and stood there in her apron, looking out at the three children squatting in an absorbed row over mud pies. The mixture of sunlight and coolness touched her skin like a kiss. She stepped out and looked up at the blue sky. It was Saturday and Alan



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THE WORLD'S LOVELIEST FOUNDATIONS



## There's Color in the Wind for March



Simplicity  
3015



Simplicity  
3024



Simplicity  
3019



Simplicity  
3007

GAY AS you feel for those first sunshiny spring days is the floral print, No. 3015 with its fitted bodice and flared skirt. Get it in the new "exciting pastels," in pinks with an orchid undertone, or blues and purples. In printed silk.

And the shadowy sheer, No. 3024, is a spring "must" for gadding about. Do it in the new "thin black" with a rustly plain silk crepe underslip—or one in dramatic cyclamen and fuchsia tones. Very new and sparkling.

Clever mothers, who like to keep up with their daughters, know the slenderizing value of such frocks as No. 3019. A smoky pastel or a sheer woollen in a mossy green or an orchid blue, with a devastating nosegay, would be very smart.

And you'll find that No. 3007 plays right into the hands of the beginner—if you're trying to get up enough courage to make your first dress. A screen print on rayon would be very new—or a smoke beige with brown pattern.

Pattern and descriptions on page 60.

He leaves the care of the children almost entirely to her—his part being merely to play Great Big Wonderful Daddy by spoiling them with too much candy, and by wickedly egging them on to do things which she has expressly forbidden.

He's panic-stricken if one of them has a cold, or a cough, or looks the least bit ailing; and it's to Mary that he turns for the performing of the healing miracle. Usually she performs, even if it means sitting up all night by the child, doing those incomprehensible things that she seems to know all about.

She puts up with murder from him, and in his saner moments he knows it. But then the average man is sane so seldom that this part does not trouble him.

SHE EVEN knows all about his little weaknesses and his human frailty. "It was a grand party," Tom says,

coming home in the small hours, while Mary sits up in bed listening to him. "All the boys were there. Just a stag party, you know. A reunion. Just like old times."

"I'm so glad you enjoyed it, dear," she says.

"It certainly is nice to get away from women once in a while," Tom says, overdoing it.

"Yes," says Mary—as if you needed to tell her anything about men. She notices the film of feminine powder on the right shoulder of his dinner jacket, where some girl has put her hand while dancing, or her head while flirting. Perhaps it's an old mark. Perhaps not. Mary keeps his clothes in pretty good shape. She ought to know.

Anyway, she's much too wise to say anything about it. And it is at moments like these, ironically enough, that Tom thanks heaven he did not marry a clever woman! ■

## English Movies

Continued from page 10

deals with a girls' reformatory, is an old story. But here it is familiar material freshly presented; and to take material that has been before the cameras a dozen times and give it not only texture and variety but a depth of human meaning as Alexander Korda does here, is a directorial triumph.

And finally there is George Bernard Shaw's "Pygmalion." And "Pygmalion" is worth going into because here we seem to have the key to what is really happening in the English studios.

FOR YEARS producers had been trying to tempt George Bernard Shaw with flattering offers to the rights to his plays, and Mr. Shaw had refused. Then Gabriel Pascal, an unknown European producer, approached Mr. Shaw with an audacious proposition. Mr. Pascal had no money but he had an idea, and George Bernard Shaw has always been accessible to ideas. The idea was that Mr. Shaw himself enter the movie field, adapt his play himself and show the world what intelligence and showmanship can accomplish for the motion picture.

Since intelligence and showmanship are Mr. Shaw's special departments, he accepted the offer. The result is a picture in which the Shavian wit, geniality and flinty common sense survive without dilution or change—beyond the changes Mr. Shaw introduced himself. More than that, it is a highly distinguished motion picture. George Bernard Shaw had the collaboration here of Anthony Asquith and Leslie Howard as co-directors, but the production itself is indelibly stamped with Shaw's own shrewd genius. Perhaps that incorrigibly vain old man merely wanted to show that he knew as much about picture making in five minutes as the experts had learned in a lifetime. If so he has proved his point. "Pygmalion," the story of a dirty little cockney waif transformed by a professor of phonetics into a lovely duchess, is, basically, a Cinderella tale. But here again we have the oldest material in the world emerging into fresh meaning and beauty at the touch of imaginative insight.

"Pygmalion" is a distinguished film because it is the work of men who were interested in making a fine picture rather than in making a pot of money. And if you look at any good picture that has come from the English studios during the past year, you will find that the same rule holds. None of these pictures was on the "stupendous" scale. There was no question here of laying out a million dollars in production to bring in several millions in profits. These films were made because someone became vividly interested in a character, a situation, or a way of living or thinking, and went about setting it forth in cinematic terms.

Charles Laughton saw the exciting possibilities in the disreputable Ginger Ted and couldn't be satisfied till he had made him, literally, into a living character on the screen. King Vidor recognized the dramatic intensity in the story of a brilliant young scientist corrupted by wealth and snobbery, and gave us "The Citadel." Alfred Hitchcock, endlessly interested in experimenting with new and surprising screen techniques, evolved "The Lady Vanishes." Alexander Korda saw a French film, "Prison Sans Barreaux," and was so won by its story and its poignant human characters that he transferred the whole thing—story, characters and even actors—to an English studio. And the cagey Bernard Shaw, intrigued by the possibility of getting his invaluable ideas down on celluloid on his own terms, committed himself in his seventies to a new career on the screen.

IN OTHER words, real creative talent has at last found its way into the English studios. For years English movies were undeniably bad; and they were bad largely because no one with wit and imagination could be persuaded to take an interest in them. Good English actors went to Hollywood. Good English writers sat in their studies, writing for their public and occasionally poking fun at the movies and the people who went to them. English producers—and the public that went to English pictures—had to be satisfied with third-rate material

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just when I'd given up hope of  
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that sometimes kills Romance!



Are you a good housekeeper?



Do you take care of your looks?



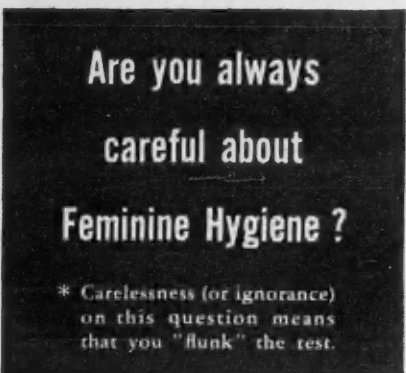
Are your meals appetizing?



Do you avoid nagging?



Are you economical?



Are you always  
careful about  
Feminine Hygiene?

\* Carelessness (or ignorance)  
on this question means  
that you "flunk" the test.

## "Lysol" can help you make a perfect score

A GIRL can take courses in housekeeping, but not in husband-keeping!

There are women who neglect their husbands and still hold their love. But the woman who neglects herself is apt eventually to live alone. Neglect of intimate personal cleanliness, of feminine hygiene, may spoil an otherwise happy marriage.

Many thousands of women have solved the problem of feminine hygiene, with "Lysol's" help. Probably no other preparation is so widely used for this purpose. These are some of the reasons why "Lysol" is so valuable in feminine hygiene...

**1—Non-Caustic**... "Lysol" properly diluted, is gentle, efficient, contains no harmful free caustic alkali.

**2—Effectiveness**... "Lysol" is a powerful germicide, active under practical conditions, effective in the presence of organic matter (such as dirt, mucus, serum, etc.).

**3—Spreading**... "Lysol" solutions spread because of low surface tension, and thus virtually search out germs.

**4—Economy**... "Lysol" is concentrated costs only about one cent an application in the proper dilution for feminine hygiene.

**5—Odor**... "Lysol's" cleanly odor disappears after use.

**6—Stability**... "Lysol" keeps full strength no matter how long it is kept, how often it is uncorked. Also, try Lysol Hygienic Soap for bath, hands and complexion. It's cleansing, deodorant.



**Lysol**  
Disinfectant  
FOR FEMININE HYGIENE

WHAT EVERY WOMAN SHOULD KNOW—SEND THIS COUPON FOR "LYSOL" BOOKLET  
LEHN & FINK (CANADA) LTD., Dept. 111, 9 Davies Ave., Toronto, Ontario  
Send me free booklet "Lysol vs. Germs" which tells the many uses of "Lysol".

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

(Copyright 1939 by Lehn & Fink (Canada) Ltd.)

had a half day off. He had been talking about a picnic for weeks but the weather had been bad. She turned toward the children. "How would you like a picnic?"

Nancy was the first to jump up, clapping and skipping. Then David crying, "A piccy! a piccy!" Quiet little George came over to her and slipped his hand into hers, his eyes that were like his father's shining up at her. It was funny how dear he was to her, a sharp feeling in her heart.

When Alan Harvey got back she had the picnic basket waiting. They all set forth in his old coupé, Alan at the wheel and she sitting beside him with David on her knee while the other two bounced about on the back seat, every once in a while peeking into the basket. He drove slowly, the white road sliding softly under them. She sat quietly absorbed in his profile, letting the lines of it sink into her, become part of her. The weariness was quite gone out of his face now. The lines were strong and yet rather delicate. They grew upon her, into her.

He looked around at her. She couldn't help seeing what was in his eyes, but he only said, "Don't you need something around your shoulders, Cathryn?"

It was just what she had wanted him to say.

They ate in a little windless hollow of the golden fields, full in the bright sweet flood of the sun. Then the children scampered away with red apples in their hands, and she and Alan sat alone together. Presently she felt his arm slip round her. Without hesitation she took his lean firm hand in hers and leaned back against him, against something that couldn't end with the end of picnics, of summer, of anything. ■

## Men Don't Want Clever Wives

Continued from page 13

or the razor blades are finished, and you get ready to get mad at your own forgetfulness, the old familiar voice calls out: "Now don't waste your energy. Relax. There's a fresh tube (or a new packet) in the bathroom."

My house runs itself, thinks many a man—most men, in fact. Never any fuss or trouble. No commotion if he phones up suddenly to say the boss is coming to dinner that evening. And no wicked look if he turns up with a pal without warning.

It's the wife who tells all the little white lies—on the telephone and in charming letters—that get husband out of awkward engagements, or free him from some onerous social appointment that he has foolishly landed himself into. "Oh, Mary," he appeals to her a dozen times in the course of a week, "you might..." And Mary does. In her own queer but efficient way.

The man bawls out about the household expenses, cuts down her dress allowance in moments of stress, and then in a twinkling demands that she turn out like a duchess to meet an important business friend. Fortunately she does. But he never asks how she does it.

# Free!

## GOOD-WILL BOTTLE OF HINDS

when  
chapped hands need it most

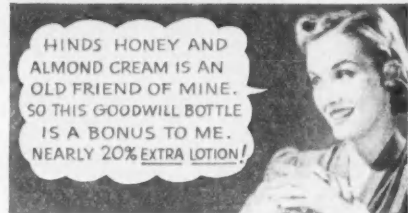


Buy this with a  
Money-Back  
GUARANTEE

Get this  
FREE!



I TRIED HINDS LOTION  
BECAUSE OF THIS NO RISK  
TRIAL OFFER I'M DELIGHTED!  
MY HANDS HAVEN'T  
FELT SO SMOOTH IN  
YEARS!



HINDS HONEY AND  
ALMOND CREAM IS AN  
OLD FRIEND OF MINE.  
SO THIS GOODWILL BOTTLE  
IS A BONUS TO ME.  
NEARLY 20% EXTRA LOTION!

TRY HINDS at our expense! Extra Good-Will Bottle comes as a gift when you buy the large size. No extra cost! A get-acquainted gift to new users! A bonus to regular Hinds users!

Money Back if Hinds fails to soothe and soften your rough, chapped skin. If the Good-Will Bottle doesn't make your hands feel softer, look nicer, you can get MONEY BACK on large bottle. More lotion for your money—if you are pleased. You win—either way. This offer good for limited time only. Hurry! Get several!

Now! VITAMIN "D"  
in Hinds Honey & Almond Cream

LOOK FOR THIS  
HINDS  
GOOD-WILL  
BARGAIN  
AT ALL  
TOILET GOODS  
COUNTERS



# HINDS

HONEY & ALMOND CREAM  
FOR HONEYMOON HANDS!



**HEADACHE**

**ANACIN**

RELIEVES  
*pain*  
PROMPTLY

from HEADACHE  
NEURALGIC and  
RHEUMATIC  
PAINS

ANACIN is a formula of proved and highly regarded active medicines.

For sale by all druggists



## Have you been BLIND about PERSONAL HYGIENE?

Then send for booklet offered free by the makers of "Rendells", in use for half a century and still foremost in the confidence of women. Learn how simply and effectively the dainty Rendells method provides that constant, complete protection which builds a happy, confident personality.

Nurse Drew.

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286 St. Paul Street West, Montreal, P.Q.  
☐ Please send me copy of the Free Booklet "Personal Hygiene".  
☐ I enclose \$1.00 for full size carton of Rendells and Free Booklet, to be mailed, prepaid, in plain wrapper.

NAME.....  
ADDRESS.....

Rendells are easy and ready-to-use. They are positive and quick in action, yet harmless. Individually foil-wrapped in boxes of 12. Just ask your druggist for

**RENDELLS**

Yes, it was a picture of Alison as she had appeared last night—gay, impudent, her hair like a lacquered cap of varnished black curls, her tight little ("little" is the word, thought Everett) costume, sparkling with jet, and very French with its great puffs of coq feathers at the shoulders, an impudent fluff of them behind, and ridiculous feathered anklets. She had had a black costume and a white one, just alike. And what had she done to her hair—or was it a wig?—to make those close shining curls, like a doll's black china head? And against that black costume at the end of the second act she had held a great armful of red roses—his roses.

"I suppose you will tell me she was decently dressed because she wore stockings."

"And shoes," said Everett. He could see them now, tiny black slippers below the ridiculous cockerel ruffs around her ankles.

"Shoes?" Laura Marbury was a little disconcerted. "But of course she would wear shoes, if she wore stockings."

Yes, mother, so she would, agreed Everett silently.

In addition to dancing she had sung, for encore, a song, half French and half English, and in it she had crowed like a rooster—and looked like one, too, shaking her silly tail and her fluff of feathers. They had called her back ten times to give extra verses. They had stamped and shouted.

"To turn the Frolic into a vulgar burlesque show! No, Everett, you can't tell me. It won't surprise me if the trustees take some action about it. Of course Anthony—But it's the head of the Dramatics Department who is to blame. No—if there is a place for this kind of thing, it isn't here. After all, Everett, you've got to admit that there are certain fundamental canons of good taste. This girl's vulgarity has overstepped them, that's all."

"But she wasn't vulgar. Not a bit. It was just that she did it so awfully well—"

"It isn't necessary for you to stand up for her, Everett. I've seen a good deal more of the world than you, and I'm able to judge for myself. Have you had an egg?"

"No, I—"

"You must eat an egg."

She had said that, thought Everett, nearly every morning of his life. As a matter of fact, he always wanted an egg. Were all parents only posters on a wall in their children's lives? Why shouldn't they ever come unstuck, become like other people—round, with a living quality, instead of being flat, equipped with fixed phonograph records ready to be switched on?

Laura passed a hand approvingly over her excellent hair. "After all, Everett, my generation and yours are not so far apart as you would like to think, and I simply know that in this day, as in ours, there are some things a nice girl doesn't do."

Now that, thought Everett, was the most treasured, the most well-worn, of all the phonograph records. His eyes, still seeing a gay, impudent figure, an Alison incredibly transformed to something audacious, vibrant, hypnotic, contemplated even his mother with an increasing sense of gaiety and

Continued on page 43

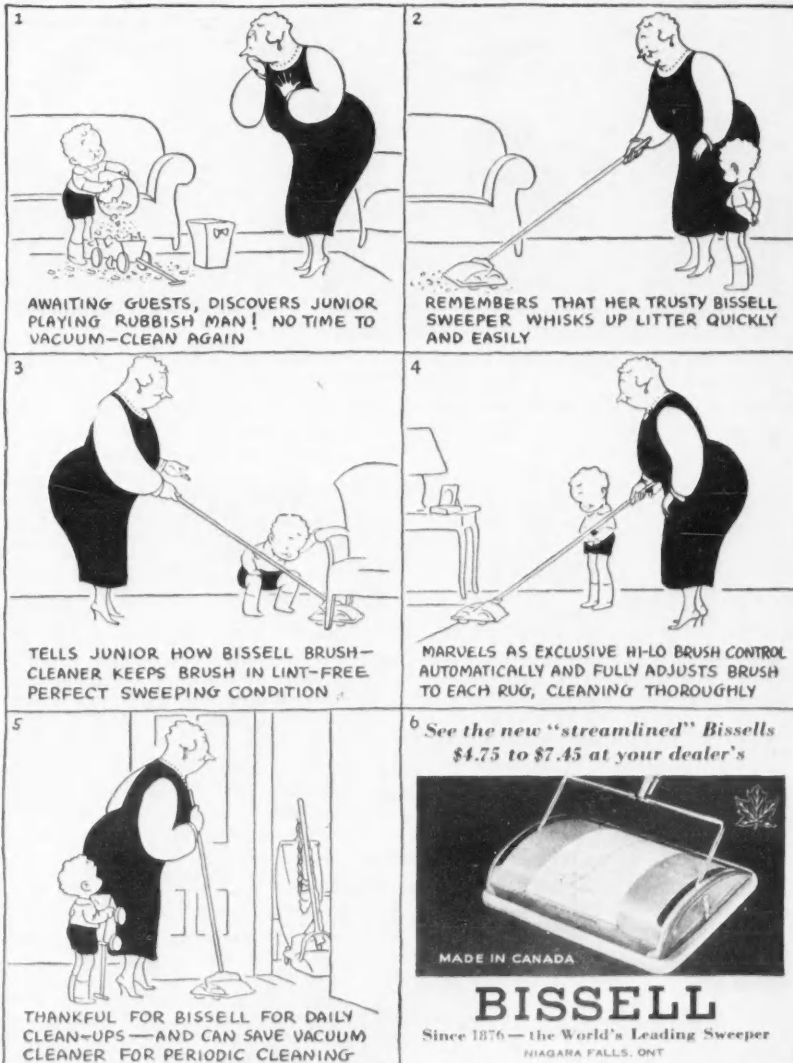


"Did you say 'oi'?"

"Yes—'oi' want a Sweet Cap!"

## SWEET CAPORAL CIGARETTES

"The purest form in which tobacco can be smoked."

1  
AWAITING GUESTS, DISCOVERS JUNIOR PLAYING RUBBISH MAN! NO TIME TO VACUUM—CLEAN AGAIN

2  
REMEMBERS THAT HER TRUSTY BISSELL SWEEPER WHISKS UP LITTER QUICKLY AND EASILY

3  
TELLS JUNIOR HOW BISSELL BRUSH-CLEANER KEEPS BRUSH IN LINT-FREE PERFECT SWEEPING CONDITION

4  
MARVELS AS EXCLUSIVE HI-LO BRUSH CONTROL AUTOMATICALLY AND FULLY ADJUSTS BRUSH TO EACH RUG, CLEANING THOROUGHLY

5  
THANKFUL FOR BISSELL FOR DAILY CLEAN-UPS—AND CAN SAVE VACUUM CLEANER FOR PERIODIC CLEANING

6  
See the new "streamlined" Bissells \$4.75 to \$7.45 at your dealer's

MADE IN CANADA

**BISSELL**  
Since 1876—the World's Leading Sweeper  
NIAGARA FALLS, ONT.





**COLONIAL**  
*Sheets*

**The Duchess**

- A good quality long wearing-muslin sheet.
- Used exclusively by many Canadian hotels.
- Triple inspected—laundered ready for use.
- Kept spotlessly clean by this sanitary package.

**WHITEWEAR LEADER**  
*Everywhere*

For generations Colonial Sheets and Pillow Slips have dressed the beds of Canadian homes. They are an inexpensive *Quality Product* made from pure cotton. And they come to you laundered—ready for use. Look for the "Colonial" label when you are next buying whitewear—it is your guarantee of satisfaction.

Ask to see the new Colonial Royalty Series in four different qualities, all in coloured cellophane. The Princess in Orange, the Countess in Yellow, the Duchess in Green (as above), and the Baroness in Blue.

A Product of  
**DOMINION TEXTILE CO. LIMITED**

made into fourth-rate films. Occasionally an English director of talent—a Korda or a Hitchcock—made an outstanding picture; and when he did, reviewers wrote in astonishment (I am quoting literally): "Here is a fine exciting picture. And wonder of wonders, it's from England!"

All this has changed. And the change is simply a reflection of a changed attitude toward the movies. The improvement which has risen on a steady curve over the past year, began with "Farewell Again," the troopship picture. "Farewell Again" wasn't in the front rank of English pictures—it was spotted with melodrama, and action and characterization were based on the stereotyped class and army distinctions which English films have made familiar. But it had what any passably good film should have—pace, tension and a warm feeling for its material. Here, obviously, was a producer dealing with a subject for which he had real affection, in a medium which he genuinely respected. "South Riding" took a different setting, an English rural constituency in which a high-hearted young schoolteacher (Edna Best) found herself in conflict with the indifference of landowners and the greed of petty politicians. In "South Riding," too, one felt at once the quickening and excitement that comes when a fine director (Alexander Korda in this case) is dealing with fresh and interesting material for an audience whose intelligence he takes for granted.

With each succeeding film it became clearer that this unheralded and apparently unorganized improvement had a meaning behind it; Englishmen of intelligence and imagination had recognized that that guttersnipe, the movies, had remarkable possibilities. It was the Pygmalion and Galatea legend all over again.

Will English pictures hold to the extraordinary level they have attained in the past twelve months?

It seems probable that they will. They have brains and enthusiasm behind them and an appreciative movie public, both in England and America, ready and waiting for them. There is every likelihood too that they will bring about a corresponding improvement in Hollywood, which by this time must be heartily tired of watching English productions cash in on American promises.

George Bernard Shaw has delivered a preface to his film, "Pygmalion," in the form of a screen trailer. In it he declares his intention of converting more of his stage plays into screen productions.

"The really good thing about it," says Mr. Shaw in his characteristically wise and exasperating way, "is that when you have seen these on the screen—and if you like them—all the American films will become much more like my films. And that will be a splendid thing for America."

The chances are that Mr. Shaw is right. He usually is. ■

## The Other Brother

Continued from page 16

Her voice was so hard, so passionate; the whole thing seemed to Everett preposterous and shocking against the patient grey stone of a college dormitory.

And yet it wasn't preposterous or shocking really; just human. Nor was he the same frantic person that had been so sick with jealousy less than an hour before. Everything was just all right and natural. Life was friendly, and good. He said, "The movie was swell, Alison. I'd like to see it again. Go with me tomorrow night?"

"Sorry, Big Brother. I'm going with Anthony."

He was silent, saying to himself that it didn't matter, that he didn't mind, that he mustn't let the idea that he was jealous get a start. He mustn't think it. Now, at once, he must stop thinking it.

She was speaking again, and her voice was queerly still and yet urgent, as if she were forcing herself to say something she knew she would regret saying.

"Listen, Brother. I don't like what's happening about Joan. Joan's father and mother have been honestly good to me. Tell your kid brother to lay off me, and I'll do the same. Will you? Because after a while it may be—too late."

"May it?" Everett's voice felt frozen. "Tell him yourself. Good night."

### DECEMBER TWELFTH.

Everett could see nothing but the date on the college paper held so rigidly in the hand of his mother as she sat across the breakfast table from him.

Snow, soft and feathery, was falling outside the dull blue curtains at the window, making moving patterns that fascinated Everett, though what he really wanted to do was to snatch the paper from his mother, yell Whoop-ee! at the top of his lungs, and run upstairs with it and read it. For this paper would contain the review of last night's Frolic. He was sure that his mother was reading the review, because every now and then the paper crackled ominously.

At least, Everett knew that the adverb to apply to his mother's pointed crackling of the paper was "ominously." His eyes, watching the snow shadows but seeing his mother, were bright with amusement. Whatever his mother was going to say about Alison's dancing in the Frolic, it wouldn't be a circumstance to what she would have said had she seen it. Seen it, and Alison's costumes.

For Alison had stamped the university. For the first time in Frolic history, the students had stood up and shouted and cheered and stamped. He could believe that at every breakfast table in town this morning, Alison Blake would be the main topic of conversation. And probably—and the gay smile widened upon Everett's face—at this one also, as soon as his mother got through reading the review.

"Well, I told your father it should have been stopped. I hope now he will see I was right."

Laura Marbury folded the paper and handed it to Everett, making him a present also of her opinion by the gesture of her hand, as she pointed to a picture on the top of the folded paper.

## ONLY THE BEST



### IS GOOD ENOUGH

This outstanding triumph is proof of quality. Twelve first prizes in twelve classes, in the 1938 Baby Shows at the Toronto and Ottawa Exhibitions, were won by babies fed on 'Crown Brand' Corn Syrup.

What better evidence can there be of the confidence which Canadian mothers and their physicians have in the purity and quality of 'Crown Brand.'

A delicious table syrup . . . 'Crown Brand' is a treat for the whole family.

Write for the handy pouring spout for the 2lb. tin.



Tell the boys that pictures of famous hockey stars can still be obtained for 'Crown Brand' Corn Syrup labels.

## CROWN BRAND CORN SYRUP

The Famous Energy Food  
The CANADA STARCH COMPANY Limited  
MONTREAL AND TORONTO

## CHILDREN'S COUGHS

(due to colds)

Don't let chest colds or croupy coughs go untreated. Rub Children's Mild Strength Musterole No. 2 on child's throat and chest at once. This milder form of regular Musterole penetrates, warms and stimulates local circulation. Floods the bronchial tubes with its soothing, relieving vapors. Musterole brings relief because it's a "counter-irritant"—NOT just a salve. Recommended by many doctors and nurses. Made in Canada, in three strengths: Regular Strength, Children's (mild), and Extra Strong. All druggists, 40¢ each.



## "They take away BABY'S TEETHING FEVER"

SO writes Mrs. B. . . . of North Sydney. Then a Toronto mother says: "I used Baby's Own Tablets and the babies were always so good. No cramps, pain or trouble when teething. In fact, I hardly knew they were cutting their teeth as they never were any trouble at night."

Baby's Own Tablets are quick, safe and effective, sweet-tasting and easy to take. Contain no opiates or stupefying drugs. Try Baby's Own Tablets not only for teething troubles but also for colds, constipation, upset stomach and other simple ailments of babyhood. 25 cents. Your money refunded if you are not satisfied.

lift of heart. Sitting there behind the coffee service, straight, well corseted, her hair perfectly marcelled and dressed, she appeared as she was, one thoroughly equipped by mere excellent-mindedness to meet the day. But did she find time in her day, thought Everett, diverted by the snow patterns against the curtains, to find beauty in it? And if you didn't see beauty softly falling from the sky, or forming changing patterns in a swift young dancing body, you didn't feel beauty, that was certain.

"Understand—I'm not blaming the girl entirely. I hope"—her manner said, "I know"—"that I am always fair minded. For after all, it's not the girl's fault that she has no sense of fitness, no dignity—her mother a public dancer, her father—What I want to say to you, Everett, is—the Frolic is over now, and I simply don't want the girl in this house again."

"But, mother, she hasn't been—"

"I don't want to argue the matter. As you know, I believe fully in the right of people to lead their own lives exactly as they wish. It's simply that I feel that when I don't care for the lives people lead, I should be privileged to let such people alone. The girl can hardly come unless you boys bring her. Joan won't bring her. I'm sure of that."

"But, mother, she hasn't been—"

"I don't want to discuss it." (But mother, let me finish, can't you?) "I merely repeat, that to dance, as she did, publicly, in a pleasant, cultured community like this—it's an affront to all decent people."

Everett subsided, mentally closing his mind to his mother's voice. After all, what did it matter?

Decent people. Did his mother have, strictly speaking, "decent" thoughts? It was she, not he, who was thinking of indecency, where actually it did not exist. Wasn't it a kind of indecency, this obsession about decency?

Now Alison, for instance. His mind saw Alison in grateful relief. After every dance, in that second as she waited for the applause, her eyes had flown, first of all as to a magnet, to a big German woman who had sat stolidly in the very middle of the front row; a strapping German woman with a broad face, and hair in a wispy top-knot, who every once in a while nodded her head. And was this woman, this Madame Sherer, not decent either?

"For if she continues to come here, after this performance, it means that your father and I are put in the position of approving—"

"But, mother! She hasn't been—"

"Everett, I ask you not to insist. You have to admit that on my part I have insisted on very few things with you and Anthony. But after all, this is the president's house."

AT THIS point there was a momentary hesitation in Laura Marbury's manner, and for an instant Everett was tempted to prompt her. But she went on: "Personally, I give you credit for having no idea—certainly no understanding—of what the girl is. I'm not one to gossip, or to listen to gossip, as you know—though it's just as well to remember, Everett, that there's no smoke without some fire. And with people saying what they are—"

Continued on page 46

## "Come and get it men... the breakfast you both need!"



**CREAM of WHEAT is rich in food energy yet easy to digest!**

It isn't only baby who needs Cream of Wheat (though babies have thrived on it for forty-four years). It isn't only boys and girls who need its healthful food energy (although the top-flight children in any school group are often the "Cream of Wheaters").

But Daddy and Mother, too, have hard hours ahead. And the whole family is off to a head start when they begin the day with this popular hot breakfast cereal . . . the cereal that brings you the *digestible* parts of the wheat, none of its harsh, scratchy particles. Here's real food energy . . . in a form good to eat!

Ask your grocer today for a thrifty package of delicious, digestible Cream of Wheat.

CREAM of WHEAT, made in Canada from Canadian Wheat, comes only in this package.



**40 SERVINGS IN A PACKAGE!** That's economy! Servings for 40 big breakfasts . . . packed with food energy . . . 40 breakfasts that start the day right for the whole family . . . all from one package! It's the sign of a careful mother—a "good manager" to invest in delicious Cream of Wheat!



**DOCTOR KNOWS BEST!** He'll tell you when to start your baby on digestible Cream of Wheat . . . for 44 years one of Baby's first foods. For something different try it with bananas, dates, raisins, fresh fruits, berries, butter and salt, honey, maple syrup or brown sugar. The Cream of Wheat Corporation, Winnipeg.

# CREAM of WHEAT

**THE BREAKFAST CEREAL THAT'S EASY TO DIGEST**



## "She made me BOIL... with her know-it-all air!"



How Helen raised her baby  
by up-to-date methods while living  
with an old-fashioned aunt!



**AUNT:** Now Helen, if I were you—

**HELEN:** But Aunty, we've been over that a million times already. I know exactly how to handle the baby... even if he is my first.



**AUNT:** Tush! You're mollycoddling the child, and you know it. Why in our time children grew up without all this fiddle-faddle.



**HELEN:** Times have changed, Aunty. Our doctor says that today children should get special care... special food, special clothes. Yes, even a special laxative!

**AUNT:** What! A special laxative for babies?



**HELEN:** Of course! Doesn't it stand to reason? After all, Bobby's only 7 months. His tiny system is still delicate. Wouldn't it be risky to give him anything but a mild, gentle laxative, one made especially for a baby's needs?



**HELEN:** That's why the doctor said to give him Castoria. He said it's the modern laxative made ONLY for children. It's on the SAFE side... has no harsh "adult" drugs. It works mostly in the lower bowel and won't disturb his tummy.



**AUNT:** Well, he certainly takes it willingly enough. I'll say that much.

**HELEN:** He ought to. The doctor says Castoria has a grand taste... Isn't it wonderful to know we're giving Bobby a laxative that's so dependable?

### CASTORIA

The modern—SAFE—laxative made especially and ONLY for children

## THE BABY CLINIC

Conducted by Dr. J. W. S. McCullough

### INFANT DIETS

From the First Day to the First Year

FOR THE convenience of mothers diets are given hereunder for the various periods of infant life. These diets are for the average baby. If the bowel motions are slightly loose it is wise to use dextri-maltose instead of granulated sugar. The increases in milk should be made gradually.

**First to 14th day:** Whole milk, 10 oz.; Water, 10 oz.; Granulated white sugar 1 ounce (2 level tablespoonfuls). From 8 hours after birth until the 4th day 1 to 1½ oz. should be fed every 3 hours, giving 7 feedings in the 24 hours. From 4 to 7 days of age the amount should be increased to 1½ to 2 oz., and from 7 to 14 days 2½ to 3 oz. at a feeding.

**From 2 to 4 weeks:** Milk, 12 oz.; Water, 12 oz.; Gran. sugar, 1 oz. (2 level tablespoonfuls). Seven feedings at 3-hour intervals, 3 to 3½ oz. at a feeding.

**At one to two months:** Milk, 15 oz.; Water, 15 oz.; Gran. sugar, 1 oz. in 7 feedings at 3-hour intervals, 4 to 4½ oz. at a feeding. Cod-liver oil 1 teaspoonful at the beginning of each of 3 feedings.

**At 2 to 3 months:** Milk, 20 oz.; Water, 15 oz.; Gran. sugar, 1 oz. in 7 feedings at 3-hour intervals, 5 oz. at a feeding. Cod-liver oil at beginning of each of 4 feedings.

**At 3 to 4 months:** Milk, 20 oz.; Water, 15 oz.; Gran. sugar, 1½ oz. (3 level tablespoonfuls); in 7 feedings at 3-hour intervals, 5 oz. at a feeding. Cod-liver oil at beginning of each of 4 feedings. Orange juice is begun, ½ an oz. diluted with equal water at 11 a.m. or 5 p.m.

**At 4 to 6 months:** Milk, 20 oz.; Water, 15 oz.; Gran. sugar, 1½ oz. (3 level tablespoonfuls). Five feedings at 4-hour intervals, 8 oz. at a feeding. Cod-liver oil, 1 teaspoonful at the beginning of 4 feedings. One oz. orange juice diluted with equal water at 9 a.m.

**At 6 to 9 months:** Milk, 30 oz.; Water, 10 oz.; Gran. sugar, 3 level tablespoonfuls in five feedings at 4-hour intervals, 8 oz. at a feeding. One to 2 rounded tablespoonfuls cooked cereal at 1 and 6 if baby is hungry. Some of the milk

from the bottle should be poured over the cereal which is fed with a spoon. A rusk of Zwieback may be given after the 10 a.m. feeding. Cod-liver oil, 1 teaspoonful at beginning of each of 4 feedings. One oz. orange juice diluted with equal water at 9 a.m.

**At 9 to 10 months:** At 9 to 10 months the formula may gradually be changed to whole milk with no added sugar. 6 a.m.—8 oz. milk. 9 a.m.—1 oz. orange juice diluted with equal water. 10 a.m.—8 oz. milk. 1 to 2 rounded tablespoonfuls cooked cereal. A rusk or Zwieback, 1 teaspoonful cod-

liver oil. 2 p.m.—6 to 8 oz. milk. Raw, soft or hard-boiled yolk of egg and also a dried crust, Zwieback or Sun wheat. 1 teaspoonful cod-liver oil. 6 p.m.—8 oz. milk. 1 to 2 rounded tablespoonfuls cooked cereal, one teaspoonful cod-liver oil. 10 to 12—8 oz. milk if hungry.

**At 10 to 12 months:** 6 a.m.—8 oz. milk. 9 a.m.—1 oz. orange juice diluted with equal water. 10 a.m.—8 oz. milk. 1 to 2 tablespoonfuls cooked cereal. Rusk or Zwieback. Cod-liver oil, 1 teaspoonful. 2 p.m.—Clear meat broth, 1 to 3 oz. This is to be replaced at 10½ or 11 months with 1 to 3 oz. vegetable soup, 4 to 6 oz. milk. 6 p.m.—8 oz. milk. One to two tablespoonfuls cooked cereal. Raw, soft or hard-boiled egg yolk. 10 to 12—8 oz. Milk if hungry. (Keep diets for reference.)

**Question—**My boy, sixteen months old, has very strong urine that scalds him. He has been circumcised. Do you think his food (detailed) has anything to do with the condition of urine?—(Mrs.) T., Montreal, Que.

**Answer —** The diet given has nothing to do with the condition of urine. Give the boy a half teaspoonful of soda bicarbonate night and morning for a few days. Any diaper he wears should be washed and boiled, then wrung out of a strong solution of boracic acid and some of the solution allowed to

dry in the diaper. For the scalded legs, apply a solution of tannic acid, 48 grains to the ounce of water, allow this to dry on the reapply. ■



Definitely not!

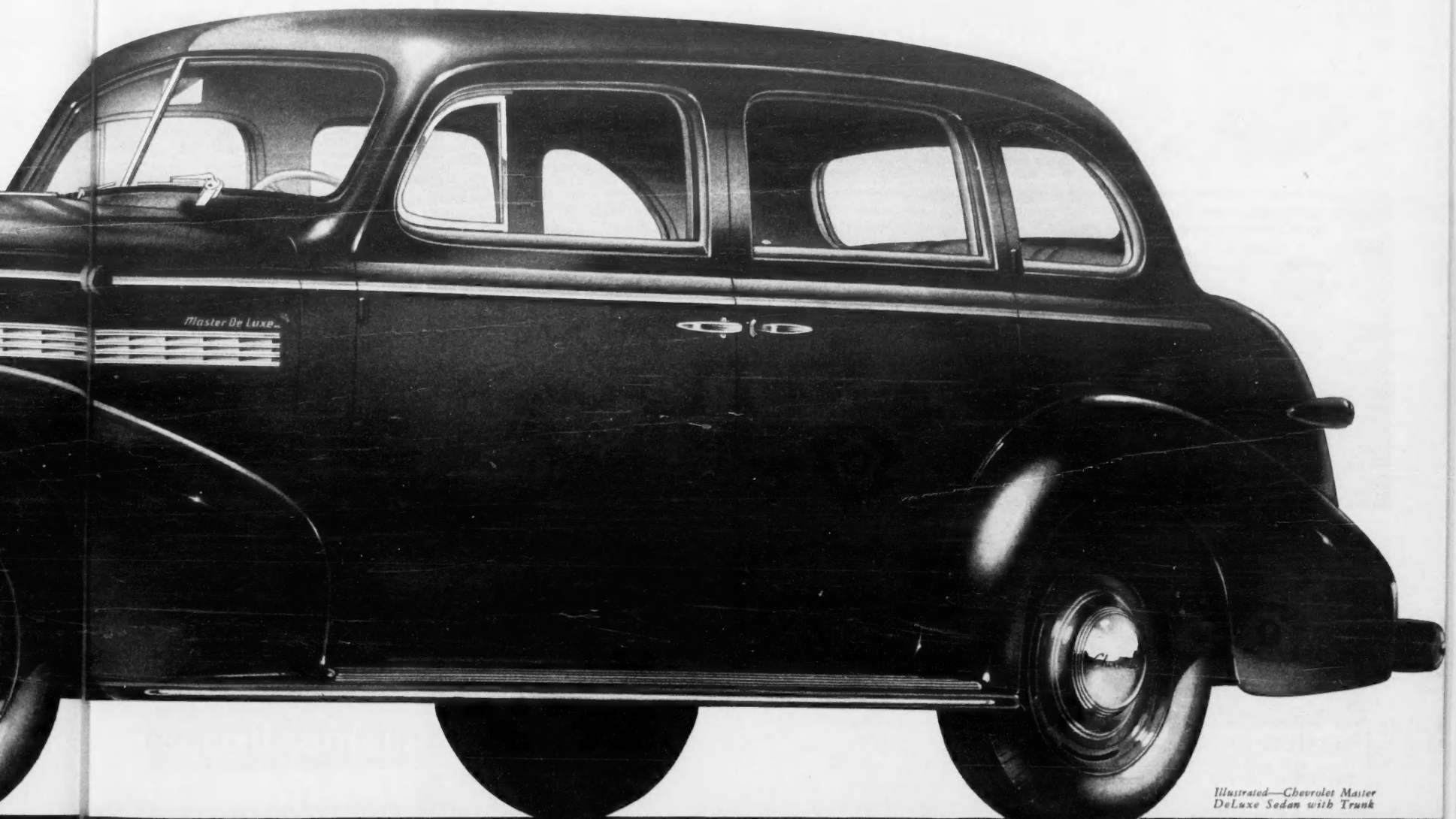


All nice and clean.



Far faster!

# D STILL LOWER PRICED!



*Illustrated—Chevrolet Master De Luxe Sedan with Trunk*

## S THE CHOICE!

### FAMOUS VALVE-IN-HEAD SIX ENGINE



Only Chevrolet brings you a Valve-in-Head Engine at such low prices . . . for greater power, greater all-round performance—at lowest cost for gas, oil and upkeep—with unequalled dependability and long life.



### NEW STEERING COLUMN GEAR-SHIFT with "VACUUM ASSIST"

Now the gear-shift lever is conveniently located on the steering column . . . you just guide it with your fingertips, and a "vacuum assist" device supplies 80% of the shifting effort! Chevrolet's steering column gear-shift is a simple, positive, mechanical hook-up. It gives a neater, roomier front compartment, due to the elimination of the conventional gear lever. (Available on all models at only \$13 extra.)

### NEW SMOOTH "PULMAN RIDE" (On Master "85" Models)

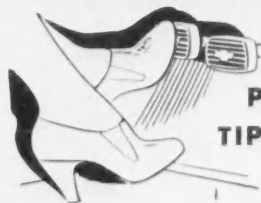
Long, semi-elliptic, tapered leaf springs both front and rear—with "balanced action" for a smooth, gliding ride on all roads. Double-Acting Shock Absorbers, front and rear . . . new Ride Stabilizer . . . Metal Spring Covers all around . . . new-type Road Shock Eliminator.



### NEW "OBSERVATION CAR" VISIBILITY



IN THE NEW CHEVROLET you can really "see where you're going" . . . because Chevrolet's wider windshield—large squared windows—with larger, horizontal, more visible speedometer figures right in your line of vision—give super-safe visibility.



### PERFECTED TIPTOE-MATIC CLUTCH

The most important clutch advancement in years—exclusive to Chevrolet in its price range—operating with a minimum of pedal pressure—adding still further to Chevrolet's remarkable driving ease!

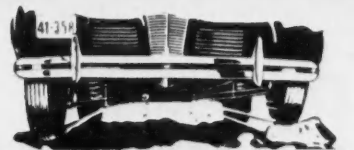


# Lithe, Lovely... AND



## CHEVROLET'S

LOVELY to look at, lithe as a grayhound in action, this stunning new Chevrolet lifts your pride high—yet brings your motoring costs away down. Its distinctive Aero-Stream Styling, its beautiful All-Steel Bodies by Fisher, its roomy, Custom-Tailored Interiors—all have won the admiring approval of fashion-wise motorists. And its new, substantially reduced prices—with its still greater economy on gas and oil—have made Chevrolet the enthusiastic choice of people who want the most motor car for their money. Only Chevrolet offers you such a beautiful “buy” at such low prices . . . so much quality for so little money . . . And that’s why Chevrolet is the fastest-selling car in Canada today! Low monthly payments on the General Motors Instalment Plan.



### ADVANCED KNEE-ACTION RIDING SYSTEM (On Master De Luxe Models)

Built and assembled as a complete unit . . . Frictionless Coil Springs . . . parallel-cylinder type Double-Acting Shock Absorbers (front and rear) . . . Ride Stabilizer . . . and improved Shockproof Dual Cross Steering.

### PERFECTED (QUADRO-ACTION) HYDRAULIC BRAKES



“Tops” for swift, smooth, controlled stops. Perfected, Quadro-Action design means maximum efficiency with minimum pedal pressure; longer brake life. Double protection is added by the

under-cowl Emergency Brake Lever which operates on both rear wheel brake shoes.

## CHATELAINE HOUSEKEEPING

47



A DEPARTMENT OF HOME  
MANAGEMENT-Conducted  
By HELEN G. CAMPBELL.



Put on your thinking cap and  
check up on your knowledge of  
kitchen do's and don'ts.

**E**VERYBODY'S doing it—racking their brains for the right answers to all manner of questions, and getting a lot of fun out of it. But this isn't one of those teasers where you're expected to know what William the Conqueror liked for breakfast and whether or not he took an egg to his tea. Instead we meet you in your own kitchen and quiz you on familiar ground. You know most of the answers—but how many can you remember?

Check up on yourself—and try it out on your husband and your friends. Count a point for each correct or reasonable answer—tops is seventy-two. If you score over fifty you're pretty good, around sixty, you can crow about it, at sixty-five you're wonderful—or you peek!

## 1. What is meant by:

- (a) Marinating?
- (b) Sautéing?
- (c) Oven-poaching?
- (d) Searing?
- (e) Puréeing?
- (f) Basting?

## 2. What is:

- (a) Shepherd's pie?
- (b) Borscht?
- (c) A croustade?
- (d) A canapé?
- (e) Caviar?
- (f) Squab?

## 3. How many:

- (a) Level tablespoonfuls in one standard cup?
- (b) Cupfuls in one pound of butter?
- (c) Ounces in one pound of flour?
- (d) Squares of chocolate in one ounce?
- (e) Pounds in a peck of potatoes?
- (f) Standard cupfuls in one quart of milk (Imperial measure)?

## 4. At what temperature would you cook:

- (a) A sponge cake?
- (b) Baking powder biscuits?
- (c) A ham (average size)?
- (d) Rolls (yeast mixture)?
- (e) Custard?
- (f) Cheese soufflé?

# Cookery Quiz

by

HELEN G. CAMPBELL

## 5. Can you satisfactorily store:

- (a) Unused portions of canned vegetables in the open can?
- (b) Milk on the window sill?
- (c) Potatoes in an air-tight bin?
- (d) Fresh fish and butter in the same refrigerator at the same time?
- (e) Bread crumbs in a tightly covered jar?
- (f) Bananas in the refrigerator?

## 6. How many—or how much:

- (a) Chickens would you buy for eight people (to serve roasted)?
- (b) Chickens would you buy for twenty-five people (to serve creamed)?

- (c) Ground coffee would you need for fifty people (one cup each)?
- (d) Cream would you need for this amount of coffee?
- (e) Rice (raw) would you cook for eight servings?
- (f) Slices (quarter inch) would you get from a sandwich loaf (three lbs.)?

## 7. What grade:

- (a) Eggs would you buy for poaching or boiling?
- (b) Canned peaches would you buy for Peach Betty?
- (c) Butter would you buy for table service?
- (d) Chicken would you buy for Chicken Pot Pie?
- (e) Beef for a superlative steak?
- (f) Canned asparagus stalks to serve as vegetable for a family meal?

## 8. How would you substitute:

- (a) Flour for cornstarch in a recipe for pudding sauce?
- (b) Evaporated milk for fresh milk in custard?
- (c) Cocoa for chocolate in a cake?
- (d) Bread flour for pastry flour in a cake?
- (e) Soda and cream of tartar for baking powder in muffins?
- (f) Sour milk for sweet in baking powder biscuits?

## 9. How would you prevent:


- (a) Greasy doughnuts?
- (b) A bitter taste in tea?
- (c) A curdled baked custard?
- (d) A fallen omelet?
- (e) Stringiness in a cooked cheese dish?
- (f) Stale coffee?

## 10. How would you correct:

- (a) A lumpy pudding sauce?
- (b) A curdled custard sauce?
- (c) Crystals in refrigerator ice cream?
- (d) Insipid gravy?
- (e) A boiled icing that won't set?
- (f) A boiled icing that gets too stiff to spread?

■ Answers will be found on page 51






**How Mother  
Easily Changed  
Worry to Welcome  
with AUNT JEMIMA'S  
Delicious, Jiffy-quick  
Pancakes**



**AUNT KATE! UNCLE ED!  
WHAT A SWELL SURPRISE  
COME IN!**

**OH DEAR!  
HOW WILL I  
EVER MANAGE  
ENOUGH SUPPER  
FOR ALL  
OF  
THEM?**



**DON' YO' FRET NONE, HONEY.  
'CAUSE HERE'S HOW TO FIX  
A REG'LAR FEAST AS EASY  
AS 1-2. JUST  
FOLLOW DESE  
DIRECTIONS... FOR  
DE WORLD'S  
MOS' DELICIOUS  
PANCAKES**

**MAKE PERFECT** light pancakes every time. (1) Jus' mix a cup o' milk or water with a cup of Aunt Jemima Magic Ready-Mix. (2) Flip on the griddle. Then whisk them to the table all flavory and fragrant.



**PANCAKE DAYS IS HAPPY DAYS**

**JANE, YOUR PANCAKES  
ARE WONDERFUL  
BEST I EVER  
ATE!**

**GEE!  
I WANT SOME MORE  
AUNT JEMIMA'S. THEY'RE  
SWELL!**

**TODAY** is Aunt Jemima pancake day. So bring "Happy Days" enjoyment to your folks now with Aunt Jemima's flavory, fragrant pancakes. They're so nourishing, so easy to digest, and so quick to fix.



**Aunt Jemima says:** "For real eatin' pleasure, try both my famous taste-temptin' pancakes and my zippy, tangy buckwheats. Get a package of each from your grocer'man today."

**FREE** Learn how to get valuable merchandise at bargain prices, with coupons packed in Aunt Jemima Ready-Mix. Write today for free copy of New Quaker Premium Catalogue No. 11 (cancels all previous catalogues). The Quaker Oats Company, Dept. P., Peterborough, Ont.

## The Other Brother

Continued from page 43

There was no smile in Everett's eyes. "That's twice you've said that, mother. I'm sorry, but I don't know what it is 'people' are saying. The students are mad about her. They—"

"The students!" Laura Marbury's voice dismissed the students, once and for all. "I'm talking about people that matter. A girl that's been dragged about half the cities of Europe by a man who has lived loosely—you know yourself what that means."

"Just what does it—do you think it means?"

"It means—" Laura's voice took on that righteous but suppressed intonation that good women use in talking about "certain things." "It means—Everett! How can you force me to speak more plainly? You know exactly what it means! And I'd rather not discuss it."

Ch, phooie, thought Everett. Why don't you turn off the record, and say words that are words? A little smile lit his mouth, and as he spooned his egg from his cup his eyes, enjoying its yellowness, were again amused and bright, as his mind practiced on his mother a few single-syllable Anglo-Saxon words on sex that would have horrified her. There was a whole vocabulary of words to express what she was afraid to say. What was the matter with words, just words, that they should be avoided, when the fact of them was in everybody's mind, everyone's daily life? He went on thinking of them, simply, delighting in his egg.

And yet his mother must really know all the things that he, Everett, didn't really know. Now that was a very remarkable fact. His spoon suspended, he looked curiously at his mother, who was writing now the list of things for Lizbeth to order. Her hands were soft and had brown spots in the flesh.

A line from Edna St. Vincent Millay shot through Everett's mind. "...your brown hand, lifting my body in love." Everett, his eyes rivetted on his mother's hands, felt suddenly revolted. He jumped from his seat, jerking the cloth, upsetting his cup.

"Everett—dear!" said his mother, looking with exasperation at the cup, and spreading back the cloth with irritated fingers. "How clumsy you are! Ben, is that the mail?"

It was a point of etiquette in the family that Ben "brought" the mail to Mrs. Marbury to distribute. It was one of the differences between himself and Tony that that small tyranny never bothered his brother, whereas Everett, though he rarely got anything, had to fight daily the desire to sneak silently down to the door and intercept the mailman.

He stood now, in a spirit of tense resistance, while his mother (without looking over the rest of the mail to see if there was a letter for him) opened and read a letter. But he forgot his irritation when his mother, dropping the letter with a sharp exclamation, looked at her son Everett accusingly and said, "It's from your Aunt Margaret. She and Franklin are coming here for Christmas. For Christmas! Of all times! Just when I thought to get a little rest!" ■ Continued on page 54

## Quaker Natural Bran

*Recipe  
of the  
Month*

By  
**HELEN G.  
CAMPBELL**  
Director, Chatelaine  
Institute



### TASTY Date Bran Gems

3 tablespoons Butter ½ cup Brown Sugar  
¾ cup Milk 1 cup Quaker Flour  
¾ cup Water 1 cup Quaker Natural Bran  
1 Egg 4 teaspoons Baking Powder  
½ teaspoon Salt 1 cup Dates (stoned and chopped)

Makes one dozen medium-sized Gems

**METHOD**—Cream butter and sugar, add well-beaten egg, milk and water. Add Bran and sift in flour, salt and baking powder. Mix well, stir in dates, and pour in greased pans. Bake in moderate oven. Temp. 375°F. Time about 30 minutes.



● Every bran recipe is easier to make with Quaker Natural Bran! For Quaker mixes better, rises lighter. And because it's a pure, natural bran, it adds delicious, nutty real bran flavour!

Get **QUAKER**  
**Natural Bran**  
at your grocer's today  
\* COSTS MUCH LESS

## Another Recipe

for happiness...

Try Lyle's Golden Syrup as a sweet flavouring for your cakes, puddings and cookies. It's different to ordinary syrup. It is a pure sugar syrup. It makes your cakes and cookies more delicious. Lyle's Golden Syrup is imported from England. If your grocer doesn't have it he can get it. Ask him. And try these ginger cookies.

**Lyle's**  
**GOLDEN SYRUP**

Packed by  
**TATE & LYLE LIMITED**  
21 Mincing Lane, London, England  
**GINGER COCOANUT COOKIES**

¾ Cup Lyle's Golden Syrup  
¾ Cup Brown Sugar  
½ Cup Butter  
1 Egg  
1 Teaspoon Cream of Tartar  
1 Teaspoon Soda  
1 Teaspoon Ginger  
2 Cups Pastry Flour  
1 Cup Shredded Coconut

Cream together butter, sugar; add Lyle's Golden Syrup, then the beaten egg. Sift together the dry ingredients and add half to the creamed mixture, then the coconut. Add remainder of flour. Shape in balls on palm of hand, and place on cookie sheet. Flatten with fork. Bake at 275 degrees from four to five minutes.



# LIFE WITH FATHER made Breakfast a nightmare for Helen—

UNTIL it dawned on her that what her family needed was a "change of pace" in breakfast cereals! For months, summer and winter, Helen had been serving one breakfast cereal for all. No wonder father was grumpy over the morning paper . . . the children complaining, hard to please. What did Helen do? Let's look in on her family at breakfast the following day—



**TASTY KRUMBLES** by Kellogg taste better than any other shredded cereal you ever tried! In **KRUMBLES**, a secret Kellogg formula has added a new appetite-tickling flavour to the healthful nourishment of whole Canadian Wheat. What's more, **Krumbles** are *krumbled*—ready to eat.



**AND MORE THAN A TASTE-THRILL!** Certainly, these crunchy, mellow-flavoured flakes have won thousands on *taste* alone—but to other thousands, **KELLOGG'S BRAN FLAKES** are a gentle, sure way to avoid irregularity. They eat Kellogg's Bran Flakes, with other parts of wheat, every morning to *keep fit!*



**NO MID-MORNING "LET-DOWN"** for children who eat crispy, nourishing **KELLOGG'S CORN FLAKES** with cream and sugar for breakfast. These crunchy, golden-brown flakes stimulate the appetite and gently waken "sleepy stomach." Off to school or play go your children, full of new life and energy.



MY WHOLE FAMILY IS BRIGHTER  
AT BREAKFAST SINCE I STARTED  
GIVING THEM  
VARIETY!

## NUTRITION EXPERT BACKS HELEN

"Morning appetites need tempting," says Helen Campbell, famous authority on meal problems and director of the Chatelaine Institute. "Breakfast should not be the neglected meal. Variety—the spice of life—makes for brighter breakfasts, too."

Give your family *variety* at breakfast. Stock all Kellogg's delicious cereals. Made by Kellogg's in London, Canada.



*Kellogg's*

**MODERN DAYS DEMAND MODERN BREAKFASTS**





# Meals of the Month

## Thirty-one Menus for March



1	BREAKFAST	LUNCHEON or SUPPER	DINNER	17	BREAKFAST	LUNCHEON or SUPPER	DINNER
	Sliced Oranges Cereal Pancakes Coffee Syrup Tea	Pea Soup Potato and Green Pepper Salad Stewed Prunes Tea Nut Bread Cocoa	Stewed Spareribs Dumplings Green Beans Lemon Meringue Pie Coffee Tea		Pineapple Juice Pancakes with Honey or Syrup Coffee Tea	Broiled Smoked Fish with Lemon Sections Sliced Onions in Vinegar Spiced Prunes Cake (from Thursday) Tea Cocoa	Clam Chowder Biscuits Potato Salad with Green Pepper Rings Asparagus Tips in Tomato Jelly Lemon Coconut Bread Coffee Pudding Tea
2	Tomato Juice Bacon Toast Coffee Marmalade Tea	Creamed Flaked Salmon on Toast Sweet Pickles Butter Tarts Tea Cocoa	Grilled Small Steaks Mashed Potatoes Buttered Carrots Boiled Rice with Syrup Coffee Tea	18	Grapefruit Cereal Toast Coffee Jam Tea	Canned Corned Beef French Fried Potatoes Mustard Pickles Rennet Custard with Toasted Almonds Icebox Cookies Tea Cocoa	Grilled Ham Mashed Potatoes Prune and Apricot Pie Coffee Tea
3	Cereal with Cut Figs Fish Cakes Coffee Toast Tea	Spinach with Poached Eggs Brown Bread Canned Pears Tea Cookies Cocoa	Cream of Tomato Soup Fried Oysters Tartare Sauce Duchess Potatoes Shredded Cabbage Pineapple Upside-down Cake Coffee Tea	19 (Sunday)	Tomato Juice Sausages and Scrambled Eggs Toast Coffee Tea	Fruit Salad Cream Dressing Nut Bread Pumpkin Tarts with Drizzled Honey Tea Cocoa	Rolled Roast of Beef Yorkshire Pudding Browned Potatoes Creamed Onions Chocolate Ice Cream Marshmallow Sauce Coffee Wafers Tea
4	Apples Cereal Toast Coffee Conserve Tea	Scalloped Potatoes with Onions and Cheese Bran Muffins Tea Honey Cocoa	Sausages Buttered Macaroni Stewed Tomatoes Fruited Jelly Whipped Cream Coffee Tea	20	Sliced Oranges Cereal Popovers Coffee Stewed Fruit Tea	Canned Pork and Beans Relish Lettuce Salad French Dressing Toasted Nut Bread Tea Cocoa	Clear Tomato Soup Cold Roast Beef Lyonnais Potatoes Gingerbread Coffee Hard Sauce Tea
5 (Sunday)	Half Grapefruit Parsley Omelet Toast Coffee Jelly Tea	Corn and Chicken Ramekins Rolls Celery Ice Cream Tea Radishes Icebox Cookies Olives Cocoa	Rolled Shoulder of Lamb Browned Potatoes Cauliflower Relishes Chocolate Marshmallow Roll Coffee Tea	21	Stewed Rhubarb Fish Cakes Tomato Sauce Toast Coffee Tea	Bacon Baked Potatoes Baked Peaches with Coconut Cookies Tea Cocoa	Shoulder Lamb Chops Creamed Potatoes Buttered Carrots Apples Cooked in Syrup Gingerbread (left-over) Coffee Tea
6	Sliced Bananas Cereal Toast Coffee Jam Tea	Liver and Bacon Lyonnais Potatoes Chili Sauce Stewed Prunes Tea Cocoa	Asparagus Soup Cold Sliced Lamb Mashed Potatoes Peas Steamed Date Cup Cakes Brown Sugar Sauce Coffee Tea	22	Grapefruit Juice Cereal Toast Coffee Marmalade Tea	Fresh Bologna Sauerkraut Brown Bread Blancmange with Jelly Tea Cocoa	Scotch Broth Vegetable Plate (Noodle Ring with Creamed Peas and Carrots, Scalloped Tomatoes, Cauliflower) Steamed Fruit Pudding Coffee Caramel Sauce Tea
7	Prunes Bread and Milk Corn Muffins Coffee Syrup Tea	Baked Stuffed Onions Head Lettuce French Dressing Caramel Rennet Custard Tea Cocoa	Beef Stew with Vegetables Boiled Potatoes Cole Slaw Apple Crisp Coffee Tea	23	Sliced Bananas French Toast Coffee Syrup Tea	Jellied Veal Molds Shredded Lettuce Celery and Raw Carrot Apricots Spice Cup Cakes Tea Cocoa	Steak and Kidney Pie Spinach Coffee Tapioca Cream Tea
8	Pineapple Juice Cereal Toast Coffee Jelly Tea	Sardine Salad with Hard- cooked Eggs Rolls Stewed Figs with Lemon Cookies Tea Cocoa	Grilled Pork Chops Potato Cakes Grape Tapioca Coffee Broccoli Plain Cream Tea	24	Cereal with Dates Toast Coffee Jam Tea	Creamed Eggs on Toast Sliced Oranges with Coconut Filled Cookies Tea Cocoa	Fried Halibut Steaks Mashed Potatoes String Beans Grapefruit and Pineapple in Lime Jelly Frosted White Cake Coffee Tea
9	Orange Halves Cereal Toasted Rolls Coffee Jam Tea	Bean Soup Toasted Cheese Rolls Banana and Nut Salad Tea Cocoa	Meat Loaf Baked Potatoes Braised Celery Cottage Pudding Chocolate Sauce Coffee Tea	25	Orange Juice Cereal Toast Coffee Honey Tea	Peppercorn Soup Biscuits Vegetable Salad Bran Muffins Tea Cocoa	Breaded Veal Cutlets Parsley Potatoes Braised Celery Baked Chocolate Custard Coffee Tea
10	Grapefruit Juice Soft-cooked Eggs Bread or Toast Coffee Tea	Creamed Mushrooms on Toast Canned Plums Light Cake Tea Cocoa	Steamed Cod Parsley Sauce Potato Chips Asparagus Deep Apple Pie Coffee Tea	26 (Sunday)	Grape Juice with Ham and Eggs Toast Coffee Jelly Tea	Cheese Soufflé Toasted Muffins Canned Berries Cake Tea Cocoa	Stewed Chicken Dumplings Lima Beans Green Salad Chilled Rice Mold Rhubarb Sauce Coffee Tea
11	Stewed Apricots Cereal Creamed Left-over Cod Toast Coffee Tea	Cold Meat Loaf Potato Salad Hot Biscuits Tea Maple Syrup Cocoa	Veal Curry Boiled Rice Buttered Carrots Mixed Fruit Cup Coffee Tea	27	Tomato Juice Cereal Toast Coffee Jam Tea	Chicken and Rice Croquettes Mushroom Soup Sauce Rhubarb Chelsea Buns Tea Cocoa	Minute Steaks Mashed Potatoes Diced Turnips Johnny Cake Coffee Syrup Tea
12 (Sunday)	Banana in Orange Juice Waffles and Bacon Coffee Marmalade Tea	Scalloped Salmon with Peas Green Salad Apricot Whip Tea Wafers Cocoa	Mushroom Soup Sliced Jellied Tongue Potato Soufflé Green Beans Walnut Butterscotch Pudding Coffee Tea	28	Half Grapefruit Bacon Toast Coffee Marmalade Tea	Vegetarian Loaf (Carrots, Peas, Walnuts) Tomato Sauce Cherry Jelly Whipped Cream Cookies Tea Cocoa	Corned Beef Boiled Potatoes Brown Betty Coffee Tea
13	Tomato Juice Cereal Bran Muffins Coffee Jelly Tea	Scrambled Eggs with Chopped Onion and Parsley Toast Pineapple and Date Salad Tea Cocoa	Swiss Steak Boiled Potatoes Mashed Turnips Peach Shortcake Coffee Tea	29	Orange Sections Cereal Soft-cooked Eggs Toast Coffee Tea	Cold Corned Beef Baked Stuffed Potatoes Mustard Pickles Baked Apples Gingersnaps Tea Cocoa	Country Sausage Home-fried Potatoes Buttered Parsnips Frozen Prune Pudding Coffee Tea
14	Cereal with Raisins Toast Coffee Honey Tea	Spaghetti with Cheese Brown Bread Baked Apple with Marshmallow Tea Cocoa	Roast Loin of Pork Franconia Potatoes Orange Spanish Cream Coffee Tea	30	Prune Juice Kippers Toast Coffee Jelly Tea	Pancakes and Syrup Head Lettuce Salad Canned Plums Tea Cocoa	Corned Beef Hash with Poached Eggs Fried Tomatoes Banana Shortcake Coffee Tea
15	Orange Juice Poached Eggs Toast Coffee Jelly Tea	Creamed Chipped Beef Dill Pickles Canned Strawberries Drop Cookies Tea Cocoa	Bouillon Cold Roast Pork Scalloped Potatoes Sliced Beets Rhubarb Crisp Coffee Tea	31	Rhubarb Cereal Toast Coffee Jam Tea	Onion Soup with Cheese Sardine Sandwiches Sponge Roll with Lemon Filling Tea Cocoa	Finnan Haddie Creole Sauce Parsley Potatoes Spinach Baked Grape Juice Pudding Coffee Tea
16	Stewed Apples Cereal Toast Coffee Marmalade Tea	Casserole of Corn and Green Pepper Brown Rolls Fruit Tapioca Tea Cocoa	Dressed Lamb Hearts Baked Potatoes Sliced Bananas and Oranges Sponge Cake Coffee Tea				

The Meals of the Month as compiled by M. Frances Hucks  
are a feature of Chatelaine each month



This tempting salad has the tangy flavor men love because it's made with pure unsweetened, unflavored Knox Gelatine, not factory-flavored gelatine desserts which are 85% sugar. A grand salad for Lent. Try it tonight!

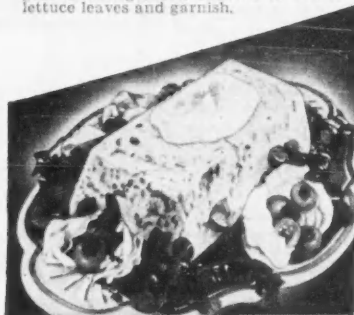
**FREE:** Send for Mrs. Knox's Recipe Book today. A grand variety of delicious salads, desserts and main dishes to add a company touch to family meals. Knox Gelatine, Dept. C, 140 St. Paul St. W., Montreal, P. Q.

**MRS. KNOX'S  
SALMON OR TUNA FISH SALAD**

Use  $\frac{1}{4}$  package—Serves 6  
1 envelope Knox Gelatine

$\frac{1}{4}$  cup cold water 2 tablespoons olives,  
1 cup salmon or chopped  
tuna fish  $\frac{3}{4}$  cup cooked  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup celery, salad dressing  
chopped or mayonnaise  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  green pepper,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon paprika  
finely chopped 1 tablespoon  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt mild vinegar  
Few grains of Cayenne, if desired

Soften gelatine in cold water. Place bowl over boiling water and stir until gelatine is dissolved. Cool and add salad dressing, salmon or tuna fish separated into flakes, celery, pepper, olives, salt, vinegar, paprika and Cayenne. Turn into mold that has been rinsed in cold water and congeal in refrigerator. Remove to bed of lettuce leaves and garnish.



**KNOX GELATINE**  
is Pure Gelatine—No Sugar

You can take your silver cleaning lightly. We have been taking the matter seriously for a hundred years.

"Goddard's"  
Plate Powder or Liquid Polish  
In Boxes In Tins



**Answers to  
the Cookery Quiz**

on page 47

■

1. (a) To let food stand in a mixture of oil and vinegar for an hour or so.  
(b) To cook in a small quantity of hot fat—on top of the stove.  
(c) To place the dish of food in a pan of hot water and cook in the oven.  
(d) To apply intense heat to the surface—as of meat—at the beginning of cooking.  
(e) To force through a sieve.  
(f) To pour the drippings in the pan over the surface of meat or fowl, etc., during the cooking.
2. (a) Minced, seasoned, left-over meat arranged in a casserole between two layers of mashed, seasoned potatoes, and baked.  
(b) A Russian soup containing beets and served with a sour cream accompaniment.  
(c) A shell or case of toasted bread. Used for serving creamed mixtures.  
(d) Fancy small shapes of bread, toasted on one side and spread with a savory topping.  
(e) The salted roe of the sturgeon.  
(f) A young pigeon.
3. (a) 16 Tablespoonfuls.  
(b) 2 Cupfuls.  
(c) 16 Ounces.  
(d) 1 Square.  
(e) 15 Pounds.  
(f) 5 Cupfuls.
4. (a) Slow oven—275 to 325 deg. Fahr.  
(b) Hot oven—450 deg. Fahr.  
(c) Slow oven—275 to 325 deg. Fahr. if baked; simmering temperature (180 deg. Fahr.) if "boiled."  
(d) Hot oven—400 to 425 deg. Fahr.  
(e) Moderate oven—300 to 325 (oven-poach).  
(f) Slow oven—275 to 325 (oven-poach).
5. (a) Yes: the open can is as good a container as any.  
(b) No: it will freeze in winter and spoil more quickly in hot weather. Besides it's unsightly and unsanitary.  
(c) No: ventilation is necessary to delay deterioration.  
(d) Yes: if the butter is kept in a covered container and the fish just below the freezing compartment.  
(e) No: they'll soon become musty. Cover jar with waxed paper and perforate with a fork.  
(f) No: most desirable storage is a cool dry place.
6. (a) One five and a half to six-pound chicken, or two small ones.  
(b) Two chickens (five to five and a half pounds). Yields approximately two quarts of diced meat. Mix with equal amount of cream sauce and allow about one-half cupful per person.



*Community Plate Chelsea design, suggests the English silver tradition at its best. The makers recommend Silvo for all your silverware.*

**SILVO**

**Keeps**

**Your SILVER**

**Softly Lustrous**

Very gently—and safely—Silvo banishes tarnish and dimness, bringing back the glowing lustre, the captivating radiance of your silverware. Silvo is a bland, safe, liquid polish that treats surfaces with kindly care, renewing and maintaining the beauty that makes each piece a treasured possession. Use Silvo—for silver's sake.





## TOONERVILLE FOLKS

—By Fontaine Fox

## THE TERRIBLE TEMPERED MR. BANG JOINS THE "REGULARS"



"MRS. BANG SAYS HE ACTS THAT WAY BECAUSE HE SUFFERS FROM CONSTIPATION. WHY DON'T YOU BAKE HIM SOME NICE ALL-BRAN MUFFINS AND TAKE THEM OVER FOR HIS SUPPER? THEY'LL SMOOTH HIS TEMPER AND HELP HIS TROUBLE, TOO!"



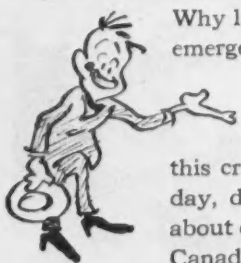
"SAY! WHY HAVEN'T I HAD THESE BEFORE! THEY'RE DELICIOUS, AND YOU SAY THEY'LL

YESSIR! HELP MY TROUBLE FROM THAT GRAND BREAKFAST CEREAL KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN! YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE IT EVERY MORNING, TOO!"



## SOME TIME LATER

"THAT'S ALL RIGHT! GO AHEAD—TAKE YOUR TIME!"



Why let yourself in for constipation — and then have to take emergency measures — when a delicious ready-to-eat cereal can get at the cause of the trouble and KEEP you regular day after day? It can for you if your trouble, like that of millions, is lack of "bulk" in the diet. Eat this crisp, crunchy, toasted cereal with milk or cream every day, drink plenty of water, and see if you don't forget all about constipation! All-Bran is made by Kellogg's in London, Canada. In two convenient size packages. Sold at all grocers.

Join the "Regulars" with  
**KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN**



## A New Relish

GOOD AS a dish may be, it is even better with the proper accompaniment. Mint sauce, for example, does well by lamb, cranberries by turkey, horseradish by beef, and lemon by all kinds of fish.

Something simple, fresh and tart offsets the richness of roast goose, duck or pork, but you can't be forever serving apple sauce or thinking up new variations of this old favorite. Try a different slant, which has all these characteristics of a suitable accompaniment as well as the virtue of novelty and color. Baked spiced oranges are easy to do, delightful to look at and delicious to eat. Inexpensive, too, as you allow only half to a serving and cook them in the oven with the meat or fowl.

They're grand with ham, with sausages, a mixed grill or oven-fried fish fillets; in fact, with a great many main courses of a dinner menu. You can serve them as a border round your platter or on a separate dish to be passed at the table.

Fit them into your Easter dinner—for their gold and their flavor—with a baked ham, snow-white mashed potatoes, broccoli or spinach, and grape sherbet on sponge-cake rounds to carry the season's colors in your dessert.

But don't wait all that time to try this spicy relish; oranges in this interesting way are capable of pepping up Lenten meals.

## Baked Spiced Oranges

Select enough medium or large oranges to allow one half for each person. Cut in halves, loosen the segments with a sharp knife and sprinkle the surface of each half with one teaspoonful of brown sugar. Dot with butter, using one-half teaspoonful to each half, and sprinkle with ground nutmeg and cinnamon. Bake in a moderate oven—350 deg. Fahr.—for thirty-five to forty-five minutes, or until thoroughly heated. Serve as suggested above. ■

## CHATELAINE HOUSEKEEPER'S DIGEST

Here's a new service for you from Chatelaine Institute — a condensed digest of household facts — a summary of new recipes—new flavoring ideas — unusual food combinations. Your copy is waiting for your request and will be sent free of charge. Write to

Miss Helen Campbell,  
Director Chatelaine Institute,  
210 Dundas Street West, Toronto.

HERE'S ALL  
YOU DO —  
dull aluminum  
shines like new



a dip Wet only the edge of an S.O.S. pad (it will last longer). After using, leave it sulky to dry.



a rub A badly scorched pan may need a little extra elbow-grease at first. After that, a rub or two will do.



a rinse Then rinse the pan thoroughly and it is ready for the towel with no fear of leaving a mark. Try S.O.S. It's wonderful.

Look for the  
YELLOW and  
red package



**FREE** Paste this coupon on a post-card and mail to The S.O.S. Manufacturing Co. of Canada, Ltd., 365 Sorauren Ave., Toronto, for a free trial package of S.O.S. Made in Canada. Fully protected by patents.

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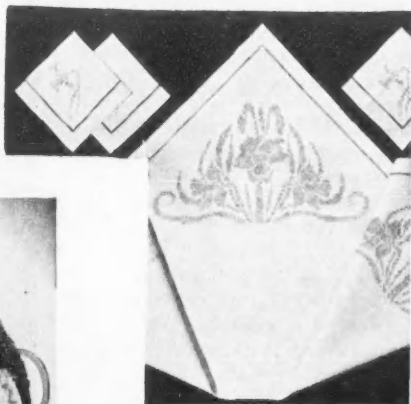
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## New Handicrafts

by MARIE LE CERF



C642—"God's Garden." Sampler, just received from England. Stamped on cream sampler linen, 12 x 15 inches, 45 cents; cottons for working, 15 cents.

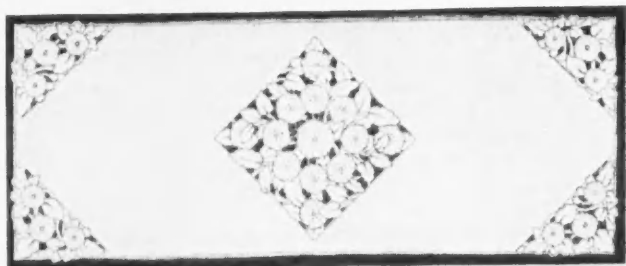
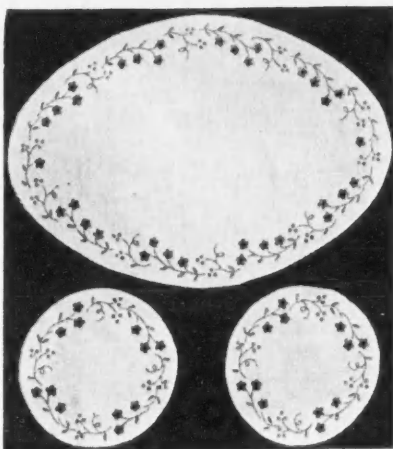
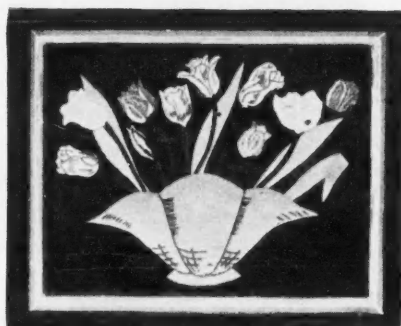
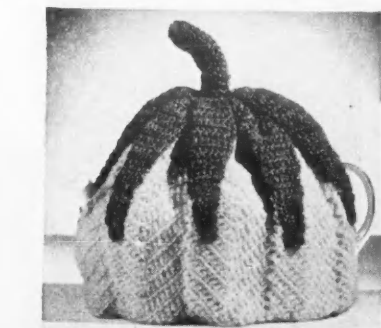


C644—Pumpkin Cozy—in simplest crochet stitch. Wool is pumpkin orange and deep green. It is double (with fold across the bottom) and will fit average or larger teapot. Wool and instructions for making, 1.00.

C645—Luncheon set. Bright golden daffodils will bring spring to your table. The work is all in simple cross stitch—the daffies in yellow and gold; the rest of the work in green. Stamped on white, cream or green linen, the 36-inch cloth and four serviettes are priced at \$1.50; the 45-inch set, which can be supplied in white and cream linen only is priced at \$2.00. Cottons for working either set come to 25 cents.

C643—"Tulip Time." Felt appliqué picture. You will love making this up—it is such fascinating work and so realistic. The bowl is in green and the flowers in daintiest tulip shades, on a background of black art felt, size about 12 x 16 inches. If preferred, this background can be supplied in pale green. Price, complete with cottons for working, 75 cents.

C641—Vanity Set and Runner to match; the sweetest little five-petal flowers with buds in a deeper shade and leaves, scrolls and edges in green. Please state color desired for flowers and choice of white or cream linen. Full size three-piece Vanity Set is priced at 55 cents and matching Runner, size 15 x 36 inches, price 55 cents. Cottons for working Vanity come to 15 cents; for Runner, 20 cents.



C315—Cutwork Runner and Buffet Set to match—in lovely French marigold design. Stamped on heavy cream or white linen, the runner—size 18 x 45 inches—is priced at 85 cents, and the large three-piece Buffet Set to match is 65 cents. May be worked in yellow and gold or deeper tones of rust,

with green. Cottons for working either Buffet Set or Runner come to 25 cents.

Order from Marie Le Cerf, Chate-laine, 481 University Avenue, Toronto, enclosing postal note or money order. If sending cheque kindly add fifteen cents for bank exchange. Prices include postage.

AREN'T WE LUCKY  
MARION USES LUX  
FOR DISHES?

I'LL SAY SO—WE'LL  
LOOK **SWELL** AT  
THE BRIDGE PARTY

AT THE BRIDGE PARTY

HA! HA! WE **FOOLED**  
THOSE WOMEN! WE  
LOOK SO NICE THEY SAID—  
"OH, MRS. COLLINS—BUT YOU  
MUST HAVE A MAID!"

*These are the lovely hands  
of Mrs. William Collins,  
married 17 years. Lux has  
kept her hands as nice as  
if she had a maid.*

### Beauty Experts Say:

"We can't tell the difference between the hands of women who use *Lux* for dishes and those who have *maids*. *Lux* leaves hands so lovely." Prove this for yourself—

**Try Lux FREE**—Just send a clipping of this advertisement for a free, full-sized package of *Lux*. Write today to Lever Brothers Limited, Dept. MC-1, Toronto.

Buy the  
**BIG**  
box



**LUX FOR LOVELY  
HANDS! A LITTLE GOES  
SO FAR—IT'S THRIFTY!**





## For Luscious Lips that speak of Love

Kissproof Lipstick has a beauty-cream base—to protect your lips against drying and cracking. Magically, Kissproof makes lips smooth... soft... deliciously young and tempting.

When you use Kissproof, there's no greasy shine, no harsh color or painted look. For Kissproof leaves lips *naturally* lovely... warm with flattering color... youthfully radiant... sweet as a rose bud and twice as inviting.

Kissproof shades are never too brazen, never too bright. They are truly *style-right*... always in the mode... and delightfully devastating on your lips. Ask for Kissproof's new Orchid-Blush... and see the five other becoming Kissproof shades—TODAY!

50¢, 25¢ and 15¢ at all beauty counters. Match Kissproof Lipstick with Kissproof Rouge. You can get it in 2 styles—Lip and Cheek (creme) or Compact (dry).

# Kissproof

Indelible LIPSTICK and ROUGE



## BURNING PIMPLES HURT

IN MORE WAYS  
THAN ONE...

They hurt your pride, your assurance, your chances for success. And it's all so needless! Cuticura Soap and Ointment will help cleanse the skin of impurities, relieve pimples, rashes and other externally caused blemishes—and do much to impart new freshness, fineness and loveliness to your complexion. Buy Cuticura Soap and Ointment at your druggist's today. Soap 25c, Ointment 25c. Made in Canada. For FREE sample, write to Cuticura, Dept. 87D, 286 St. Paul Street West, Montreal, P.Q.

# CUTICURA SOAP AND OINTMENT



- (c) One and a quarter pounds of coffee.
  - (d) One and a half pints of cream (sixteen per cent).
  - (e) One and a third cupfuls (half cupful of cooked rice per serving).
  - (f) Approximately sixty slices.
7. (a) Grade A.
  - (b) Choice or standard quality.
  - (c) First grade.
  - (d) Grade B or C.
  - (e) Red Ribbon or Blue Ribbon.
  - (f) "Choice" is a good choice.
8. (a) Use twice as much flour to thicken.
  - (b) Dilute according to directions on the can and use as fresh milk.
  - (c) Use one-third cupful of cocoa and add two-thirds tablespoonful of shortening for each square of chocolate.
  - (d) For each cupful of pastry flour called for, use one cupful less two-tablespoonfuls of bread flour.
  - (e) Use one-half teaspoonful of bakingsoda and one teaspoonful of cream of tartar for each cupful of flour.
  - (f) Use half as much baking powder as called for and add quarter teaspoonful of soda for each cupful of liquid.
9. (a) Use correct proportions in the mixture. Have fat at the right temperature and cook a few at a time checking the temperature between batches. Drain on crumpled, absorbent paper when cooked.
  - (b) Use a scrupulously clean pot and do not let the tea steep longer than five minutes.
  - (c) Oven-poach in a slow to moderate oven and cook only until the custard is set.
  - (d) Cook slowly, handle carefully and serve at once. Additions to the mixture such as bread crumbs or minute tapioca will give it stability.
  - (e) Cook at a low temperature—and not too long.
  - (f) Buy only enough for a week at a time and store in a clean, dry, air-tight container.
10. (a) Try beating it with a rotary egg beater. If still not smooth, strain it through a sieve.
  - (b) Beat it smartly—with a rotary egg beater.
  - (c) Remove to a cold bowl and beat it quickly but well. Then return to the tray and refreeze with the temperature control set for fast freezing.
  - (d) Add prepared gravy powder, condensed meat extract (in cube, paste or liquid form), condiment sauce or caramel and extra seasonings.
  - (3) Place the bowl over hot water and beat until it thickens.
  - (f) Add a little hot water, gradually and carefully, and beat.



**MERCOLIZED WAX CREAM**  
KEEPS YOUR SKIN  
*Young Looking*

Mercolized Wax Cream flakes off the surface skin in tiny, invisible particles. Reveals the clear, soft, smooth, young looking underskin. This simple, all-in-one cleansing, softening and beautifying cream has been a favorite for over a quarter century with lovely women the world over. Bring out the hidden beauty of your skin with Mercolized Wax Cream.

### Use Saxolite Astringent Daily

THIS tingling, antiseptic astringent is delightfully refreshing and helpful. Dissolve Saxolite in one-half pint witch hazel and apply.

### Try Phelactine Depilatory

For quickly removing superfluous hair from face. Sold at cosmetic counters everywhere.

## New!...A 7 DAY SHAMPOO FOR BLONDES..!

You Keep the  
**BRILLIANCE,  
LUSTRE and  
LOVELINESS**  
this Shampoo  
Gives Blonde  
Hair for a  
WHOLE WEEK!

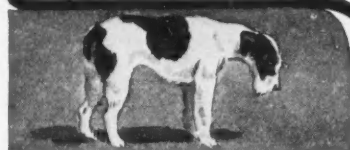


### Ends Dull, Between-Shampoo Look!

A single wash with this amazing new type shampoo instantly removes the dull, dingy oil and dust-laden film that leaves blonde hair lifeless, mouse-colored and "old" looking, and enables you to keep that "JUST SHAMPOOED" look all week. Done in a few minutes and at a cost of but a few pennies, Blondex gives your hair that glorious, natural, shimmering radiance that usually comes only in childhood. Blondes, browns and chestnuts invariably find Blondex leaves their hair 2 to 4 shades lighter—soft, not hard or brittle. Start Blondex today. Contains no harsh bleaches or dyes. Costs but little to use and is sold at all good stores.

**BLONDEX** THE BLONDE HAIR SHAMPOO

**DID I TELL YOU ABOUT MY WORMING?**



Me — I was "sick as a pup." And there was the Master poring over the Sergeant's DOG BOOK. "Say!" he says. "You've got worms! Let's get 'em!" So — I go without dinner — and next day I get a capsule.



"Hmm," I says. "A Sergeant's PUPPY CAPSULE, eh?" "No," he says. "You're a big dog now. It's a SURE-SHOT CAPSULE — death on worms too!" It worked! I'm a new dog — thanks to that DOG BOOK! Get yours free at a drug or pet store, or with this coupon!

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DOG MEDICINES

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# YOUR HOME

Editor: EVAN PARRY, F.R.A.I.C.

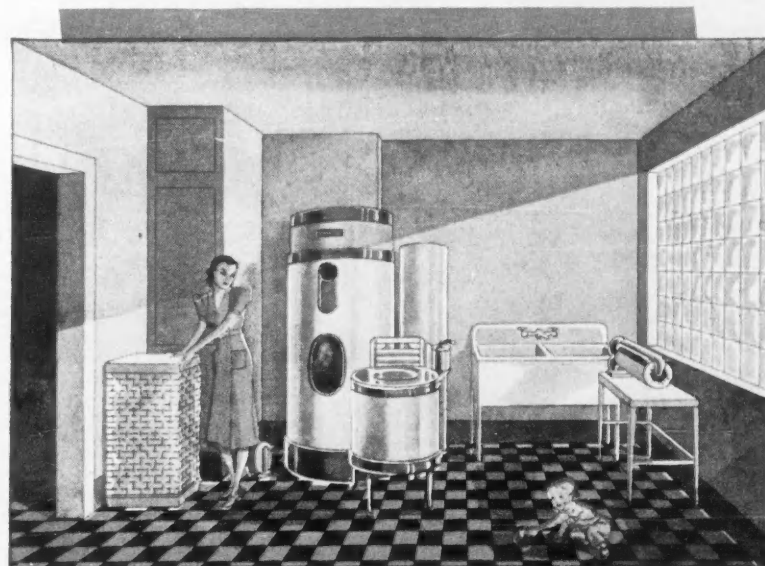


A DEPARTMENT FOR HOUSE  
PLANNING, DECORATING  
AND FURNISHING

## THE UTILITY ROOM

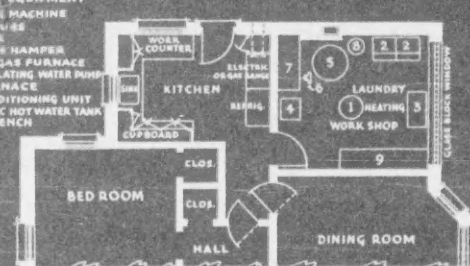
Here's an idea to revolutionize housework — remodel your home to include a kitchen-laundry, under the Home Improvement Loan Act

by EVAN PARRY, F.R.A.I.C.



### LEGEND OF EQUIPMENT

1. WASHING MACHINE
2. WASH TUBS
3. IRONER
4. CLOTHES HAMPER
5. OIL OR GAS FURNACE
6. RECIRCULATING WATER PUMP FOR FURNACE
7. AIR CONDITIONING UNIT
8. DOMESTIC HOT WATER TANK
9. WORK BENCH



The details of this attractive laundry as built into a bungalow, show the use of glass bricks, which admit the light, yet maintain privacy.

THE WORLD'S greatest dictator of progress is woman.

Nevertheless, the lack of a utility room adjacent to and on the same floor as the kitchen, is a source of wonder to many. The women I have spoken to say—why, yes, of course that's the place for the laundry and heating equipment.

We needn't trouble our heads in finding out why it has not been done in the past, our job is to show how it can be done today.

To you who are spoiling for new opportunities, here is one right on your doorstep, and if adopted the chances are that you will be able to "whistle while you work."

Laundries and heating equipment are still to be

found in the basements of most of our homes. Maybe, you say, but what can we do about it?

I accept the challenge.

If you intend to build a new home, a utility room can be built and equipped with the money saved by not having a basement. Consequently, in the case of a new home, extra cost is out of the picture.

If you wish to stay in the house where you are, there is no reason—if the size and shape of lot and house will permit it—why a utility room should not be added to the kitchen. The washing machine and ironer taken out of the basement and placed in the new unit.

If the furnace is out-dated, a new one could be installed and connected up to the present heating installation. If this cannot be done, leave it where it is. But that would not prevent you from having a utility room for the washing machine, ironer, and workbench built in a handy unit next to the kitchen.

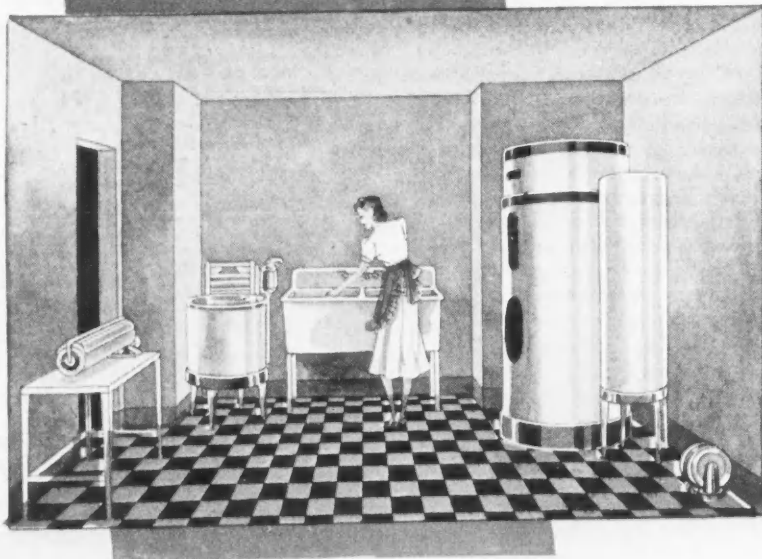
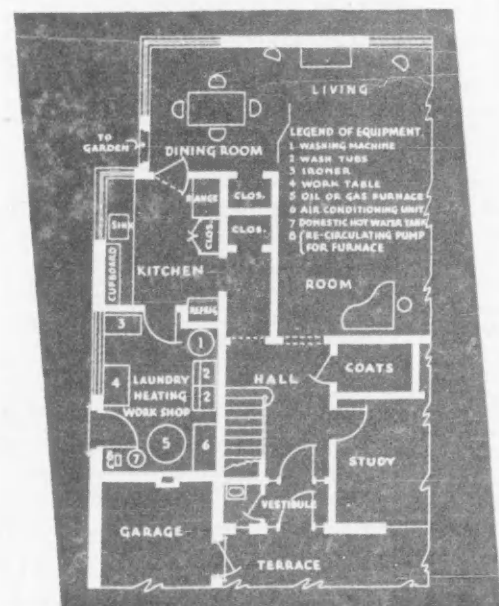
There is not a woman living who engages in household chores, who does not dread the many trips back and forth to the basement, with heavy baskets of cleaned and soiled clothes, to say nothing of the depressing surroundings when she gets there.

Comparisons are odious. Especially in the case of a light, sanitary and airy laundry next to the kitchen, to that ill-lighted and ill-ventilated laundry of the horse and buggy days, with rough masonry walls and a badly drained floor.

The cost could be spread over a period of years under the Home Improvement Loan Act.

The minimum floor area for such a room is 110 square feet and eight feet nine inches high from floor to ceiling. The construction and finish call for careful consideration. A new density fibre board has the edge over many other finishes for such use. It is hard, has resistance to moisture penetration, will not buckle or swell if applied properly. Another type of the same material has the appearance of tiling, and both can be applied on insulated

This plan for a convenient upstairs laundry is planned to suit the average house. You can borrow money from the government to build it, and install the pieces gradually.



walls, taking the place of plaster in the case of a new house.

With an existing house, you can use a portion of the outer wall and fix the density fibre board over the existing plaster. But first cover the plaster with an insulated fibre board if it is not already insulated. The floor can be finished with the same material, which, being resistant to moisture penetration, makes a good job.

The average woman is not keen on having the next-door neighbor or the casual tradesman see her when engaged upon the family wash. Nevertheless, she does require natural light in plenty, which means generous windows of one sort or another. Glass blocks built in the outer walls would give a pleasant diffused light and all the privacy that even the most self-effacing recluse could desire.

A small exhaust fan placed in one of the outer walls, to get rid of vapors and odors, would be beneficial to all members of the household, including the one who may be doing the chores. The color schemes for walls, doors and floor open up endless possibilities and are governed only by individual taste and orientation of the room.

There are other things apropos of this utility room which I can imagine will occur to you when trying to visualize what it all means. Allow me to anticipate some of them.

Drainage presents no difficulties. It is just as easy to drain from the higher level as from the basement.

Heating equipment can be installed on the first floor to give every satisfaction.

With an oil-burning hot water system, radiators for the house can be installed in the usual position and the hot water circulated by means of a small electric pump. With thermostatic control it will give a uniform tem-



# Enough Spoons for the Party!



1. "Well, what do you know about that! With all our silverware, there's not enough spoons for Jean's birthday party next week. Why, we haven't even a dozen good ones! And I do hate borrowing things. But I simply can't let Jean down on her big day!"

2. "Why, just look at this, Jean! We are going to get a bunch of new spoons for your party... go and take the labels off all the Eagle Brand cans in the cupboard. We get three lovely teaspoons for every label and 20 cents we send in. Aren't they smart-looking?"



3. "Who's been buying new teaspoons for the party? You surely are a lucky girl, Jean!" (Jean didn't tell them the secret then. Not until next day at school. She might have added that the delicious chocolate frosting on her cake was simply Eagle Brand, the Magic Milk, mixed with chocolate).

Send for your spoons today! Product of Canada's largest manufacturer of silverware, these teaspoons are beautifully made in the smart Crusader pattern.

You'll find them a useful addition to your present stock of silverware.

Just use the coupon below. There's no limit to the number of spoons you can get as long as you send one Eagle Brand label and twenty cents for every three spoons. Don't wait! There's already a heavy demand.

And with your spoons you'll receive a Free Cook Book of Eagle Brand recipes.

Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk is the magic ingredient of so many short-cut recipes for Candies, Cookies, Salad Dressings, Ice Creams, Pies, Puddings, and Desserts! The easy way to failure-proof cooking. Cuts down kitchen hours. Gives you more time for entertaining. Get several cans from your grocer today.

Magic Recipes on top of every can.



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Enclosed is.....and.....Eagle Brand labels, for which please send me.....teaspoons. (Be sure to enclose 1 Eagle Brand label and 20c for each 3 spoons). I am to receive an Eagle Brand Cook Book with the spoons.

Name.....(Print Plainly)

Address.....Prov.....

City.....P.S.—This attractive double offer closes May 31, 1939

**If it's Borden's it's GOT to be Good!**



3 smart teaspoons for 1 EAGLE BRAND label and 20c

**Eagle Brand**  
THE MAGIC MILK

## The Other Brother

Continued from page 46

Resentment dropped from Everett. "Mother? Not Franklin and Margaret?" There was no mistaking the gladness in Everett's voice, the eager look, the eager hand with which he reached for the letter. His manner said plainly, why they are the nicest people in the world!

Laura Marbury half threw it at him. "Well, you can be glad! You don't have any of the bother. Of course I will have to entertain for them. They're important. And he's my brother. People would think it queer." While Everett read, her voice continued, still faintly accusing. "Though why her bits of essays and stories could give her so much reputation, I never have understood. Probably Franklin's standing has a lot to do with it."

It was a brief letter. Franklin was going out west after Christmas and so it occurred to them—A sentence flew up from the page. "Tell Everett I have something quite special for him."

Everett, seeing the words on the page, lost his mother's voice out of the world. Even Bella's entrance failed to break the current of warmth flowing through him. Aunt Margaret and Uncle Franklin. Franklin was a professor of English at his college, but it was his School of Dramatics that had lifted him to the rank of a nationally conspicuous figure. And Margaret—of all women in the world she was the warmest, the most real. "Tell Everett I have something quite special for him." Not for Anthony; for me.

AS HE thought the words, there was a burst of a tenor voice, a swift, soft pounce of rubber-soled feet, a sudden greeting of, "Bella! My own sister! What—no perambulator? See the Frolic? No? You poor prune. Breakfast? Me? No. Had to work cleaning up the stage sets till after three. Hello, mother. Give us a matutinal kiss, and tell Lizbeth the great news that I'm up and about. Eve, you son-of-a-gun, you left the soap in the shower, and I skidded on it! What's all the gloom about? The first snow of the season?"

Immediately, as always about Anthony, there was a kind of bustle of response. Ben brought in orange juice and said, "I sure enjoyed them tickets last night, Mister Tony." His mother said, "And two eggs, Ben," and Annabelle was wandering in a sentence beginning, "You know how I hate to be called Bella," and ending with, "Bevan said it was just croup." Even Everett found himself mentally protesting about the soap and wondering if it were worth while to explain that Tony had taken the last bath last night, and must have left his own soap.

And Annabelle was saying, "—a dinner. Let's see. Mrs. Redding—"

Anthony said, his voice muffled by banana, "You should have stayed after the show, Eve. We all went downtown to the Golden Calf. Some party!"

"—and I shall need an extra man for Mrs. Redding."

Both boys looked up, as Annabelle's eyes, sliding past Everett with his mother's trick of missing seeing him, fastened on Anthony. "Tony!"

Continued on page 59



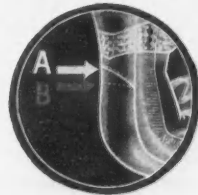
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and know the joys of perfect figure control combined with delightful comfort and freedom.

If you want to enjoy the thrilling experience of smoother, smarter figure control combined with uncorsetted comfort and freedom—get yourself a NuBack. Not only does the controlling, confining action of this amazing garment make you look pounds lighter—you will actually feel freer and more comfortable due to NuBack's exclusive patented telescopic back which acts in complete rhythm with your body and absolutely prevents riding-up.

Sold at all smart shops—all sizes, various prices.

**WHY NU-BACK ENDS "RIDING-UP"**



A & B show the patented telescopic back that lengthens and shortens with body movements. This permits a snugger, firmer fit from the waist down and from the waist up, also eliminating garter and shoulder strain and bulges over the abdomen.

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QUEBEC, P.Q.

Makers of the famous Silhouette L'Esprit, D & A and Junior Set Foundation Garments and Corsets. Brevetés

## Painful To Bend a Joint

### Hospital Case of Rheumatism

The value of perseverance with Kruschen, in the treatment of some cases of rheumatism, is proved by this man's experience. He says:—

"I was abroad for over seven years. When I returned I began to suffer from rheumatic pains—particularly in the feet and arms, and I was eventually taken into hospital, unable to move without groaning with pain. When I left the hospital after two months, I was somewhat better. I was recommended to take Kruschen Salts, have taken them continuously, and until now I am entirely free from pains. I would not be without my Kruschen Salts for anything."—M. B.

Two of the salts in Kruschen are effectual solvents of uric acid the excess of which is decidedly injurious. They swiftly dull the sharp edges of the painful crystals—the cause of pain and stiffness—and convert them into a harmless solution, which is then expelled through the natural channels.

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**DOMINION SEED HOUSE, Georgetown, Ont.**

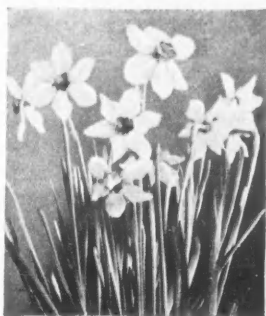
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4 PACKETS 10¢

Giant Dahlia-Flowered blooms, 5 inches across on sturdy 3-ft. plants. Scarlet, Lavender, Yellow and Rose, a 10¢-packet of seeds of each, all 4 for 10¢. Send dime today! Best flowers and vegetables, low prices.  
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gist can put this up or you can mix it yourself at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. Orlex imparts color to streaked, faded or gray hair, makes it soft and glossy and takes years off your looks. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off. Do not be handicapped by gray hair when it is so easy to get rid of it in your own home.



## Gardening With Intelligence

by FRANCES C. STEINHOFF

LISTENING IN on gardening conversations reveals a very obvious desire on the part of intelligent Canadian women to know more about the how of creating a beautiful garden. Something tells them there is more than meets the eye in the finished product, and that this business of rushing enthusiastically down to the market the first nice day in spring for a couple of boxes of pansies and forget-me-nots and sprinkling them about the garden, doesn't seem to fill the bill in the long run!

They sense that there are certain underlying principles, which, once grasped, would enable them to proceed with confidence in the creation of satisfyingly beautiful gardens.

Now, let us suppose we are sitting on the back steps with Mrs. A., who has just bought a brand-new house and would like to develop a nice garden as a setting for it. Never before has she had the chance to begin at the beginning, and she does want it to be a success! Before her lies a rectangular area of ground minus the area occupied by the garage. All she has to begin with is a shape. She must apportion that ground for various purposes, probably a path, flowerbeds, grass area, and shrubbery beds. Each division must be adequate for its particular purpose but one must not predominate at the expense of the others. If she expects two people to walk comfortably abreast down a pathway, she will have to apportion four feet of her area for a pathway, whereas a minimum footpath for one person would require eighteen inches. If she prefers flowers to grass she will probably decide on a six-foot border for perennials. If a smooth expanse of grass appeals more, she will probably reduce the width of the border to the minimum three feet. Whether she recognizes the fact or not, she is dealing with Principle No. 1, the problem of Good Proportion.

When Mrs. A. begins to consider suitable plants she remembers that her garden area is comparatively small, so instinctively she decides that one medium-sized tree, such as a flowering crab or hawthorn, would be sufficient, and that all shrubbery introduced should be compact and tidy in order to conserve room. She is really thinking in terms of Principle No. 2, the problem of Good Scale, or the keeping of all growing things in a pleasant and suitable relationship with

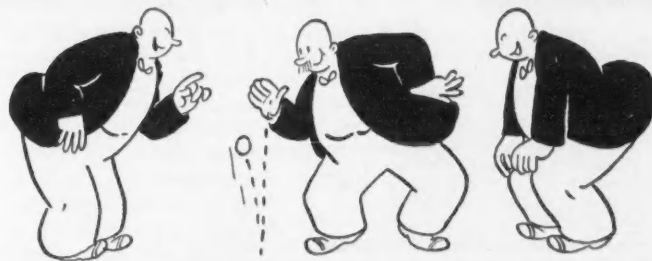
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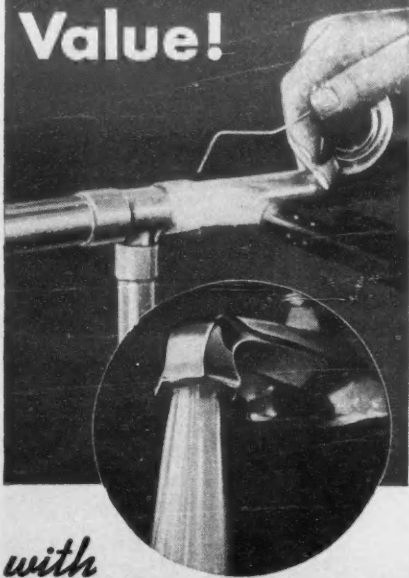
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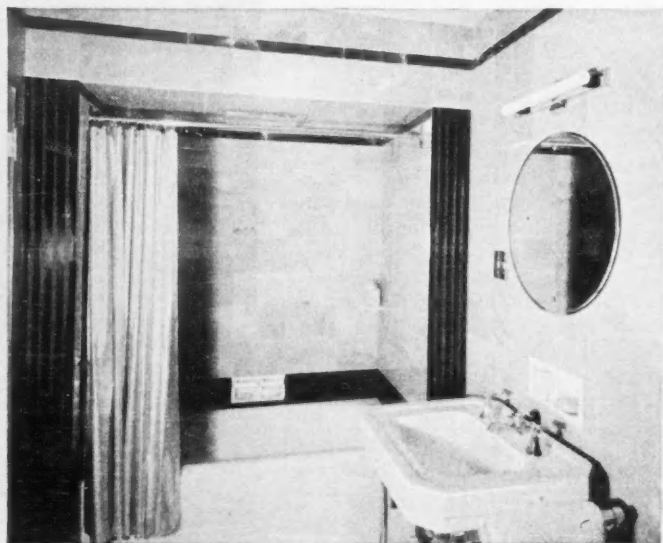
It will occur to the minds of many that they have often been told that it is necessary to have a rise to all heating

pipes, including those for hot air, water or steam. How is this taken care of if there is no basement? The answer is by the circulating pump or fan, already described.

You may think of many other questions. If so, let me know. In the meantime, if you do build a utility room and equip it with modern, electrically operated equipment, you will have something which a million dollars couldn't buy—increased health and happiness in the home. ■

## Slicking Up the Bathroom

by **EVAN PARRY, F.R.A.I.C.**



Built-in accessories, ceiling and tubular lighting, and vitreous wall finish are features of this bathroom.

IF THERE is any one thing that should make us glad to be living in this day and age, it might well be in improvements designed to serve us in our homes. Those to be seen in the modern bathroom of today are no exception. Yet, very often, for reasons imaginary or otherwise, we are loath to take advantage of them.

To give a worth-while setting in a bathroom for the new improvements,

lighting fixtures can all be modernized.

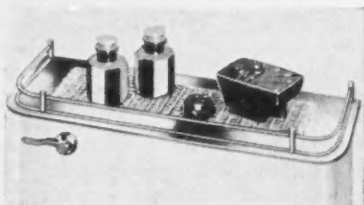
Having arranged the setting, we can deal with the plumbing fixtures and accessories.

A suitable bath is one with a safe flat bottom to prevent slipping, with a rim wide enough to sit on. Also, a raised lip on the back to prevent seepage of water behind the bath. This, with a snappy needle spray shower head, and a deviator spout which by lifting or pressing a button directs the water from the shower to the spout or vice versa, makes a bath and shower worth while writing home about.

A close coupled toilet, with unsightly metal flush connections eliminated, will not discolor because it is made of heavy vitreous china.

The choice of lavatory basin can be governed by your purse. There are many types—pedestal or with chromium legs—made in a variety of pastel shades and black or white, which also applies to the bath and toilet.

Cleverly designed accessories can be added at will, and when the room is completed you will wonder why you did not have the courage to tackle it before. ■

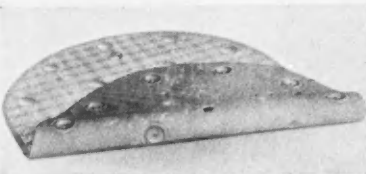


Chromium fence for closet tanks.

a start could be made by slicking up the woodwork in a turquoise blue. The walls covered with paper of a snowflake design in silvery white and turquoise on an apricot ground. As an alternative, finish the walls with a moisture-resistant pressed fibreboard. The same material or linoleum can be used for the floor.

Venetian blinds for the window and drapes with colored background the same as that for the walls.

Plugs in the electric wiring can be installed if permitted by the Hydro Power Commission to take sun lamp, heater and electric razor, also the



Non-slip rubber bath mat.

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Keep your water-closet bowls glistening and clean as new with Sani-Flush. Easy to use—no unpleasant scouring. Cannot hurt the plumbing connections. Shake a little into the bowl twice a week.

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• This advertisement appeared when Sani-Flush was new. Sani-Flush is still the easiest and best known way to clean toilets after 27 years. (Also cleans out auto radiators.) Directions on can. Sold by grocery, drug, hardware, and syndicate stores. 30 and 15 cent sizes. Distributed by Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Ltd., Toronto, Canada.

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People who smother to death die because oxygen has been completely cut off from them. Just as surely you are slowly smothering if your blood lacks red corpuscles. Red corpuscles are your oxygen-carriers. They carry the oxygen you breathe in to every part of your system. Without enough oxygen-carrying corpuscles, your kidneys, liver, stomach and bowels slow down. Your skin gets pale, flabby, often pimply. Your nerves may become jittery—you tire quickly—feel depressed. What you need is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These world-famous pills help make more and better red corpuscles and thus increase the oxygen-carrying power of your blood. Get Dr. Williams' Pink Pills today at your druggist. See for yourself how quickly this time-proven blood-builder will help give you back your pep. Copr. 1938, G.T. Fulford Co., Ltd.

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covering, plain cream linoleum with a central circular motif of a bird in color. The woodwork, such as baseboards, window trim, etc., coffee color, the door pastel blue.

**Question**—Would it be advisable to finish a bedroom, to be in constant use, in a basement of a fully modern house, and in constructing same what would be the important features to take care of to have it dry and well ventilated?

**Answer**—I cannot too strongly advise against using a room in the basement as a bedroom. But if you intend to do so, carefully examine the walls to see that they are moisture proof, as also the floor, otherwise serious results to the health of those using the room may occur. As to ventilation, you will realize that such a room is difficult to ventilate thoroughly, on account of the fact that the lower part of the room is below grade. ■

## The Other Brother

Continued from page 54

Anthony opened wide, teasing eyes. "What? Me? You overwhelm me, sister. Who am I, to be selected to mingle with your gold-plated guests—to whisper sweet nothings into Mrs. Redding's unappetizing ear? Do you know, I am convinced the woman wears a brown wig over grey wisps. And some time I'm going to tweak it and find out. But if you want to risk it, Bella, I'll oblige with the soup and fish."

His eyes, as Annabelle said again, "And don't call me Bella," summoned Everett to enjoy with him Annabelle's platitudinous existence; and Everett, thus summoned, did. And Anthony's arm on his shoulder, as they left the dining room. Then the arm slid away as Anthony said, "Oh, I nearly forgot. Alison sent you this."

He pulled from his coat pocket a packet of matches, some string, a crumpled dirty envelope, and a faded red rose.

"Yeah, here it is, a billet-doux."

But Everett was standing rigid, his eyes frozen on the red rose. Last night those roses had been—

He took the letter automatically, and said mechanically, "What's the rose for?"

"That?" Anthony gave it a flip. "Alison was passing them around. Some guy sent her a cartload of them. You should have stuck around. Maybe she'd have given you one."

"Shut up!" said Everett.

Anthony opened wide eyes. "My my! Touchy, aren't we?"

Everett turned and walked out of the room, grabbed his hat and old leather jacket, and fairly ran out of the house. His roses!

Then he remembered her letter, and stopped in the middle of the snowy street and tore it open. It was just a few sentences. "Thank you, Big Brother. You were terribly extravagant—and nice. I liked the roses. I liked getting them even better—but I am bound to tell you that it is money wasted. Don't make a mistake. It's not your line to hang around stage doors for a little dancer. Let Tony keep up the family honor on those things, too. But for all that, and all



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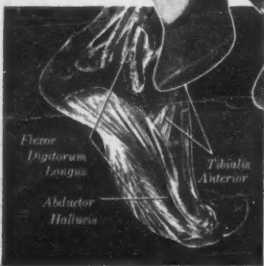
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THE LITTLE LAMP OF HEALTH



each other and with their surroundings.

Consider, for instance, the different effects she would get in her small garden if she chose nothing but rampant-growing or coarse-textured plants, such as a white spruce (eventual size probably fifty feet), for underneath her dining-room window; a few castor beans, some of the large-leaved viburnums, and coarse perennials with wandering roots, such as the perennial sunflowers or the wandering hollyhock. She would be violating the principle of good scale, the plant materials would always be getting out of control and the general results would be disastrous. In contrast, a selection of evergreens to include the slow-growing, spreading Pfitzer's juniper for underneath the dining-room window, and shrubbery such as the compactly growing Japanese Quince, the tidy and fragrant Viburnum carlesii, the Japanese barberry and the dwarf Garland-Flower, Daphne cneorum; and tidy perennials such as peonies, bleeding heart, the balloon-flower, platycodon; the Shasta daisy, and pyrethrum would assure controlled growth and a general feeling of harmony and good scale.

When Mrs. A. begins to wrestle with paper and pencil to draw up a pattern of beds, something tells her these shapes should hang together, as it were; they should fall in line on a central axis or main line of interest, and we find that she is experimenting in Principle No. 3—Good Balance.

Again, having established a main line of interest, instinct tells her that as the eye is carefully guided in a certain direction, the normal expectancy is that there should be something of definite interest at the end, which process of thinking leads into consider-

ation of Principle No. 4, the building up of Dominant Interest.

Principle No. 5, known as Rhythm, is probably the least understood, but it plays a very important part in establishing continuity of interest and the sense of pleasant repose for which we unconsciously strive. We associate rhythm more particularly with music, where we recognize the regular repetition of the strong beat regardless of the variation in the main theme. In the development of the garden, rhythm is established by repetition of accent, whether in color or shape, and when Mrs. A. begins to visualize masses of delphinium interspersed at regular intervals or considers using a series of dwarf evergreens to emphasize strategic parts of her garden pattern, she is beginning to think in terms of rhythm in her garden.

#### Hints For Canadian Gardens

BE SURE your garden is properly enclosed. Good hedge materials include: Chinese elm, Douglas spruce, cedars, Japanese yew, common lilacs, spirea, Japanese barberry.

For tall accents use plants of upright habit or those trained into standard shape, such as the flowering crab, Eleyi; the French lilacs, clipped flowering almond or standard roses.

Tubbed plants in city gardens can add interest and character. Tubbed hydrangeas will counteract a tendency to gloom where shade is too heavy, and the pyramidal-shaped junipers, cedars and the ever-popular box in tubs make bold accents.

Try using heliotrope, lantana, fuchsias, geraniums, tuberous begonias or lilies, in pots, for accents on a smaller scale.

An Italian oil jar makes a good receptacle in a garden and heightens the interest. ■



Readers are invited to send their decorating and remodelling problems to

## The House Clinic

Conducted by EVAN PARRY, F.R.A.I.C.

**Question**—I am moving into an old-fashioned brick house and would like some of your splendid ideas.

**First**—The latest idea on draping a bay window in living room. Should I use any net curtains, or just pull curtains?

**Second**—Which do you think would be nicer, living room and dining room made all into living room, with drop-leaf table, which could be used for a dinner, or dining-room furniture with some living-room furniture in it?

**Third**—I have to buy new breakfast-room furniture and curtains. What is the newest idea for this?

**Fourth**—Ideas on how to drape bay window in master bedroom, rose being color of bedspread and dresser covers.

**Fifth**—What is a good color scheme to carry out in bedroom of boy—age seven.

**Answer**—1. Use pull curtains only for bay window. If you want glass

curtains, have plain open net and drapes.

2. The dining room and living room made into one would look very interesting and gives wonderful scope for arrangement of furniture. Dwarf built-in bookcases on both sides of fireplace in sitting room and on either side of the recess in present dining room would help a lot. The drop-leaf table I like immensely, and it could be placed on the south side of Welsh dresser when not in use.

3. Steel furniture sets, enamelled in a variety of colors, are the vogue, and can be obtained from any department store. The draw curtains could be monk's cloth of natural color with glass curtains.

4. Each window of bay in master bedroom should have solprufe repp lined drapes of canary color.

5. Boy's bedroom—paper the walls with fanciful subjects; such as animals, birds, Chinese scenes, or figures. Floor



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Sandwiches with a smack the taste loves to linger on! You make them so quickly, so easily, with Paris Pâté—spiciest, daintiest of sandwich spreads. Just open the tin—spread it thin.

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## A COMPLETE NOVEL :: by Anne Duffield

HER mother had christened her Celia because, as she explained, having already a daughter called Rosalind it was the only name for her. It suited her well; there is something sane and sweet in that little name, and there was something very sane and sweet in Celia herself.

She was tall, slender, with capable, well-shaped hands and quick feet. Her temper was a sunny one, she had a strong sense of duty and she played, serenely, second fiddle to Rosalind.

She played, indeed, second fiddle to more than Rosalind. Mother had not stopped at two daughters. A year after Celia's birth the twins were born, Michael and Tom, and two years later another girl, Pamela. These three, like the eldest daughter, were endowed with the unusual good looks which had passed Celia by. All four were highly strung, self-centred and strong-willed. Celia might have got on better if she, too, had been selfish and temperamental.

She loved her brothers and sisters dearly. She loved the old house in which they lived and which she ran so quietly and efficiently. If she looked forward at all she saw herself living on there indefinitely, keeping the home together for the others and their children, the core of the family, so to speak. Hardly a brilliant prospect, and Celia's mouth with its humorous corners would twist a little at the thought, but she accepted her destiny philosophically enough. Most large families have one such daughter; her case was by no means unusual.

She was thinking of all this as she faced her uncle across the restaurant table, one day.

"Many happy returns, my dear."

Uncle Thomas gallantly lifted his glass to the girl who faced him across the small table. The family had forgotten her birthday, as they nearly always did. Celia herself would not have been sorry to forget those twenty-six years, but Uncle Thomas never forgot. His wife had come as usual, yesterday, asking her to meet him at the Berkeley today.

Celia smiled at him, lifted her own little glass.

"And how are you?" he pursued. "You look a bit pale."

"Do I? I don't feel pale."

Uncle Thomas looked at her attentively. She looked her age, he thought, but no more, and if she had not been dressed so severely she might have looked less. But she carried her spinsterish outfit with distinction; she had an air, this young woman.

"I'm rather bothered," he confided to her, presently. "Perhaps you can help me out. I have got a commission to fulfill and don't know how the dickens I am going to do it. You've heard me speak of Tim Carruthers?"

"The man who lives in the Bermudas?"

"There or thereabouts. I don't know exactly what group his particular island belongs to; that coastboard is crawling

with islands. Well, to get to the point, Carruthers is some sort of expert, goes all over the map, hardly ever at home. He has a daughter who made a bad marriage, is now a widow and lives in her father's house with her child. He wants someone to go out and act as companion to his daughter and the grandchild. Run the house, keep an eye on the girl, and so on. He is set on having an Englishwoman, someone young and capable."

"Young?" echoed Celia.

"Twenty-eightish, he said. No old fogey; I gathered that the child is sixteen or seventeen, and they want someone who will be cheery. I fancy that Olga—that's the name of the mother—doesn't bother much about the kid."

"Would twenty-six be all right?" asked Celia.

Uncle Thomas's jaw dropped. He stared at her. "But you don't mean—"

"That is exactly what I do mean," said Celia, smiling. "Do you think I should be suitable?"

"Suitable! Anybody who got you could thank their lucky stars. But what's all this, my dear? You don't want to go gallivanting off to the other side of the world. You don't want a job. Lord knows, you've got your hands full."

"My hands have been emptied," said Celia. "They don't need me any more."

"But I certainly don't advise you to go off to Carruthers' Godforsaken island, Celia. He's a good chap, and well off, and all that sort of thing, but it's too far from home. You don't know what you'd be getting into."

"That is a risk I should be quite willing to take. If I don't like it, I can always come back again. I want to go; I have never been anywhere, never seen anything."

"Are you serious, my child?"

"Absolutely. Please, Uncle Thomas. I want to get away."

"All right, Celia," he said, "you shall go. I'll ring up Carruthers; perhaps he can meet us after the show. We'll fix it and you'll go home tonight and announce to your dear family that you are washing your hands of them. As you say, if you don't like it you can come back again."

"In that island there are freesias; they carpet the ground in sheets of trembling white and clear, sharp green, and the scent of them is carried ten miles out to sea."

The words came back to Celia, alone in her room that same evening, an echo of some book or story which she had read, some time, somewhere. She caught a quick breath; her eyes, losing for a moment their sane and level gaze, widened and darkened. The same island? It must be. Surely there could not be two. And Mr. Carruthers this afternoon had spoken of flowers. "You can smell them miles away," he had said.

It was obvious that he loved his island,

and Celia's heart had quickened as she listened to the bluff, kindly man expatiating upon its amenities. As Uncle Thomas had prophesied, Tim Carruthers had been overjoyed by the prospect of obtaining his friend's niece, this capable-looking and charming Miss Celia Latimer, as a companion for his daughter. The interview had passed off with great satisfaction on both sides.

"The scent of them is carried ten miles out to sea."

With a quick movement she turned to her shabby bookcase, found an old school atlas, swiftly fluttered the pages. There it was, an island in a chain of islands, a red pin-point in the blue paper sea. It was not very near to the coast, although, on this tiny map, distance was difficult to gauge. Nor could one get any very clear conception of the islands themselves. Bermudas, Bahamas, the Cays, West Indies, clustered together, with here and there an isolated dot, unnamed. But she found the one to which she was going. A coral island; the island of Blanque.

### II

WHEN Celia sailed some two weeks later, the family gave her a great send-off. Rosalind and her husband, Michael and his bride, Pamela and Tom went to the ship; Uncle Thomas was there as well, and Mr. Carruthers, who would not return to Blanque for a year or more.

Then, as the ship moved out and her own particular group sent her a final flutter of white handkerchiefs, Celia turned from the rail and went down to her cabin to make all things shipshape there before getting out into deep waters when, she greatly feared, she might be laid low.

Her fears were realized. Celia went down like a felled young tree, lay prostrate in her cabin for three nightmare days. She wished she had never started on this mad venture, wished that she had stayed on dry land, wished the ship would sink and put an end to it.

"Come, come," cried the stewardess, with ghastly brightness, "this is nothing. If you'd make an effort and go up on deck in the fresh air you'd be as fit as a fiddle."

But by the third day even the accustomed stewardess's professional brightness suffered a change. "I don't like the look of her," she thought as she sponged Celia's face and hands, and braided the long thick hair into two plaits. Aloud she said:

"I am going to ask Dr. Mackenzie to come in and have a look at you, Miss Latimer."

"What can he do? He can't stop these awful waves."

"He'll do something. Mind you, he hasn't any patience with ordinary seasick passengers, and I don't blame him.

But you've been going on too long. I'll just ask Dr. Mackenzie to step in."

She was lying quite still with closed eyes, trying not to breathe, her face like alabaster between the bands of brown hair, when a step sounded in the corridor and someone knocked sharply on the half-open door.

Celia did not move, or speak. She wanted to call politely: "Come in," but decided not to risk it. She heard a deliberate step advancing and a voice, cold, unsympathetic, with a strong Scottish accent and intonation, saying:

"Well, and what's wrong with you?"

Celia chose to consider this a purely rhetorical question. It must be quite obvious what was wrong with her. She felt indignant at his callous tone, but she did open her eyes and essayed a faint smile, for Celia was incapable of rudeness.

Dr. Mackenzie brought a small chair from the other side of the cabin, sat down beside the berth.

Celia saw a rugged face, strongly hewn out of Scottish granite, grey eyes as chilly as a Highland pool, deep set under heavy brows. A grim, well-cut mouth, scored by deep lines at either side, a frowning forehead under a shock of thick fair hair, touched grey. It was a striking face and, in its harsh way, a handsome one, but its expression was unprepossessing.

"Feeling the motion a bit, are you?" he observed calmly. "You won't get better lying here starving yourself."

"The matter is beyond my control," returned Celia stiffly, detesting him.

He made no reply. He lifted her hand, held it firmly, his fingers on her wrist. His touch was kinder than his speech; strength and reassurance were communicated to Celia from that steady clasp. But she reminded herself that he was a doctor, his touch a professional one. He laid the weak hand back on the coverlet.

"Yes," he said, "it's beyond your control now. You have a good heart which deserves better treatment than you have given it."

"How could I help it?" she demanded indignantly.

"You shouldn't have given in."

"Have you ever been seasick?"

"No," he answered.

"Then," said Celia, goaded, "you don't know what you are talking about."

She was feeling stronger; she was so annoyed with this unsympathetic and unreasonable man that there was no room left for any other sensation.

"I've had much experience of it," he returned, "and I have found that a little courage and spirit in the beginning is all that is needed."

"That is sheer nonsense. I should think a doctor would know better than to make such a statement." She was sitting upright now, hazel eyes bright and a tinge of color in her cheeks; she was quite unaware that she had sat up.





Gown and Jewels by Nicole de Paris

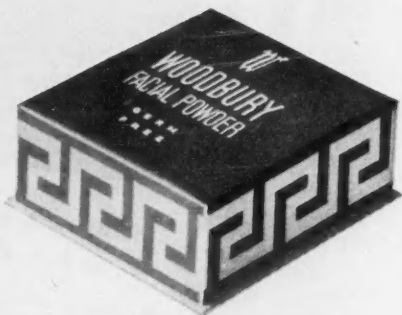
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that — thank you, Big Brother."

His throat ached. What was the use? What difference did it make to him what she did or whom she went with? She was not for him.

He walked along the snowy street, seeing nothing of the bright beauty of the fresh snow. He had counted so much on the roses. She would have to thank him—he might call her up—or she him—he might see her—

With no least wish to meet Alison—how many times the last weeks had he looked for her in vain!—he met her almost at once. She was walking along the street, somehow a different Alison. On either side of her was a man, and they were laughing, making up to her, and she was laughing, making up to them. She had on a tight black suit, with a tight black beret on her head, and a scarlet scarf matched her scarlet lips. And in the lapel of each of the three was a fresh red rose.

He met them squarely, and Alison half stopped and turned, as he lifted his hat. Her eyes were clear and grave an instant on his—and then he was by.

But he couldn't in the end resist looking back. She was laughing up at the man on her right.

■ To be Continued

### Descriptions of Patterns on Pages 35 and 36

**No. 3026**—Sizes 2, 4, 6, 8, 10. Size 6 requires, 1½ yards 35-inch fabric; 1½ yards 54-inch fabric for suspender skirt; 1½ yards 35-inch fabric for play suit. Price, 15 cents.

**No. 3025**—Sizes, 8, 10, 12, 14, 16. Size 12 requires, 2½ yards 35-inch fabric; 2¾ yards 39-inch fabric. Trimming: 1¼ yards ½-inch width grosgrain ribbon. Price, 15 cents.

**No. 3011**—Sizes 10, 12, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18. Size 15 requires, 3¾ yards 35-inch fabric; 3¾ yards 39-inch fabric for jumper; 1¾ yards 35-inch, 1¾ yards 39-inch fabric for blouse. Price, 20 cents.

**No. 3017**—Sizes 1, 2, 3, 4, 6. Size 4 requires, 1¾ yards 35-inch fabric; 1¼ yards 39-inch fabric for dress; ¼ yard 35- or 39-inch fabric for collar; 3¾ yards ¾-inch width lace edging to trim. Coat requires, 2½ yards 35-inch fabric; 1¼ yards 54-inch fabric. Price, 15 cents.

**No. 3008**—Sizes 12, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18. Size 15 requires, 3¾ yards 35-inch fabric; 3¾ yards 39-inch fabric; 4¾ yards 1¾-inch width novelty pleating. Price, 20 cents.

**No. 3015**—Sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20. Size 16 requires, 3¾ yards 35- or 39-inch lengthwise-striped material; 1½ yards of 1-inch-width ribbon for bow. Price, 15 cents.

**No. 3024**—Sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 40, 42. Size 16 requires, 3½ yards 35-inch fabric; 3½ yards 39-inch fabric for dress; 2¼ yards 35- or 39-inch fabric for slip. Price, 20 cents.

**No. 3019**—Sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46. Size 40 requires, 4¼ yards 35-inch fabric; 3¾ yards 39-inch fabric. Price, 25 cents.

**No. 3007**—Sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 40. Size 16 requires, 3¾ yards 35-inch fabric; 3 yards 39-inch fabric. Price, 20 cents. ■



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"I shall do my best," said Celia. "Housekeeping presents no terrors to me. I have been doing nothing else for about fifteen years."

## IV

DO YOU really want me to pour the tea?" Celia was asking.

"Yes, if you will," Mrs. Branson answered. "I detest pouring tea. We nearly always have several people here, and no two of them take it the same way and someone always wants more hot water when there isn't any—such a performance."

It was half-past four on the same afternoon. Olga and Celia had lunched together, a delicious lunch served at a huge table in the shady dining room. Annette had not appeared; Olga seemed to take her absence for granted and made no reference to the child. After luncheon Olga had retired to her room as was her custom, and Celia went on a tour of the house under the wing of Mam'Easter.

Mam'Easter had welcomed the newcomer cordially; an ample woman with grizzled hair under a gay handkerchief, a brown print frock and snowy apron. She had come up to Celia's room and chatted cheerfully for some quarter of an hour. And now Celia and Mrs. Branson were on the terrace, waiting for Miss Mayley and whoever else might happen to drop in for tea.

A few minutes later a group of ladies came around the corner of the house.

"Here are the aunts," said Olga.

There were three Misses Mayley; Miss Anne, the eldest, who had met Celia at the dock, Miss Serena, called Misseena, and Miss Rose. Miss Rose, the middle sister to whom Miss Anne referred as "our little housekeeper," was a gentle, willowy creature who must once have been very pretty. She had Olga's black hair and Olga's violet eyes. Misseena, the youngest, was fortyish, a sprightly spinster, inclined to girlish ways. She was enthusiastic, probably sentimental and somewhat gushing but, like her sisters, she welcomed Celia in most friendly fashion, and Celia was in no mood to be critical of anyone or anything in this enchanting place.

With these three ladies came a girl, a child of sixteen or so who made Celia think of some shy little wild thing. She had the soft eyes of a fawn, and a fawn's startled gaze. She was pretty as a flower; a briar rose, thought Celia, remembering those fragile flowers in the hedges at home, swiftly opening, dying as you plucked them.

Introduced to Celia by Miss Anne, "This is our little Annette, Miss Latimer," she responded briefly and nervously, but with the politeness characteristic of the family. Celia, to whom every young girl was a potential little sister Pam, tried to engage her in conversation but Annette, after a brief sentence or two, slipped aloofly away and seated herself on the edge of the group. Olga had merely nodded carelessly to her daughter.

Presently, as the new homemaker was pouring out second cups, footsteps were heard on the terrace in front of the house. The next moment two men appeared, one walking quickly with an impatient stride, the other some way behind him, moving deliberately.

For an instant Celia sat motionless, the silver pot suspended in her hand. She saw the man who had come sailing out through the reef this morning, the intrepid bronze figure in singlet and slacks who had so gallantly and recklessly manoeuvred his boat. He was dressed in white now, flannels and a soft silk shirt whose open collar showed the splendid column of his throat.

"Hello, aunts." His voice was quick, gay; he spoke with the familiar accent, but not harshly. "How are you, Olga?" His swift glance went to Celia, a glance of amazement which took her in, she felt, from head to foot and took in, as well, the pleasant and orderly table behind which she sat.

"Hello, Lance." Olga turned to Celia. "This is my cousin; may I present him, Miss Latimer? Mr. Lancing."

"How do you do, Miss Latimer." He strode to the table, took Celia's hand. The eyes that were like blue flowers looked straight into her own.

She felt the queerest sensation. Some-

thing hot and troubling and infinitely sweet as his gaze held her. She thought: "I have never seen such eyes. They are like gentians, or burning dark blue anemones."

"So it is you," he said, and then he smiled, a flash of strong white teeth in his deeply tanned face.

"It is I, certainly. But—"

"I saw you this morning, on the deck," he explained. "But I did not guess—I came over to have a look at Olga's new friend, expecting to find something spectacular and grim."

He laughed, drawing himself up and turning to the other man who was now being welcomed by Miss Anne.

"Alec, you're a blighter. Of all the cold and cautious Scots. You knew. Why the dickens?" He broke off to add: "Here is a friend of yours, Miss Latimer. Or at any rate a ship's acquaintance. I don't suppose—"

"Good afternoon, Miss Latimer," the second man broke in. Celia, astonished, looked at the ship's doctor. She had not recognized him as he came around the terrace in the wake of the other; she had been scarcely aware of him seeing only the handsome face and vivid eyes of Lance.

"Good afternoon, Dr. Mackenzie."

Her astonished gaze questioned him, even reproached him; for what was he doing here—this man who had spoken so slightly of Lancing's performance this morning, and so cryptically, so cynically of the entire island?

If he saw the disapproval and astonishment in her eyes he made no reply to it. He sat down, close to her table, and looked with appreciation at the three-tiered stand with its covered dish of hot bread and fluffy iced cakes. "And how are you liking the island?"

"I have only been here about ten hours," she answered with a touch of crispness. "But if the rest of my stay is as delightful as those ten hours have been, I shall agree with Mr. Carruthers that there is no place like it."

"No," he agreed mildly, "there's not."

With the air of a conscientious schoolmaster having satisfactorily disposed of an unintelligent pupil, the doctor now turned to chat with the others. Celia relaxed in her chair, watching them all.

Dinner was at eight o'clock. Dr. Mackenzie and the aunts dined with them. The great table was laid with a fine old-fashioned damask cloth, a heavy lace centrepiece, enormous starched napkins. There was a bowl of heliotrope on the centrepiece, flanked by candles in old silver candlesticks. The candlesticks were tarnished; Celia made a note of the fact as she took her place.

They had coffee on the terrace afterward, Celia pouring it at Olga's request. The two men withdrew a little, talking together; Olga was quiet in her long chair; Annette flitted like a ghost about the garden; the Misses Mayley chatted placidly with Celia. From far away came the boom of the surf; there was no other sound.

A sense of enchantment stole over Celia; a feeling such as she had never known before in all her busy, practical life. This place, these people, had caught her imagination, fascinated her.

The aunts presently rose to say good night; Lancing and the doctor said they would escort them to Rosewoods and then Lance would run Alec over to his ship in the launch. Alec crossed the terrace to take leave of Celia.

"Do you think you are going to like it here?" he asked abruptly.

"I am going to love it. I love it already." Her voice held a lilt that he had heard before; her eyes, involuntarily, sent a swift glance toward the other man, standing erect by the steps. "They are all so exceedingly kind to me."

Without replying, Alec took her hand, held it firmly, a touch she remembered. From under the shaggy brows he gave her a long, inscrutable look. In the light that streamed across the terrace from the open French windows she saw that his face had a drawn expression and the grey eyes were tired. It made him, she thought, more human, more likable. She wanted to say something else, something nice to him, but could think of nothing; the moment passed, he dropped her hand, turned to say good-by to Olga and Annette.

"Shall we see you again, Alec?" Olga was asking.

"Perhaps," he replied with native caution.

The two men with the three elderly ladies went down the steps and around the corner of the house.

"Are you ready for bed, Miss Latimer?" Olga asked.

"Yes, quite, Mrs. Branson."

"So am I. Run along, Annette." Olga stooped to kiss her daughter. "God bless," she said perfunctorily.

"Good night, Miss Celia," Annette said, shy and polite.

"Good night, dear." Celia would have kissed the wild-rose face, too, but Annette, in her elf-like fashion, was gone.

Celia lay in her high bed under the thick mosquito net. Beyond her wide-open windows she could see a stretch of velvet sky, and, etched against it, branches of the wild-looking cedar trees. She could hear a faint wind sighing and the distant boom of the surf. And she caught the scent of freesias from the garden below.

She lay open-eyed, drowsy, yet unable to sleep, going over and over again the events of this day. Lancing in his boat, skimming out through the reef, bringing her heart into her throat as he swung his great boom over. The arrival at the quay, the lovely drive, the old house and its gracious mistress. The tea-party, the hour that followed the sudden twilight, the delicious dinner and the delightful family at the table.

Alec. A queer intimate of this place. A jarring note.

Olga. Fascinating and beautiful, charming to Celia.

The aunts. Utterly adorable. Even Misseena with her regrettably girlish ways.

Annette. An unknown quantity. A woodland sprite. Pathetic, somehow.

Lance.

Celia, half asleep, was stung to wakefulness again. Most interesting of this interesting family—Lance. Vital, compelling, handsome as a bronze god. Still unexplained—what was his exact relation to the others; was he married or unmarried, what did he do, what held so forceful a personality to this remote island?—but none the less interesting because of his ambiguity.

Celia's cheeks burned a sudden crimson in the darkness.

"Am I crazy? Am I really becoming romantic about a man I never laid eyes on until today? A man I know nothing whatsoever about? Am I Celia Latimer or a hysterical schoolgirl? Of all the ridiculous nonsense! But his eyes—no man has a right to eyes like that."

She drifted into sleep at last, lulled by the wind and the soft monotonous booming of the surf.

## V

CELIA came out to the terrace, bareheaded in the sunshine. She was wearing a thin white linen frock, short-sleeved, buttoned from hem to wide low collar with big pearl buttons. A fresh and workmanlike frock which suited her erect young figure.

With her employer, Celia was getting on very well. She was already "Celia" to Olga; the elder woman seemed fond of her and pleased with her companionship.

With Annette, on the contrary, Celia had made small headway. Annette was polite, sweet, but eternally elusive. She spent more than half her time at Rosewoods, the aunts' place which adjoined Cedar Hill. Celia, remembering Olga's display of motherly authority that first evening was more than a little surprised by the calm indifference with which she accepted her daughter's frequent absence. Annette came and went unquestioned; she got up at dawn or lay in bed till noon, just as she pleased. Celia could not approve of such irregular hours for a girl of Annette's age.

"But I have only been here two weeks today," she reminded herself. "I mustn't grow censorious or old-maidy. And one can't expect people, even young girls, who live in this semi-tropical place to be just like girls at home. But, I do wish Annette would make friends with me."

Thinking of the child, she went along the terrace and down into the garden. This was a wild and lovely place of descending terraces and irrelevant patches



of flowers; freesias, rose bushes, jasmine vines, trailing geraniums, and many others all growing in a crazy profusion among the cedar trees. Celia snipped off dead blossoms here and there, freed a rose bush from a strangling vine, picked fresh flowers for the house. As she was about to go back to the upper terrace again she saw someone coming up the path from the shore—Lancing.

She had not seen him since that first evening; he had gone off on a cruise with some of his friends the following day. She knew that he had returned and had been to see Olga but Celia, busy with her duties, had not seen him.

She had, however, learned more about him, although she did not know his exact relationship to the family. Olga, with characteristic vagueness, had told her that he was a widower—"He was married when he was about eighteen," she explained—and that his young wife had died shortly afterward, leaving a baby boy. This child, whose name was Guy, was now just nineteen years old; a charming lad, according to Olga. At the moment he was away on a fishing expedition but he would be back before long. To Celia this appeared just one more romantic fact surrounding the figure of Lancing. A boy-and-girl marriage, a boy left with a motherless son—no wonder there was a shade occasionally upon Lancing's handsome face.

As he came up the path now her color deepened a trifle, but she met him with her own serene smile.

"You are up early, Miss Latimer," he said.

"I always am. Who could stay in bed on such mornings as these?"

"Not you, evidently. Olga hasn't stirred yet, I suppose?"

"I don't think so. Do you want to see her?"

"Not particularly. I just looked in to see what the chances were of a cup of coffee. I have been for an early sail and am ravenous."

"You shall have more than a cup of coffee. I'll ask Aunt Phoebe to make you an omelet. Would you like it on the terrace?"

"I should like it wherever you are going to have yours."

"I?" She looked a trifle startled.

"You haven't had breakfast yet, have you?"

"No, I haven't."

"Then we'll have it together. On the terrace."

"But—" Celia began. His dark blue eyes twinkled.

"Are you going to tell me you think it improper to have breakfast with me? If so, you will have to get used to impropriety, for I warn you I am apt to appear, ravenous, at this hour several times a week. Cedar Hill makes an excellent port of call for an early sailor."

She did not know quite what to answer. It seemed to her not improper but perhaps in questionable taste for Mrs. Branson's companion to have breakfast alone with Mr. Lancing who, member of the family though he was, was still a comparative stranger to herself. She hesitated; and Lance, again with a twinkle, said:

"Unless, of course, you really prefer to sit in splendid isolation in the dining room eating half the omelet while I consume the other half just outside the window."

"But of course not," Celia laughed. Put like that, she could see the absurdity of her hesitation. He would think her a prig; worse, he might think that she attached an importance to sharing an alfresco meal with him which he himself did not attach.

"I'll tell Laurelee and Phoebe," she said as they reached the upper terrace, and went swiftly into the house.

She did not come back again until a small table had been set out and a smoking omelet placed upon it and a round flat dish of guava jelly and a fresh-baked loaf of hot bread.

Celia sat down at the table facing



Dr. Mackenzie smiled grimly. "You've got your temper left," he announced. "You are not dying yet, Miss Latimer."

"I didn't think I was dying. I'm not an idiot. But I have been miserably ill and I thought that perhaps you could do something to relieve me."

"I'll do more than relieve you. I'm going to give you an injection now and you'll sleep the clock round; tomorrow you'll come up on deck. And eat your lunch. If you think you can't walk I'll have you carried up."

"Thank you," said Celia faintly. "I'll try to get up by myself. If I possibly can—"

"You can," he returned. "You are better already, you know."

He busied himself with antiseptic and syringe, gave her an injection in the arm. "Now, go to sleep," he said, and with a short nod tramped out of the cabin.

"Well," thought Celia. "Of all the bears. Fancy having a man like that for a ship's doctor. I—I'll go up on deck tomorrow if I have to crawl." Her heavy eyelids fluttered down; she was asleep; soundly asleep for the first time since she had come aboard the ship.

She awakened feeling weak, light-headed but not ill. The cabin seemed very quiet; what had happened? The creakings and groanings had ceased, her clothes hung steadily, the curtain barely moved.

"Here we are," cried the stewardess, coming in with a small tray. "You look as fresh as paint, Miss Latimer. And now what about a nice cup of tea and a piece of thin toast?"

"I'd love it," Celia was astonished to find herself hungry.

"That's right. You get outside of this, Miss Latimer, and then I'll come and help you to dress. It's a glorious morning and calm as a mill-pond."

Celia at her toast and drank her tea; the stewardess came back and helped her to wash and dress.

"Tomorrow you'll be having a nice hot salt bath," said she cheerfully, "but we won't risk it today. Now then—up we go."

A flood of sunshine, dazzle of blue sea, strong sweet air rushed toward them as they gained the open deck. Celia was put into a long chair, tucked in a rug. Other passengers in other chairs smiled at her in friendly fashion. At a quarter to one she was studying, with interest, the menu card which the deck steward had brought her. She ate roast chicken and green salad and caramel pudding. And then she went to sleep again and woke up looking forward to tea, and had tea, and after that she decided to try a walk.

On her second turn of the deck she came face to face with Dr. Mackenzie.

"Well, Miss Latimer, so you are up. Feeling all right?"

"I feel splendidly, thank you."

"What you needed was a good sleep," he said, "and a bit of help for that heart strain. The rest was left to you and now," he finished severely, "you see what comes of pulling yourself together and getting out on deck."

"But the sea is calm today. If it had been rough—or gets rough again—"

"It'll get rough again, but you'll not notice it. You've got your sea-legs now. She can stand on her head and you'll not feel it."

"I wish I could believe you."

"You may," said the doctor. "I know what I'm talking about—this time."

Celia flushed.

"I am afraid I was rude, Dr. Mackenzie."

"You were in a temper," he admitted, "and it did you good. Got your mind off yourself. You were sunk in self-pity when I saw you."

"I was wretchedly ill."

"Well, yes," he said. "But that, too, has been good for you. Best preparation for a trip, a couple of days' sickness." He saluted, and without further ado continued his way along the deck, leaving Celia astonished and, again, indignant.

She met him again as she walked the deck; he nodded briefly as she passed. He was clearly not interested in her and Celia was glad. She wanted no more of Dr. Mackenzie.

The voyage was uneventful. Celia

made friends with the passengers; the elderly people thought her charming, the men enjoyed talking with the intelligent Miss Latimer, and the younger women found her inoffensive. A nice girl, pretty enough, but certainly no beauty. Going out as companion to someone? An ideal companion, simply cut out for it.

Celia read their estimate of herself and could only agree; an unobtrusive young woman of twenty-six. But those twenty-six years were beginning to be very lightly carried; the sun and the sea were having their way with her. A faint pink color burned in her cheeks; her eyes were as clear as if they had been dipped in water, and the edges of her hair were beginning to look as if they had been gilded.

At last came a night of tropical warmth with a sea black velvet and sky purple velvet, studded with stars which seemed so close above one's head that one need only lift a hand to pluck them.

Celia stood by the rail of the deck. What a night! What an utterly heavenly night—if one had not been all alone. In that immensity of sea and sky the ship seemed a tiny thing, lost, and she herself lost upon it.

Then, as she stood there, something came across the water; a breath, a fragrance, so pure, so piercingly sweet that the girl by the rail gave a cry of sheer rapture.

Even as she did so the fragrance passed and was gone. To Celia, this was calamity. She leaned outward, perilously, trying to recapture that scent, everything else forgotten. It came again, stronger, sweeter, and as she stood breathing it, enraptured, Dr. Mackenzie strolled up to her side. It was the first time that he had ever joined her.

She turned dazed eyes upon him. "What is it?" she demanded.

"What's what?" Her appearance and her tone surprised him. "Is there something down there in the water? A shark?"

"No, no. That divine scent. Can't you smell it?"

The Scottish officer sniffed unromantically.

"That's the freesias," he said. "On Blanque."

Freesias. Of course. She had known—she had hoped—but in the stress of departure and the interest of the voyage she had forgotten. And it had come so suddenly—without warning—

"Are we ten miles out?" she asked. "Ten? More like two. We're there; didn't you know? But of course we'll have to lie outside until sunrise."

"Freesias," said Celia, still speaking in that way which was so unlike herself. "But the whole island must be made of freesias to smell them at this distance."

"So it is. There are fields of them. Soil seems to suit them."

"What a heavenly place it must be!"

The doctor glanced at her curiously. "You've not been to Blanque before?"

"Never."

"Know anything about it?"

"Only what Mr. Carruthers, the father of my employer, has told me," Celia answered. "He thinks there is no place like Blanque; says it is unique."

"It's that, all right," the doctor agreed and added slowly: "The best thing that could happen to Blanque would be for a tidal wave to wash over it and never wash back again."

"What on earth do you mean?" she demanded.

"You'll find out for yourself if you're making a long stay," he replied, and turned on his heel in his abrupt fashion and went striding off along the deck.

The ship lay to at midnight, making port at dawn. All night long in her little cabin Celia lay between sleeping and waking, and all night, in reality or imagination, she could smell the freesias.

She was up before dawn and she saw the sun rise over Blanque. The island lay, between sea and sky, like a little miracle of heaven. It was low upon the water and there seemed to be no hills; its colors were white, flushed now to rose under the rising sun, and vivid green, set in a blue-green sea under a turquoise sky.

All the passengers were gathered on deck by this time, impatient to make land. Suddenly, out through the opening in the reef something skimmed like

a swallow, a slim white yacht with mainsail and jib bellying in the wind. It came swiftly on, rising and dipping among the waves. It was manned by a crew of one, a tall figure in a singlet and grey slacks who stood erect at the tiller.

"Nerve," one of the men passengers commented. "I shouldn't care to take a boat out single-handed in this sea."

The sailing craft came on, came close, straight for the ship.

"Look out," someone cried involuntarily. A collision seemed imminent; there was no time to go about as a boat of that size should go about; the man at the tiller sent his boom over and a gasp ran along the deck of the ship.

They expected to see him capsize, but the yacht righted herself, was moving now alongside, slowly, her sails flapping as the big hull cut off the wind, the man at the tiller standing unmoved.

Celia, who had closed her eyes when that boom snapped over, opened them again and looked down at the sailor below. A splendid figure, bare-armed, bare-throated, deeply tanned; a man of bronze with strong black hair, and eyes that were like blue flowers.

"A man," thought Celia. "Good heavens, what a man."

Was he the pilot? Evidently, he was not. Supremely disregarding the passengers who were staring down at him, he shouted up at the officer who stood on the bridge. Celia could not catch what he said but he appeared to be asking if something had been brought for him. The officer laughed and made reply, the words were borne away on the wind, but the man in the boat appeared satisfied, edged from the ship's side, caught the breeze again and went skimming away to the right. Celia watched the diminishing white sail until it was just a speck upon the wild waters.

### III

AT LAST the official preliminaries were over, the passengers streamed down the gangway. Celia, suddenly nervous again, looked anxiously about and once more found Dr. Mackenzie beside her.

"It's Miss Mayley you are expecting," he said. "She's over here," and he guided the girl through the crowd.

Miss Mayley proved to be a pleasant-faced, white-haired woman dressed in thin grey muslin of ample cut and a style reminiscent of the nineties. She smiled kindly and put out her hand to Celia, saying in the same quaint accent but with a much softer voice than the girl had yet heard among the white people here:

"I am glad to see you, Miss Latimer. We have all been looking forward to your arrival. I hope you had a good trip."

The words were simple, but the manner in which they were spoken made Celia feel, not an employee arriving at her job, but an honored guest whose coming had been eagerly awaited. This was distinctly heartening; Celia's eyes were shining as she replied to Miss Mayley's welcome, and followed into an old-fashioned victoria.

They turned in presently between two worn pillars denuded of gates and went up a rough driveway. Facing them was a large low house, its coral walls mellowed by a hundred seasons of sun and rain, and winds. It stood far back framed by a thicket of the small wild-looking cedar trees; there was a terrace before it with sunken brick steps leading up from the drive. And at the top of the steps a young woman stood waiting.

The ancient horse stopped of its own accord; Miss Mayley and Celia got out of the carriage, went up the steps. The young woman stood quite still as they came, unsmiling, looking at Celia. Then, as Miss Mayley said, "This is Miss Latimer, Olga," she suddenly smiled and gave Celia her hand, saying, as her aunt had said:

"I am glad to see you."

To Celia, again amused, there was something staged about this welcome; Olga's initial immobility, her slightly royal posture as she stood there, then the transforming smile, the gracious phrase. But the whole setting was stage-like; the old coral house, the wide ter-

race, the moss-grown steps, the backdrop of fantastic trees.

"It is a perfect setting for her," Celia thought, "and I suppose she can't help playing up to it." For Olga Branson was beautiful.

Olga was in truth a lovely creature; it was difficult to believe that she was in her thirties. Her beauty was of a type which particularly appealed to Celia; dense black hair, parted in the centre and drawn back in a great knot on her neck, perfect features, big eyes the color of violets, with long silky lashes. A woman who made you think of moonlight.

"Am I going to like her?"

Celia could not as yet be sure. Olga was speaking charmingly at the moment, a careful hostess, her manner was like Miss Mayley's, making Celia feel not an employee but a guest. There was something almost angelic about her, but Celia had an inborn distrust of human angels.

Olga took Celia up the shining staircase to the square gallery upon which all the upstairs rooms opened. Celia found that she was to have a suite to herself; sitting-room, bedroom and bathroom. All these had big windows looking out over the terrace at the side of the house; she caught a glimpse of lower terraces and bright, irrelevant patches of flowers, coarse greyish grass and beyond, through a vista of cedars, the glimmer of the sea.

"I hope you will be comfortable here."

"I should be hard to please if I were not," Celia responded.

Celia's modest luggage was already there; Isaac and the boys had brought it over by motor-launch from the town.

"We have an old launch for marketing and so on," Olga explained. "The servants use it; it is quicker than driving or sailing. And now you want to unpack; I'll leave you in peace."

But instead of leaving she seated herself in a winged chair which wore a petticoat of starched white muslin.

"Sit down," she said. "Let's have a chat. You have all day to unpack. Or if you will hand your keys to Mam'Easter she'll do it for you."

Celia sat down in another white-frilled chair.

"Mam'Easter?" she questioned, smiling.

"The family tyrant," Olga replied. "She was my nurse, and Annette's. Our mammy, as we call our black nurses. But we had to distinguish between her and the old mammy at first, so we called her Mammy Easter and ran it together."

"I see," said Celia. "But why Easter?"

"That is her Christian name. They love names like that."

"And she still looks after your daughter?"

"She looks after us all. Rules the house. She adores us, especially Annette."

"I am looking forward to meeting Annette," Celia said. "How old is she?"

"Sixteen."

"Is she like you?" Celia asked.

"No, not at all. But she's a pretty youngster. I don't know where she has got to; she ought to have been here. I expect she is over at Rosewoods."

"What is Rosewoods?"

"My aunt's place. It adjoins our own. It is a lovely old place, larger than ours, but not so fine as Fairfax."

"Fairfax?"

"My cousin's estate. The finest place on the island. Lance gives wonderful parties there."

"I have heard of someone called Lance from Mr. Carruthers," said Celia. "But I have not got you all straight yet."

"We are too complicated to explain," said Olga languidly. "You will just have to sort us out as you go along. Or don't bother to sort us. Half the island is related; we've been here for generations."

"So I understood. It sounds delightful. And now," said Celia, "will you tell me just what my duties are to be? You would like me to take over the house-keeping, I suppose?"

"Take over everything," said Olga with her entrancing smile. "I was not born to run a house. We'll have a talk with Mam'Easter and she will explain everything to you. I want you to take complete charge; pour the tea and so on, looking after people, all that sort of thing. I like entertaining, but I don't like any of the bother of it."



got that same impression of you," he said, "the first time I set eyes on you. Leaning over the deck of the ship."

"The first time you set eyes on me," Celia retorted, "I was more than flurried; I was panic-stricken. We all thought you were going to capsize."

"Why on earth should you have thought that?"

"It was very rough. And the way you turned—jibed, I mean—"

"I remember. There was a bit of sea on. But I wanted to find out if they had brought my English saddle."

"And you couldn't wait until the ship had docked?"

"I never wait, Miss Celia."

She laughed, giving her head a little shake. She had guessed before this that Lancing was the most impatient of men; he was the most vital being she had ever encountered and this quality in him, while it charmed her, also puzzled her. She wondered why such a man was content to live in this little island; she would have thought that he would want to go out into the world, meet his peers, fight and conquer.

"You are coming to see my home, Fairfax, tomorrow," he announced.

"Am I? That will be delightful. I have been longing to see the estate."

"I want to show it to you. I should have asked you before but, as you know, we have been patching up the house. The roof was leaking and part of it collapsed in the last big blow."

"As I told you it would, a year ago," said Alec Mackenzie, coming to the table with his own and Misseena's coffee-cups.

"You did, you croaking raven," sighed Lance.

"And was I not right?"

"Are you ever wrong?"

"No," said Alec, and went back with the two refilled cups.

They sat on in the warm, windless evening. It had been a hot day; now, in the softened air, a general lassitude took hold upon them all. Olga seemed half-asleep, Annette was silent, even Misseena presently subsided. Alec Mackenzie and Miss Anne murmured placidly together; in the faint light which shone directly upon the doctor's big figure, Celia could see again that look of strain in the stern face and tired lines about his eyes. She was touched by compunction; no doubt he badly needed this long holiday of his. To be a brain specialist must be a trying and exhausting profession.

But Celia could not think very much about Dr. Mackenzie; could not think very clearly about anything. Lancing was still beside her, lazy in his chair, smoking cigarette after cigarette. Celia sat very still, every nerve in her body aware of his nearness, of the magnetic quality of him. There was no sound save the beat of the surf and the low murmur of Miss Mayley's and Alec's voices.

"What peace," said Celia, who did not feel at all peaceful, but felt constrained to speak, to break the spell which threatened her.

"It is you," said Lancing softly. "You are a tranquil woman and have influenced us all in the one short fortnight."

She flushed crimson, tried to protest, could find no words. She saw Alec Mackenzie looking gravely at her. Miss Anne rose.

"We must be going, my dears," she said to her sisters.

The two men were at once on their feet; there was a little bustle of departure; Celia said good night and slipped off to her room.

Her mirror showed her a flushed face and two starry eyes.

"You are not to be silly!" she admonished the reflection severely. "Because a man gives you a simple compliment you look like that. If you start getting ideas in your head you will spoil everything; spoil this heavenly place. This island and these dear, dear people are enough for you without getting sentimental. Besides, he would never look at you."

Giving her head a decided shake she turned from the mirror, began to undress. She heard Olga and Annette come upstairs, heard Olga's bell ringing and one of the maids running up the back staircase which led to the gallery. A few minutes later Celia went to her bathroom, thinking with satisfaction of the boiling hot water which was so abund-

ant at Cedar Hill. Coming back again she passed Mrs. Branson's closed door and caught the sound of voices, one raised in anger, one soft and protesting, a velvety Negro voice which she recognized as belonging to Isabelle, Olga's personal maid.

"Clumsy fool! You have torn the lace." That was Olga. Then came the sound of two loud, sharp blows and a burst of heavy sobbing.

Celia hurried on, feeling faint and sick; she reached her own door and heard, from across the gallery, the slam of another door and saw a wild little figure flying down the stairs; Annette, running like something pursued.

Celia closed her door, stood in the centre of the room, shaken and breathless. Olga had slapped Isabelle's face, and Annette had heard and had gone flying down the stairs like a mad thing. Dear heaven! Did Olga sometimes strike Annette?

Celia's hands clenched at her sides. Should she follow the child? Her first impulse was to do so. But what could she do? How attempt to comfort the little thing? She was not yet on intimate terms with Annette, and one need be on very intimate terms indeed to venture to discuss a mother with her daughter. What could she say? Make excuse for Olga? It was hardly her place to do that. She was, however charmingly treated, an employee in this house. What Olga did was no affair of hers.

"I had better do nothing," Celia decided. "Annette did not know that I saw her; Mrs. Branson certainly does not know that I heard. It will be far better for me to pretend ignorance."

With a very sober face she finished her preparations for the night, put out her light and got into bed. She lay listening; and presently heard small feet come creeping up the stairs and the faint click of the latch on Annette's door.

"She is back again. She is all right," Celia sighed, turned on her pillow. But it wasn't all right; a shadow had fallen upon Cedar Hill, upon the enchanted island. It wasn't quite so perfect as she had thought.

## VII

DAZZLING sunshine, Mam'Easter's smile, a hot tub and a freshly laundered frock dispelled much of the shadow next morning. The sight of pretty Isabelle tripping through the hall and laughing flirtatiously with Sam, lifted it still further. Isabelle showed no trace of depression, no one could have been gayer. Probably she was used to such treatment and did not resent it. Celia decided to forget that unpleasant incident; Olga knew her own servants and how to deal with them. If, somewhere deep in her consciousness, Celia was aware of the sophistry of this conclusion, she ignored it. Blanche must remain a bright Paradise; nothing must shadow it.

Olga, when she appeared, which was not until lunchtime, was her usual angelically lovely self; Annette, also at the table, looked quite happy. Olga reminded Celia that they were dining to-night at Fairfax.

"Don't dress," she added. "Put on your flowered cotton crêpe and take your big white coat. We are sailing over and you'll want it coming back. We'll leave here shortly after tea."

Celia put on the cotton crêpe frock with its deep organdie collar which made her look more than ever like something out of a Dutch picture, and the shady hat of coarse straw with its wreath of cornflowers which she had bought in the little town. Lancing appeared about five o'clock; they all walked down through the garden to the bay, where he rowed them out to his yacht.

Amusing, thought Celia, to sail to a dinner engagement. She had never been in a sailing boat before; there was no water anywhere near the inland town which had been her home. The bay was crisped by a light wind that caught the sails and carried them gently along, then freshened as they neared a headland, heeled them over and with a swish and a rush sent them flying.

Celia's first impression of Fairfax was of dimness and coolness and a sombre beauty. A thicket gave place to a banana grove, dark and eerie, then the path opened upon a garden, terraced like the

garden at Cedar Hill, but very much larger. The house stood above, its side to them as they came. They went up a series of slippery, mossgrown steps and along the final ridge to the front of the house.

It faced a wide lawn of coarse grass, founded by a very jungle of oleanders through which one caught glimpses of more short flights of steps as the ground fell away again. It was a large house, built of coral and pillared in Colonial fashion. It was graciously proportioned with its high centre dwelling and the two low wings characteristic of that architecture. Behind the white columns was a flagged piazza set with basket chairs and tables; the fine doorway had a lovely old fanlight.

There were flower borders to right and left and edging the rim of trees; the flowers grew in the crazy profusion to which Celia was by this time accustomed. Altogether, it was a beautiful place, with something remote and spell-bound about it, something of wildness and strangeness. Celia was fascinated and a little chilled.

They dined at half-past seven in order not to make it too late getting back to Cedar Hill. Lancing, at the head of his table, was a perfect host, animated, amusing, his blue eyes alight.

The others seemed infected by him; Olga was her pleasantest self, Alec Mackenzie talked as Celia had not heard him talk before. She saw that the two men were on excellent terms; if Alec disapproved of his friend—and she knew that in certain respects he did—he had for him a sincere affection which Lance obviously returned.

Just as they were finishing dinner an interruption occurred. Someone came running across the piazza, into the house. They heard a cry of welcome from old Horace, a young voice answering.

"It is Guy!"

Lancing sat electrified. Celia saw his eager face, a new light in his eyes, a smile she had never seen before on the fine mouth. Her own face quivered with sympathy; she was strongly moved by this evidence of love for his motherless son.

The dining-room door burst open, the young man entered. Lancing sprang from his place, caught the tall, slight figure in his arms, gave him an unabashed hug and then, still with one arm about his son's shoulders, turned to the others. Alec by this time had also risen, was shaking the boy's hand.

"Hel-lo, Uncle Alec," cried Guy. "This is great. I had no idea of finding you here."

Laughing, he broke from his father's embrace. "Aunt Olga, too!" He bent to kiss her. "And Annette, my ugly duckling—bless you." He kissed the top of Annette's golden head, straightened up, looked smilingly toward Celia.

"This is my son, Miss Celia," said Lance. "Miss Latimer, Guy. You remember that she was coming out to Aunt Olga."

"How do you do, Miss Celia," Guy came to her side with outstretched hand. "Yes, of course I remember. But I thought she would be old and stringy."

"I hope you are not disappointed," Celia laughed.

"Hardly. And I'm afraid that sounded rather rude. Please forgive me. It's so good to get home—and to find you all here—" He was clearly excited.

"Sit down," commanded Lance, "and try to behave like a sensible being. Have you had any dinner?"

"Not a bite. We landed an hour ago and I came straight on; couldn't wait."

Guy sat down opposite Celia and attacked his meal with appetite while the others amused themselves with the various fruits heaped in the great centre dish.

His face was thin and so were the long, nervous hands. And he was obviously excitable. But he was an exceedingly attractive youth, with his father's quick smile and graceful, easy bearing.

When he had finished what Horace had brought, and refused anything more, they all left the table and strolled out to the piazza for coffee. Annette, as usual, perched herself aloof from the company; Guy, after handing around the little cups, seated himself on the piazza steps at her side.

"And how is the babe?" he asked.

## CHATELAINE Complete Novel

"Fine, thank you."

Celia, glancing at her, saw the child's face flooded with sudden hot color.

"So that's it," she thought, startled. "But she is only sixteen." Well, girls were marrying at seventeen these days; Celia had to admit it although she by no means approved of it. As for Annette—again Celia was reminded of those bria-roses at home, so swift to open, shedding their precocious sweetness and dying too soon. Annette was childlike but far from childish; she was not too young to fall in love.

"Do the others know it?" Celia wondered. "Does Guy himself know it? Is he in love with her?"

She did not think that either was the case. Guy did not give that impression and the others, she was sure, looked upon Annette as a mere infant.

"I hope it isn't so," thought Celia. "She may not be too young to fall in love, but she is far too young to be thinking of such things. Poor baby."

They left Fairfax soon after they had drunk their coffee. Lancing was to sail them home again, under the young moon. Alec, who was spending a night or two with his friend before taking up his quarters in the hotel, was coming in the yacht to keep Lance company on the way back; Guy was ordered by his father to stay at home and go to bed; his fishing trip had been a strenuous one.

She never forgot that sail in the moonlight. The dark sea with its shining band of white, the dancing ripples and diamond spray, the warm sweet wind, the rush of small waves.

Lance at the tiller, his fine face clear in the white light, one brown arm with the sleeve rolled up above the elbow moving so easily yet so surely to and fro. There was beauty in the night and beauty—no other word for it—heart-breaking beauty in Lance himself, a figure carved against the sky. This was his element; the sea and the wind and the swift-sailing boat. He was silent, absorbed in his task which he loved. He looked remote, he seemed to Celia very far away. For a crazy instant she was jealous of the sea and the wind which seemed a part of him and were no part of her.

## VIII

THE Misses Maley were giving a tea-party, quite a large affair. The garden at Rosewoods was dotted with wicker chairs and cushions, women in summery frocks, a goodly sprinkling of men. Miss Rose sat at the tea-table, Miss Anne graciously received the guests as they came, Misseena fluttered from group to group in her girlish fashion. Olga was surrounded by men as Olga generally was; Annette politely passed cups and plates, retreating at intervals to the low, curving branch of a cedar tree which, characteristically, she preferred to any sort of chair.

Celia watched the pretty scene with absent eyes which continually strayed toward the path which led in from the big gates. Presently two figures appeared on this path; Dr. Mackenzie and Lancing. Celia's heart bumped against her breast.

All the men were in white, most of them in the linen which was the island uniform. Alec Mackenzie's suit was of drill, stiff, a trifle clumsy, it made him look bigger and broader than ever. Lancing's was of fine flannel, extremely well cut; he wore a shirt of thick white silk and a tie that matched his eyes.

He looked his best in white; as he swung across the grass with his long, easy stride, Celia's eyelids came down, pressing hard. It was too much, it was almost more than she could bear, that gallant, graceful figure, that proud dark head, his smile which was so quick and so gay. She saw him bend over Miss Anne Mayley, lift the old lady's soft wrinkled hand and kiss it; he could do these things which in another man would seem exaggerated. He greeted



Lance, poured the steaming, fragrant coffee, while he divided the omelet. Sunlight flickered upon them through the dark branches of the trees, the morning air was sweet with the scent of flowers and the tang of the sea.

"Well, and how are you getting on?" Lancing, having disposed of his omelet and two thick slices of bread, relaxed in his chair.

"Very happily, thank you," she answered.

"Are you in full swing now? Taking charge?"

"Yes, I think I am. The servants have accepted me, with certain reservations. In moments of stress I appeal to Mam'Easter."

"She aids and abets you?" He looked amused.

"Yes. She is my great stand-by. I think she likes me," said Celia simply.

"You astonish me. There is no account for taste. And so it is all plain sailing?"

"Well, I shouldn't say that," Celia returned. "I have made very little impression on Phoebe, and Mam'Easter's sway seems to stop short at the kitchen door."

"Mam'Easter knows her limitations," he laughed. "Even I, thirty-eight last birthday, quail before Mammy's disapproval. A terrific woman. But Aunt Phoebe's her match and she has the sense to know it. They respect each other and preserve an armed neutrality. Have you come to grips with Phoebe?"

"I have come to grips but I am not defeated. I've got the kitchen floor swept, and the saucepans and those great roasting dishes are thoroughly scalded every day. And this morning all the dish towels went to the laundry." She spoke with an endearing touch of housewifely pride; the hazel eyes were quite serious as they met his.

"All this in two short weeks," he said. His voice was teasing and it had softened; it could take on, when he chose, a velvet quality. Celia drew a long breath, steadied herself and replied calmly:

"It is not very much, but one has to make a beginning. And it is always best to start as you mean to go on."

The instant she had said it she knew it was the last thing she should have said.

"Exactly." His brilliant smile flashed out. "More or less my own words to you half an hour ago. I refer," he added absurdly, "to the question of our breakfasting together. Now that we have broken the ice—made a beginning, as you put it—"

Her mouth twitched in spite of herself. She wanted to laugh but was determined not to do so. It was all very well for him to take this cheery, friendly tone, but she was in a somewhat delicate position. She was his cousin's paid employee, her position carried certain obligations and certain dignities, she could not meet him on an entirely free footing and he ought to have the wit to realize it.

"Come," he exclaimed as she was silent, "you are not offended with me, are you? I should be very sorry to think that, Miss Celia."

"Of course I am not offended." What else could she say?

"Then smile," he urged. "And say that you will be friends with me."

"I hope," she answered gravely, "that we shall be good friends. It is very kind of you—and of all the others—to make me feel so much at home. I—I appreciate it. And now, if you will excuse me, I must go in and see to Mrs. Branson's tray."

"Must you? Surely Laurelee can set a tray."

"She can," said Celia, smiling at last, "in her own way. But I prefer it done my way." She rose from the table.

"Good morning, Mr. Lancing."

At once he was on his feet.

"Good morning, Miss Celia."

His eyes were laughing down at her; did he think her ridiculous? But she did not care if he did; his raillery was the reverse of unkind. If he made fun of you, he thrilled you at the same time. Celia had not been teased or laughed at for many long years; she felt suddenly young and attractive; after all, men do not tease unattractive girls. She gave him a shy little nod and hurried into the house.

That afternoon Celia and Annette

drove into town to the hairdresser's. As the ancient horse ambled down the driveway, Celia said impulsively, "Tell me about your family, dear."

"I never saw my father," Annette said, "or my own mother, either."

"Your own—but surely—" Celia began.

"I always think of Mother as my own, but I—" the lovely brown eyes looked up at Celia appealingly—"I'm really an outsider."

"I don't understand," said Celia.

"I don't belong to the island, I'm not a relation," Annette replied sadly, as if not to belong to the island were something very sorrowful indeed. "My own mother died when I was born and my father married Olga Carruthers. When he died, she kept me."

"I see," said Celia. "I did not know that, Annette. And your parents were not *Blanche* people?"

"No, Miss Celia. They were in Bermuda—Father's regiment was stationed there. Mother—this mother, I mean—was there, too, visiting friends. When I was born she lent Mam'Easter to my father to take care of me."

"Mam'Easter?"

"She was Mother's mammy. Of course she was in Bermuda with her. Then my father was ordered back to England and I went, too—with Mam'Easter—and afterward Mother came to England and married my father."

"And then your father died?" Celia asked gently.

"Yes. I was only a baby. So Mother and Mam'Easter and I came back here."

"How sad," said Celia.

"Yes, I suppose it was," Annette returned, doubtfully. "Mother was only married to my father about six months. He had an accident; he was cleaning a gun and didn't know it was loaded."

"What a dreadful thing."

"Y-yes. But we came back here to *Blanche* and to the aunts, Miss Celia."

"You love *Blanche*, then, Annette?"

"Oh, yes. And all the family. Only I don't truly belong—"

"They couldn't love you more if you did, darling."

Annette brightened. "No, I don't believe they could. And I never think of it, really."

"And have you lived here all your life?"

"Yes. I have never been away. Uncle Lance has promised to take me to Virginia, but has not done so yet."

"Does Uncle Lance go to Virginia?"

"Sometimes. For the racing and hunting. He keeps his horses there."

"Has he a home there?"

"Oh, no. Uncle Lance would never have a home anywhere but Fairfax. He has friends in Virginia and the horses are kept in their stables. He breeds a few colts."

"You know," said Celia, smiling, "I haven't yet discovered just where Mr. Lancing comes in. You call him Uncle—"

"He isn't my real uncle and they aren't his real aunts," Annette explained. "Of course he is a sort of cousin of Mother's, but he is more a connection than blood kin."

"Is he?" asked Celia, smiling at Annette's quaint phrase.

"Yes. But his wife was Mother's real cousin; she was the daughter of another Miss Mayley."

"You mean," said Celia, "that Mr. Lancing's wife's mother—oh, dear, it sounds like a silly riddle, you are a complicated lot—was a sister of Miss Anne and Miss Rose, just as Mrs. Branson's mother was?"

"Yes, Miss Celia."

"What a large family," said Celia.

"Six sisters," Annette replied.

"Six? But—"

Annette flushed. "I meant five, of course," she amended hastily.

"And now there are only the three left?"

"Yes."

"And then Mr. Lancing's wife died, too," Celia said.

Annette nodded.

"What a tragedy," murmured Celia, thinking of the young wife and mother who had had everything to live for.

She had been so interested in what Annette was saying that she had not noticed the way they went; now she realized that instead of driving toward the town as she had expected, they had taken an opposite direction.

Soon they were turning in between gates and stopping before a small white house set in a wide lawn of coarse short grass on a plateau above the open sea.

"Here we are," said Annette. "This is Miss Allie's, the hairdresser's."

The hair-washing was a lengthy process, enlivened if impeded, by Miss Allie's conversation, for she was a notable talker. When at length the long thick hair had been given a final rinse, Miss Allie seated herself at her customer's side and with a folded newspaper began to fan the dripping lengths.

"Good heavens," thought Celia. "We won't be home till midnight. Am I to go through this every two weeks or so?"

They got home before midnight but not until nearly six o'clock. Miss Allie gave them tea in the interim, still fanning Celia's head with one hand and holding her cup in the other. Celia's hair, dried by sun and wind, looked soft and bright, but she decided that henceforth she would wash it herself and dry it by Phoebe's fire at Cedar Hill.

Driving out to Miss Allie's, talking with Annette, Celia had not paid any attention to the road or the plantations they had passed, but going back again she was struck by one of these places, looked at it with much interest.

It was a somber place, the house set back behind a tangle of thick growth; trees, festooned with creepers, hemmed it on two sides. The house itself was covered with vines and it looked deserted. There was something sinister about it, something haunted. The sight of it chilled Celia; she was not fanciful by nature or given to hysteria, but she shivered and exclaimed to Annette:

"What a ghostly-looking place!"

"Yes," Annette had flushed crimson. Celia looked at her in astonishment.

"Does anyone live there?" she asked.

"Yes—no—I don't know," the child stammered.

At this moment a figure came out through the gates; a familiar figure in a brown print gown, snowy apron and gay bandanna. She looked up, saw the carriage and its occupants, turned sharply about and at once was hidden by the trees and creepers.

"That was Mam'Easter," said Celia.

"Was it?"

"Of course it was. How funny of her not to speak to us."

"It—she—don't say you saw her there, Miss Celia!"

"I won't, if you ask me not to. But why?"

Celia was humanly curious; moreover, she disliked mysteries and secrets. And she thought that mysteries and secrets were very bad things for sixteen-year-old girls, especially highly strung, nervous little girls like Annette.

"It—" began Annette and stopped.

"If it is a matter of confidence," said Celia quietly, "don't tell me. But if you can tell me, Annette, I wish you would."

"It isn't a matter of confidence; the whole island knows. Only I think they'd rather you didn't, Miss Celia. But now that you've seen Mam'Easter there, perhaps I had better tell you, then you will understand and won't speak of it to the others."

"I promise you that," said Celia.

"The house belongs to another aunt," Annette explained. "Another Miss Mayley. She—she lives there."

"Another! So there were six sisters!"

"Yes. They don't—they don't speak. She hasn't spoken to the others for fifteen years."

"Fifteen years!"

"It is her fault, Miss Celia. She—she has broken with them. Aunt Anne and the others feel very badly and they—they don't talk about it."

"Naturally. Thank you for telling me, Annette. I shall say nothing to anyone about it, of course."

Annette's explanation was simple enough; Celia knew that this was not an unnatural affair. Many sisters quarrel; although to keep up a quarrel for fifteen years when living within a stone's throw of each other did argue a tenacity and bitterness which was somewhat unusual. It seemed incredible that such a thing could be in so loving and lazy a place as this island.

# VI

SHE was dressing for dinner that night when Olga came in, entering without ceremony in her fashion.

"How sweet you look," she said, seating herself in one of the frilled chairs. Celia had put on a frock of white organdie, a simple affair with a round neck, big puffed sleeves and long flaring skirt, which she had made herself.

"You look as if you had just come out of a bath," Olga added.

"So I have," Celia smiled.

"I know. But you always do. You'd look like that if you had been a week in a coal-mine."

"I doubt it," said Celia, "but it is nice of you to say so. I could listen to that sort of thing indefinitely."

Olga laughed. "Ridiculous girl. I wish I had your happy temper, Celia."

"You have enough," said Celia briefly, with an eloquent glance at the exquisite figure in the big chair.

"Do you like my dress?" Olga was pleased by the implied flattery.

"Very much. It suits you, that ethereal shade of lilac. It matches your eyes."

From the garden below came the sound of men's voices.

"Alec and Lance," said Olga. "Arguing as usual. They're here for dinner."

"Do they always argue?"

"I have never known them to agree on anything. But they are great friends."

"It is an odd friendship," Celia observed. "Two men so totally unlike."

"It is, rather. But Alec is a dear soul and, of course, he is a very brilliant man."

"Brilliant?" Celia's eyebrows went up.

"Didn't you know? He is a brain specialist. He has a tremendous reputation."

"But isn't he a ship's doctor?"

"Good heavens, no! He takes his holidays that way. He finds it necessary to take a long holiday every other year so so."

"So he ships as a doctor?"

"Yes. He has a lot of influence and can always get a berth on one of the smaller liners."

"What a curious idea."

"Well, Alec is a queer soul. He likes the sea. But as it happens, he has signed off this trip—fortunately there is a doctor here who was only too glad to take his place on the return trip to England—and he is going to stay in *Blanche* for a month or so."

"With Mr. Lancing?"

"No, at the hotel. Lance wanted him at Fairfax, but Alec likes to be independent."

"How can he leave his patients for so long a time?"

"Specialists like Alec can please themselves. And he is not attached to any particular hospital. He does most marvellous operations and they send for him from the Continent and from America, too."

"Does he often come out to *Blanche*?"

"Not very often, but every two or three years."

"He must be very fond of you all."

"He is. And we fond of the world of him. He built and endowed the little hospital here, you know."

"I didn't know."

Celia had food for reflection when they went down to dinner. She was astonished by what she had heard and looked at Dr. Mackenzie with more respect. A brilliant specialist; who would have dreamed it? He was, too, so Olga had told her, a wealthy man, having inherited a considerable fortune in addition to whatever large fees his practice must bring him.

"So of course," thought Celia, determined to grant him no more than she could help, "of course he can take long holidays and amuse himself by pretending to be a simple ship's surgeon. It is his idea of humor, I suppose."

The three Misses Mayley walked over from Rosewoods for coffee after dinner; they sat on the dusky terrace, Celia presiding over the coffee-pot at a table set in a shaft of light from the open windows. A little apart, she watched them all.

Lance rose from his chair, came with his quick step to the table.

"More coffee?" Celia spoke composedly over a quickened heart-beat.

"If you please." He stood above her, smiling down at her. "How cool you look in that white frock, as if you had never been hurried in your life." He took the cup and seated himself beside her. "I



"I didn't come to chase it," Annette whispered, "but I might not have come if it had not been there."

"Darling," said Celia, "I'm not going to scold you now, but I do want to have a talk with you very soon. You must not listen to the servants' tales. No, I won't say another word tonight; only promise me that you will go straight to bed."

"I promise, Celia."

The elder girl saw the younger into her room, kissed her and left her beginning to undress. Then she crossed the gallery to her own door, but instead of entering her room she went softly down the stairs again, unhasped the French window for the second time and crept out to the terrace. The will-o'-the-wisp still flickered, beckoned. "If Annette could see me," Celia thought, "she would say I was being drawn. But I can't go in—not yet—I could not sleep . . ."

She went down the mossy steps, into the gloom beneath the trees. Then she in her turn uttered a cry, a cry instantly smothered against a man's shoulder as two arms came about her, held her fast. "Celia!"

It was Lance's voice. Lance's mouth came down upon her own.

She thought:

"I am dreaming. I am mad. This isn't true."

She found herself clinging to him, giving him back his kiss. Her heart pounded. She thought, "I am dying," and would have slipped to the ground if he had not held her so fast.

"Darling girl, don't tremble so. I shouldn't have startled you like this, but when I saw you come back—"

"I—you—" She fought for breath.

"I love you," he said. "I did not know—I meant to wait—but I cannot wait, Celia! Do you love me? Tell me that you do."

"Lance—oh, Lance. But how—where—" "I've been in the devil's own mood. I couldn't believe you cared. I was afraid of going too fast with you. But tonight I sailed back again, I couldn't rest—I came to look up at your window."

"Lance!"

"I know. Absurd. But that is what I did, Celia. I saw you and Annette, heard you both but kept quiet. Then—you came back again. You haven't answered me yet. Do you love me?"

"Terribly." It seemed the only word and a strangely apt one.

"You angel!" He caught her close again. "Now—" his voice had a ring of laughter—"now will you believe that will-o'-the-wisps can draw you to your doom?"

## IX

CELIA slept no more that night, but Mam'Easter, coming in with the tray, was deceived.

"You look fresh as the mornin', Miss Ceely. Reckon you slept good."

"I feel wonderful, Mam'Easter."

Wonderful. Celia pressed her hands to her heart, to her flushed cheeks, when the old woman had left her alone.

"Oh—can it be true? Lance!"

The dark garden, the beckoning blue light, Lance's arms around her; Lance saying: "I love you, Celia."

She went over it all again as she had been going over and over it more than half the night. It was like a dream, so shattering a thing out there in the heavy darkness; an instant's meeting of a man and a woman, ecstasy and then a parting.

"You must not stay, Celia; I must not keep you. Someone might hear—"

She had left him obediently, crept up to her room, to fling herself down in the chair by her window and sit there with clasped hands and beating heart until a streak of pale light showed in the sky above the trees. Then she had gone to bed but not to sleep; to lie there for another hour, flushing and paling, going over and over it.

"Do you love me?"

"Terribly."

"Now you know that will-o'-the-wisps can draw you to your doom."

Suddenly Celia shivered; she sat up in bed, poured a cup of steaming tea, made herself drink it. She remembered something which she had said to herself.

"If one loved him and were loved by him it would be too much. There could be no peace in it!"

There was no peace in her this morning! But oh, who would not give up serenity for this utter rapture which consumed her.

She took her bath, brushed and braided her hair, buttoned herself into a frock of butcher-blue linen, and with a last nervous glance at the mirror, went quietly down the stairs. At the open doorway she stopped, paralyzed by shyness. If Lance were there . . . her breath caught in her throat at thought of meeting him. Supposing he were not there? She began to tremble. But she must not stand here indefinitely in the doorway, afraid to move. She lifted her head, went out and around the corner of the terrace. The small table under the vines was set for two and Lance was sitting there.

"Celia." He sprang up. "I thought you were never coming. What on earth have you been doing?"

"It isn't eight yet." She heard herself saying it, stupidly, idiotically, but she couldn't think of anything else to say. "Eight?" He cocked an eyebrow; she saw the familiar, teasing smile in his eyes. "Were we to meet at eight?"

"No. I—I only meant that I always have my breakfast at eight o'clock."

"You have your breakfast! I've been sitting here, waiting—but I might have known. Your breakfast at eight and on the stroke of five minutes to you appear. Consistency, thy name is Celia."

"Have you been waiting for me?" What was the matter with her tongue? She was speaking like an imbecile.

"Well," he said, "what did you expect? I've been waiting here since seven. I really think that on this morning of all mornings you might have waived precedent and come down a little earlier."

"I didn't know—" Still she couldn't find words. With a wavering smile, with a gesture that was child-like, endearing, she put out her hands and Lance grasped them tightly in his own.

"Come down," he said urgently, "into the garden. I can't talk to you here."

He drew her to the steps, teasing eyes laughing into hers. "It is all right; there are still ten minutes. Aunt Phoebe's making an omelet but she wasn't to start it until you appeared."

They went down together and he drew her from the path into a thicket where they were hidden from the house.

"Celia, do you love me?" She was in his arms again. "Tell me you love me and are going to marry me. At once."

The familiar urgency and impatience. He held her so tightly that she could scarcely breathe; she was almost frightened but it was a rapturous fear.

"I do love you. I—can't help it."

"Do you want to help it? Ridiculous girl."

Did she want to help it?

"I'll make you happy," he was whispering, his face against hers. "So happy."

"Happy?" She lifted her head, looked at him with wide, grave eyes.

"Do you doubt it?"

"I don't think it matters," she answered. "This is—beyond happiness, Lance. But you," she said after a little space; "I can't believe it. What can you see in me? I'm not even pretty."

"No," he said seriously, "I have never thought you pretty, Celia. You are far, far more than that."

"Far less," she whispered.

"Do you never look in your glass? You have a face out of an old painting, wide and fair and calm. Your eyes are beautiful and you look straight ahead. You are—I have never seen anyone like you," he finished simply.

"But I can't understand," she persisted.

"Why I am in love with you? Don't let us try to analyze it. If you must have a reason—one reason—it is because you are so different from other women, so—" he used the word which he had used before to her—"peaceful."

"I'm not," her voice was unsteady, "feeling very peaceful at the moment, Lance."

"I know you are not!" His tone had an exultant ring. "I've broken in on you, shattered your defenses. You are no Undine after all. I've found the living woman—"

"You have, indeed."

"Breakfast, Mr. Lance," Sam was calling from the terrace.

"All right, Sam, coming. Wait a moment, Celia. When will you marry me?"

She looked startled. "I—I don't know—"

"There is nothing to wait for. Tomorrow? Next week?"

She was calmer now and his absurd impetuosity restored her still further.

"Not so soon as that. It is impossible. I can't leave Mrs. Branson at a moment's notice—"

"Olga doesn't need you," Lance returned. "It will do her good to bestir herself. If she must have someone, Aunt Anne will come to Cedar Hill until they find another housekeeper."

"We'll see," Celia replied. "We can't make any definite plans at this moment, Lance. And please—don't let us tell anyone today."

"Why not? I want to shout it from the housetops."

"Just today—please—"

"Very well, if you say so. I can't refuse you anything, so now you know what you have done to me. We tell them tomorrow and you marry me within the month. Promise, Celia."

With a sense of utter surrender, a curious premonition and a quick wave of joy which submerged the other feelings, she promised him.

"I'll marry you within the month, Lance."

Somehow, Celia got through the day; how, she never knew. She felt bewildered with happiness. Lance was coming back again for dinner and Alec would be there too. Celia dressed for dinner with shaking hands and put off going down as long as possible. She found Annette alone on the terrace when she did go down.

"Where have you been all day?" she asked the child, who had not until now appeared.

"I slept till noon," Annette answered, "and then I went to Rosewoods. The aunts are coming over after dinner and Guy, too. Guy is dining with them."

"How nice. I haven't see the aunts since their tea-party."

Celia spoke quickly, a lift in her voice. Annette came close to her, looked up at her earnestly.

"What have you done to yourself?" she demanded. "You are changed."

"Done to myself? Nothing, darling."

"You look so pretty," Annette said. "I don't mean that you aren't, always, but tonight—"

"Oh—" Celia impulsively bent and put an arm about the little figure, hugged her. "Oh, Annette, I feel pretty!" Her voice was broken by laughter which was half tears. Annette's eyes widened.

"Celia! I knew it."

"Hush," the other girl cried softly and swiftly. "Here comes your mother. I didn't mean to tell you. Don't say anything. Promise."

"I won't," Annette whispered.

A sound of rowlocks, of a little boat drawing in from a moored yacht, made Celia's cheeks burn hotly. Lance came striding up the path to be greeted by the others. Celia, demure in the background, had a look from the blue eyes that set her pulses drumming.

Dinner went off fairly well, though Celia could never have told afterward what, or if, she ate. She felt in a whirl of excitement and wondered how she was going to get through the evening. Olga's utter unconsciousness of the situation helped, of course; Alec, too, was unconscious but he was no help to Celia. She caught his eyes continually upon her, a serious, unfathomable look. The aunts and Guy, coming in just before they had finished dinner, provided a diversion.

When they had drunk their coffee and were sitting chatting in the warm darkness, Olga found several little commissions for her companion. She wanted her silk shawl; there was a message for the laundress. Celia executed these commissions with dispatch, one anxious eye on Lance.

He said nothing, but Celia could see him, rather rigid in his chair; he had fallen silent and she could feel a vibration in the air which unnerved her. Olga was, in truth, being somewhat unnecessarily authoritative this evening. Celia could smile at it but she knew that Lance was annoyed. She hoped, coming back for the third time, that Olga would not send her off again; Lance still made no remark but she did not trust that silence of his and she knew that patience was not in him.

Presently, from beyond the gardens that stretched away to the right, came the sound of Negro voices, singing.

"The servants, having another religious working-up," Alec observed.

"No," Lance's voice came like a whip; everyone started. "They are having a jamboree."

"What do they do at jamborees?" It was Celia who asked that for the sake of saying something. Lance's tone had frightened her.

"Various things." He still spoke in that hard, cutting voice. "Tonight they are roasting a sucking-pig and sweet potatoes in hot ashes. Later, they will dance."

"How do you happen to know so much about it?" Olga asked. "Where did they get the pig?" She too, had been startled by the way in which he spoke.

"I gave it to them."

"What on earth for?"

"A celebration; although, as it happens, they don't know that."

"To celebrate what?" Olga's voice was strained.

"My engagement to Miss Latimer. No, Celia," in a flash he was at her side, bending over her, one arm about her. "I promised to hold my tongue because you asked me to, but I was wrong. It is time everyone knew." He straightened up, faced the others. "Celia has done me the honor to say that she will be my wife."

There followed an instant of utter silence. In the light from the open windows Celia could see their faces turned to her, staring. Miss Anne astounded, dismayed; Miss Rose equally astounded but sympathetic; Misseena with the queerest look, hungry, avid; Olga completely taken aback and displeased; Alec very grim; Guy half-smiling, puzzled. They looked, those faces, naked, primitive; Celia never forgot them. An instant; then the veneer of civilization was assumed again, they settled into more normal lines.

"Well," Miss Anne was the first to speak. "This is a great surprise. I—I congratulate you both, my dears. Yes." Her voice trailed away.

"It is certainly a surprise," Olga looked herself again and smiled as she spoke, but Celia could see the two little dents at the sides of her nose which meant that Olga was upset. "In fact, it is so very sudden that you must forgive us, Celia, if we cannot quite grasp it yet."

There was a subtle insolence in her tone. Celia felt Lance stiffen; she caught his hand, pressed it warningly, appealingly. He gave hers an answering pressure and said:

"A little effort is all that is needed, my dear Olga. Take a long breath, count ten and close your eyes. Guy, what have you to say? Have you no welcome for Celia?"

Guy sprang up, rushed forward, kissed Celia and wrung his father's hand.

"It is splendid, sir," he cried. "You're in luck."

Celia's heart went out to the generous boy.

"We are all pleased," said Miss Rose gently. "I agree with Guy, Lance. You are indeed lucky."

"Yes," Misseena was on her feet now, had come to kiss Celia. "Wonderful. Dear Lance. A wedding—I do so love weddings—I—I—" She burst into tears.

"Now, now, Misseena," Mam'Easter was beside them; she seemed to have risen from the ground. She put a firm arm around Misseena's shoulders. "You didn't ought to act like dat. What you cryin' about? Stop it dis minute."

Misseena obeyed, gulped, wiped her eyes and laughed.

"So silly of me. I was simply so thrilled." She did not seem in the least surprised by Mam'Easter's appearance nor did any of the others. Mam'Easter gave her a little pat; then turned to Lance and Celia, saying:

"Hope you-all gonna be very happy. You gettin' a mighty sweet wife, Mr. Lance." Then, smiling, she went off again.

Alec Mackenzie had not spoken, but Alec was always the last to speak. He





his other friends; Celia saw the eyes of all the women turn to him, heard their voices: "Hello, Lance." The entire air rang with his name—or so it seemed to Celia.

She felt a sudden jealousy of those others who knew him so well, who could meet him on an easy footing, uninhibited by the fact of being an employee in his family. Then her heart began to beat hard and fast; Lance did not stop beside any of the others, he came straight to Celia, drew up a chair and sat down at her side.

"Why so serious, Miss Celia," he asked.

"Am I?" Her heart was behaving crazily, but she controlled her voice.

"I think," he smiled, "that you generally are serious."

"How dull that sounds."

Lancing smiled. "Tell me, do you approve of us? Are you liking the island?"

"I love it." She spoke quickly and warmly.

He looked pleased. "I think, myself, that we are rather a jolly lot, although perhaps a bit too temperamental at times. The island breeds temperaments; it is the climate, I suppose."

"Yet you would not live anywhere else, would you?"

"I? Good lord, no. There is no place to compare with Blaque."

"I agree," said Celia. "And I think even the climate is perfect."

"It won't affect you," he replied. "You are like a calm little pool of very clear, very fresh water."

Her breath caught in her throat. She wished he would not say things like that—unless he meant them. And he could not possibly mean them. She sat silent, not knowing what reply to make; then came a merciful interruption. Alec Mackenzie was beside them, saying: "Olga wants you a moment, please, Lance."

Then as Lance left, after a few casual words, Alec said, "Are you enjoying the afternoon, Miss Latimer?"

"Yes, thank you. Very much."

"Lance is an entertaining man," he observed. "I don't know any better company."

"He is," she agreed, surprised by the abrupt remark.

"Did he tell you he is off to Virginia again?"

Celia looked startled.

"No, he said nothing about it. Is he going?"

"He spoke of it. He's a restless soul. Lacks staying power."

"I should have said he had great staying power. To be content to live in this small island and run his estate—"

"That is just lack of initiative. Horner was right, you know."

"I don't agree," she said stiffly. "I think you are both wrong."

"Do you think Lance's life a proper one for a man of his abilities? Can you not see that he is wasting himself?"

She interrupted him.

"Please, Dr. Mackenzie, don't discuss Mr. Lancing with me."

"I am not guilty of disloyalty to him, my dear Miss Latimer. I told you before that I say nothing of him which I do not say to his face."

"And I told you," she retorted, "that you could not say such things to me."

"Why not to you?"

"Because I have no right to hear them. I don't want to hear them. I am a stranger to both. I have no interest in Mr. Lancing—"

"Have you not? I suspect you of a very strong interest in him," Alec Mackenzie returned unmoved.

"Dr. Mackenzie!"

"Mind, I'm not blaming you," Alec went on with the utmost calm. "He is an unusually charming man and—"

"Blaming me!" she broke in softly and furiously. "I am not concerned with whether you do or don't. You are presumptuous. I am the merest acquaintance—"

"You are a young girl, far away from your home and family. You've no one to advise you."

"I am not in need of advice."

He waved that aside. "I am older than you," he continued. "Fourteen years older," he said precisely. "I'm more than a mere acquaintance. I've known you more than six weeks, I saw you when you were seasick—"

"You needn't remind me of that!"

"I am just trying to explain that I cannot count myself a stranger to you."

"I am sorry," said Celia, "but we don't feel alike on this point."

"You are annoyed with me," said Alec gravely, "and are not being candid. You know quite well that we are friends, you and I. Why not admit it?"

In spite of herself, some of Celia's anger began to evaporate. Curious, how she could never stay angry for long with this man.

"I'll be glad to be friends with you," she said, "if I may be in the only right and proper way. I cannot allow you to dictate to me. I am not a child; I am a woman of twenty-six and I order my life as I see fit. I am sure I need say no more, Dr. Mackenzie."

Alec smiled; he had, she thought, a very attractive smile. It came slowly and seldom, but it transformed the stern face and warmed the cold grey eyes surprisingly.

"I understand you," he said. "You're an obstinate young thing who won't brook interference. I have an interfering nature and I'm as obstinate as you. But a clash of wills is no bad foundation for friendship, Celia."

"I am not so sure," she replied, "but, if you like, we can try it."

"We'll try it," he said. Then, as someone called to him, he got up, made her a formal little bow and went away.

"Good afternoon, Miss Celia," said a thin, determined voice. Celia started, looked up to see a tall gaunt woman in a shapeless coat and skirt, low-heeled shoes, a large felt hat firmly pinned to the top of a grey head. She was Miss Agatha Flett, sister of the Padre.

"Good afternoon," Celia responded; she had met Miss Flett several times before this.

"You have a nice cool spot there." The elder lady seated herself in the empty chair at Celia's side.

"It was nice of you to notice me, Miss Agatha, and come over for a chat."

"I have come to enlist you for our Friday sewing circle," the other explained. "We are counting on you, of course?"

"I can't promise. I must consult Mrs. Branson."

"Surely she can spare you for two hours once a week? There can't be so very much to do at Cedar Hill," she exclaimed, "with those dozens of servants. I should think half an hour in the morning for giving orders would see you through your day."

"There is a little more to it than that," said Celia, keeping her temper. "The servants need constant supervision. And I have other duties as well; I am Mrs. Branson's companion and am more or less in charge of Annette."

Miss Flett sniffed again.

"It's time someone had charge of Annette," she observed. "The girl runs wild."

"She doesn't run far," countered Celia. "She seldom stirs beyond Cedar Hill and Rosewoods."

"A pity she doesn't. Better for her if she did," returned the other illogically. "Is young Guy here today?"

"Guy Lancing? No. It is a grown-up party. No young people except Annette who came to help Miss Rose."

"What do you make of Guy?" Miss Flett demanded.

"Make of him? I think he is a charming boy. I am very fond of him."

"You know, of course, that Olga and Lance would like to make a match between those two?"

"Between Guy and Annette? No, I did not know it. And, if you will forgive me, I don't think I ought to hear any more about it."

Miss Flett smiled, a wintry sort of smile.

"You are young, my dear, and a little self-righteous like most nice young women. I assure you, I have done no wrong in telling you this. I don't make mistakes about people."

"Why have you told me?" asked Celia, puzzled.

"Because you are no fool and already you have made a great change at Cedar Hill. I believe that you may have some influence there which will increase. If you have, then use it to discourage this idea."

"You mean—a marriage between Annette and Guy?"

"Exactly."

"But why?"

"Annette is not seventeen. Guy is only nineteen. Isn't that sufficient reason?"

"It is a very strong one, certainly. But I don't see what I can do, or, frankly, why you should be so concerned. I am sure you must have some other reason. Why, except that they are both too young, do you think those children ought not to marry?"

A little shutter closed down over Miss Flett's face. Celia had seen the same little shutter close down over other faces in Blaque. It happened when certain people were spoken of; in particular, when Celia in all innocence had asked about the wives of one of two married men whom she frequently met at Cedar Hill and elsewhere.

"She is with her parents," had been the answer given by Olga or some other woman with that secret closed expression. Celia had assumed, as she had guessed before, that there were tempers in Blaque and more than one bitter quarrel. But she realized that she was to learn no more; they kept their family affairs strictly to themselves, these people.

She thought now that Miss Flett, for reasons best known to herself, had some grievance against Lancing or against Olga. She was, Celia felt sure, one of those spiteful old maids who take a perverse pleasure in thwarting the happiness of others. And she was, no doubt, jealous of all young people.

"I have no other reason," Miss Flett was saying. "It seems to me that their extreme youth is quite enough. And they are totally unsuited. You appear to be fond of Annette. If you have her welfare at heart, Miss Celia, do all you can to prevent this thing."

"But why should I?"

"Take an older woman's word for it, my dear. I am right. And now," Miss Flett rose, "I won't chatter any more. Good afternoon, Miss Celia, and do, I beg of you, think over what I have said."

Celia did think it over and could make neither head nor tail of it. She returned to her first conclusion; that Miss Flett was an interfering, jealous, thoroughly unpleasant old maid. And a dreadful gossip.

She was roused from her thoughts by the voice of Olga.

"It is time to go, Celia. Where is Annette?"

"I'll find her, Mrs. Branson."

Annette was still sitting dreamily in her cedar tree; she slipped down as Celia approached and came obediently forward. Lancing and Alec Mackenzie joined them; they all walked back together to Cedar Hill, the two men remaining for dinner.

They sat on the terrace as usual, afterward; it was a soft warm evening, the sky obscured by thin clouds. There was no sound save their own voices, the beat of the surf and, from far away, a low chanting and the muffled beat of a small drum.

"The darkies, having a service," Lancing explained.

"I should like to see one of their services," Celia said.

"Mustn't do that," Lance replied. "They object strongly. It might end in disaster."

"But they aren't savages," Celia protested. "They are civilized—"

"Certainly. But when they get religious they work themselves up."

Celia sat quietly in her chair, saying no more, the personification of serenity but with tense nerves. She was conscious in every fibre of her being of Lance who was stretched at her side. By putting out her hand she could have touched him; she felt a strange impulse to do so.

He turned in his chair, looked at her. She sat motionless, her hands locked in her lap.

"Peaceful girl," he said softly.

She was far from that; her nerves were strung, her heart beat fast at sound of his voice. But she smiled.

"Blaque is a peaceful place," she said.

She saw Alec Mackenzie glance at her, very seriously. He, with Olga and Annette, was on the lower terrace; Lancing and Celia, by the table which held the coffee service, could speak without being overheard if they spoke softly.

"It is," Lance agreed.

"Too much so for you, at times," Celia went on. "I hear you are off to Virginia." She had to know, had to find out.

"I thought of it," he answered. "I have not made up my mind."

"Dr. Mackenzie would be sorry to have you go when he has just arrived," Celia ventured.

"Alec would bear it with equanimity," he returned.

"And you don't mind leaving your beloved Fairfax?"

"Fairfax is too solitary. It gets on my nerves at times."

"I shouldn't have thought you had any nerves, Mr. Lancing."

"You shouldn't judge others by yourself, Celia."

"I don't."

"But you have no nerves."

"Haven't I?" Her voice was unsteady.

"I—I am human," she said, trying to laugh.

"Are you? I've wondered. You are such a cool, calm person. A sort of Undine."

"Is that your conception of me?"

"It was. Tonight I am not so sure. I don't believe I shall go to Virginia after all. I shall stay here and find out."

"Find out what?" She was trembling, and terrified lest he should see it.

"That," he said, "I will leave you to find out."

Celia found it hard to get to sleep that night; she turned and tossed for hours to dream of a face bending over hers, of eyes like blue flowers looking into her own. She tried to lift her arms, to draw him to her, but her arms were weighted with lead. She awoke sobbing, and putting on her negligee sat by the window for some moments, thinking of Lance.

Something flickered in the garden below, vanished, flickered again. A will-o'-the-wisp, a blue-light; blue, like a man's eyes. Celia pressed her hands against her heart.

But something else flickered among the trees; a girl's white frock. What on earth? Celia gasped, sprang from her chair, ran noiselessly downstairs and across the terrace. The moon had set; Celia and Annette came face to face in the heavy gloom and the younger girl uttered a cry.

"It is only I, Annette. Did I frighten you?"

"I thought you were a ghost, Celia."

Annette's voice was panic-stricken.

"I very nearly thought you one," Celia said in a guarded tone, "when I saw you from my window. What on earth are you doing out here at this hour?"

"I just thought I would come down for a breath of air."

"Well, up you come this minute for a bit of sleep. It is nearly one o'clock." Celia put her hand on the child's arm. "You are shaking, Annette."

"I was frightened. I thought you were a ghost."

"Nonsense. But I am sorry I startled you so, darling."

"You might have been one," Annette persisted. "There's a witch-light in the garden tonight."

"A witch-light?"

"Yes—look—below those high cedars."

"Oh, the will-o'-the-wisp. I saw it from my window. The ground must be damp under those trees. There's a hidden stream, isn't there?"

"So people say."

"Then that explains it," said Celia cheerfully. Annette shook her head.

"Nothing explains them, Celia. They draw you. They can draw you to your doom. Mam'Easter says so."

"Annette, child, don't talk nonsense. That is an old wife's tale. Will-o'-the-wisps are—I don't know exactly what—some sort of gas, I think."

"Are they?"

"Of course they are. Now come along, at once."

"All the same," Annette persisted as she obediently let Celia draw her toward the steps, "they do draw people. It drew you; you came out—like me—"

"I came out," said Celia, "because I saw a small girl who ought to have been in her bed, rambling about the garden. If you came out to chase the will-o'-the-wisp, you ought to be spanked. Such nonsense."

She spoke more lightly than she felt; she was sure that Annette had not come to chase the blue light. Something was wrong.



But Annette did not win the race. Skimming ahead, she held the lead until within a few hundred yards of the jetty at Fairfax, then she went about and was tacking away in the other direction. Celia, looking back, saw one of the others turn also and sail off in pursuit of the canoe; it was Guy, in his catboat. Then their own yacht slid alongside the jetty, two boys were there to make it fast. Lancing sprang ashore, turned to give a hand to Celia.

"We are home, my wife."

Shouts came from the other boats behind them; Lance waved to them; then, as they went about and set off into the face of the sun, he put his arm around Celia and drew her toward the dusky path that led up through the plantation. "Celia! We are home, together. Can you realize it?"

"Lance—my darling—"

With his arm close around her, her hand in his, they walked slowly up the winding path. The trees closed about them.

## XI

Celia came out through the doorway, crossed the shady piazza and went down the single shallow step to the lawn. It was early morning; the sky was a frail blue, the sun just rising veiling in mist, the grass was drenched with dew; Celia's shoes left a silvery trail behind them.

Slowly she crossed the lawn; wild parrots shrieked a hopeful welcome to her; she smiled at the brightly plumaged birds but her smile was a shade graver than it had been a month ago. She had been Lancing's wife for a month now; the honeymoon was over.

It had been, for the first two weeks at least, an ideal honeymoon. They were left scrupulously alone during those early days, and Celia had known an unbelievable rapture. Their life together was an idyll.

They rose early, had their breakfast out of doors. After breakfast they went sailing, sometimes taking their lunch with them. They rambled about the estate, walking through the groves and beside the flower fields in the late afternoons when the air was drenched with perfume. Then there were hot baths, and Lance put on his white dinner suit and Celia one of her sheer, fresh organ-dies, and they faced each other sedately at the great candle-lit table while old Horace served dinner.

Afterward they sat again on the piazza, Celia pouring coffee, feeling Lance's eyes upon her, her hand none too steady at times. And then, their chairs close together, they would sit softly talking or more often silent, watching the fireflies as they flashed against the impenetrable dark blur of the trees, hearing the light murmur of the wind in the cedars and the endless beat of the surf, hearing no other sound save their own hushed voices weighted with unspoken things, becoming oddly breathless. And later, with Lance's arm about her, Celia would go up the broad old stairway to the room they shared together.

An idyll; but an idyll which was lived at high tension. It had left its mark on Celia; her clear eyes had faint shadows below them, she moved a little more slowly, the crisp decisiveness which had been one of her characteristics was indefinitely softened. She was all the better for the change: "You are getting pretty," Lance said to her, teasingly.

Pretty was not the word; there was something lovely about Celia now. Something which might last and increase or might be shattered, for it was a fragile thing.

By the end of the second week life had somewhat adjusted itself. Lance, hitherto unwilling to let his wife out of his sight, went sailing once or twice alone; occasionally, too, he left her for some hours while he conferred with his overseer and head packer, or went to the port to supervise his cargoes.

There had been a good many servants at Cedar Hill, various underlings in addition to the principals who came under her direct supervision; Celia had coped well with them all. But Cedar Hill was a vastly different proposition; here, at Fairfax, was not only a great house but a large and self-contained estate. There were laborers as well as house servants; she had as yet no idea as to how many

there were, but she knew that it was a large number, and it seemed to her that, with no lack of labor, the estate should have been run more efficiently. There were weeds, and crusted, unfriendly earth in the great vegetable tract which supplied half the white community with fresh vegetables yet represented, so she understood, a complete loss. There were traces of blight in the fruit groves which never should have been there. Celia secretly blamed the overseer, a huge mulatto brought by Lance from the West Indies, a man very different from the gentle Negroes of Blanque. Celia could not bear this Job, as he was called, and guessed that the servants hated and feared him, but she had kept her opinion to herself so far; Lancing swore by the man.

It was toward the end of the third week that they had their first quarrel. It started over some small divergence of opinion, a mere nothing. But Lance, to Celia's dismay, was suddenly angry, suddenly changed, a stranger. She was not without a temper of her own; for a moment she, too, spoke quickly and aggressively; then, seeing his darkened face, was frightened.

"Lance—" She stretched out her hands to him, her voice shaking, half-tearful, half-laughing — for of course it was absurd, it was unthinkable that she and Lance could really be quarrelling. "Don't look like that. I'm sorry. Please—"

But he did not respond, did not take her hands.

"Let's leave it, shall we?" he said in that voice which was like a whip. And with that he turned and went out of the room.

Celia stood motionless where he had left her. Lance! It was inconceivable that he should have acted like this. There had been nothing for him to grow angry about in the first place; she just hadn't happened to agree with what he said. How could he fly into a rage over nothing!

He came at twilight; she saw him appear through the opening in the dark oleanders. He came across the lawn, up into the piazza where she sat in her big chair, motionless.

"Celia?" His voice was contrite. She saw his eyes searching her face anxiously. Her heart swelled, tears stung her eyelids.

"Have you had any tea, Lance?" She forced herself to speak quietly and without emotion.

"Tea! No. I've been walking—"

"A long walk?"

"Celia!" He was beside her, she was lifted to her feet, held close in his arms. "Celia, I've been so wretched."

"So have I." Her voice was just audible.

"You have been alone all these hours," he whispered.

"I have been punished," she said.

"Don't." He strained her to his heart.

"I was a brute! I get these devils—I can't help it—bear with me, Celia. You know how I love you—"

She could not keep it up; she loved him too well. The tears came in a flood as she pressed her face in the hollow of his shoulder.

"Lance—darling—"

"Don't cry," he whispered. "Don't cry, Celia. I didn't mean it."

"It was such a little thing," she said, her voice choked. "Such a little thing to get so angry about."

"I know. It wasn't that—it is my vile self." He strained her close.

It ended, as lovers' quarrels should, locked in each other's arms, their reconciliation all the sweeter, all the more poignant because of what had gone before.

And yet, some time later, when they were sitting on the piazza waiting for dinner, both gaily talking, Celia once again half-consciously sighed. Once again felt that something, just a little, had given way beneath her.

Some security was gone. She would not dwell upon it, tried not to think of it, but she knew now that she must walk warily, that there were pitfalls at Fairfax, pitfalls far more perilous than those rotting, moss-grown brick steps. She would govern her feet accordingly.

## XII

Celia had always meant to be a helpmate, to run the house efficiently. She had hoped to do more than that; to

make certain changes in their manner of living, call Lancing's attention to palpable neglects, devise some scheme by which the estate might be made to pay. She did not, however, succeed.

Beginning in her own special domain, the house, she found herself balked, not by the servants but by Lance himself.

"Don't bother your little head about all that, Celia. You are my wife, not my housekeeper. This isn't Cedar Hill. I won't have you worrying."

"But it worries me much more to see things going wrong when I could put them right," she laughed. She had not learned yet that he was not a man to be argued with; she had forgotten the significance of that first argument.

"What goes wrong?" he demanded.

"There is terrible waste," she answered. "Our meals—they are the best I ever tasted—but we don't eat half or one-quarter of what Horace serves us. Always a pair when it is roast chicken, always those great hams no matter what else we have, those huge dishes of vegetables. And the garnishings! If Jinny makes us a curry there are at least six hard-boiled eggs decorating it. And nothing ever comes back next day."

"I like a well-filled table," he returned. "It is the custom. You see the same at any of the other big houses. It is the way we do things in Blanque," he added shortly.

"And it is the reason none of you ever have any ready money," she retorted. "If you didn't spend so much on your tables—"

"My dear Celia!" His face darkened; she saw that he was displeased. But she had not yet learned; she stuck to her point.

"It is true, Lance. These households out here are simply delightful, but they are wickedly extravagant. And things that matter more have to go by the board."

"Do you want money, Celia? Why didn't you tell me?"

"I? No!" She was stung by that. "I want nothing. But you yourself said only yesterday that the roof at the back ought to be properly repaired—it was only patched up last winter—and that you couldn't afford it."

"Neither I can."

"But Lance, if you would let me run the catering, let me help you, we could save money. You don't understand; men don't. But I do; it is my job."

"Your job," he exclaimed angrily. "I tell you, you are my wife. Can't you forget that you were once a housekeeper? At any rate, please don't keep reminding me of it."

"But—" Celia's cheeks were burning, with an effort she forced herself to speak lightly. "Housekeeping is a wife's job, Lance."

"I'm sorry." He too seemed to be making an effort to control his temper. "We don't see eye to eye here, Celia. By all means look after the house; see that the girls keep it clean and so on. As a matter of fact, you have done wonders in that respect and I am quite capable of appreciating it. But let the rest go; don't interfere with the kitchen. I admit there is waste, but what leaves the table goes to the darkies. They expect it. I am not going to be shamed, held up as a niggard, with all due deference to you."

"Very well." She said no more. It was useless; Lance clung to tradition, the old extravagant tradition of Fairfax and he would allow no change. She loved him for his loyalty to the old ways, but she had to admit that it was exceedingly foolish. She hid her own hurt, left him cheerfully, she was not going to force an issue. She would give up this thing and go on to the next.

On a certain night Celia and Lance were staying with Guy as they frequently did. The house stood some way beyond the aunt's in a cedar wood and Celia had discovered that that other house—the one where the mysteriously secluded Miss Mayley lived, the bad-tempered sister who had quarreled with the others and was never seen nor mentioned — was just at the end of this thicket.

It was the night of the full moon; Celia had seen several full moons by this time in Blanque and once or twice had remembered something Annette had started to say on that subject, to be curtly silenced by Lance. Nothing untoward

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had ever happened on such a night, so far as Celia was aware, except that from the Negro quarters there had come some sounds of unusual activity; small drums beating, a rhythmic clapping of hands, chanting voices and, occasionally, a wild shriek. But this had always been interpreted as some special religious festival or jamboree and she had thought nothing of it.

On this particular night, however, she felt unaccountably restless and not at all inclined to go to bed. Lancing, on the contrary, was tired; there had been a regatta that afternoon and he and Guy had taken part in most of the events. Both decided upon an early night and Celia, perforce, followed suit and went to her own bedroom but instead of undressing she seated herself at the open window, without turning on the lights; a characteristic habit of hers.

She tried to still her nerves by looking out into the peace and beauty of the night. Blanque, by moonlight, was a magical place; the white light was so intense that one could read a printed page with ease; Celia could see every petal of the flowers in the border beyond the little lawn, she could distinguish the very blades of the grass. The shadows cast by the trees were equally intense; thick and black, you could almost have picked them up. Not a branch, not a petal, not a grass blade stirred; there wasn't a sound save the tireless surf and even that came muffled here, in the heart of the wood. It seemed to enhance, rather than to disturb the utter silence. And yet—and yet—the night was alive. Something was stirring in the island; unseen forces were abroad. Or was it only Celia's imagination? She told herself that it was. But her nerves refused to heed, she sat taut, and when a dried leaf detached itself from the vine beside her window and fell with just the whisper of a rustle to the grass below, she jumped as if someone had fired a pistol.

A moment later she was startled again and this time by something more definite. She saw a figure swiftly cross the far end of the moonlit grass-plot; she caught the merest glimpse before it melted into the shadow of the trees, but she had recognized Guy.

Her vague unease was instantly resolved; here was something concrete to fear. Guy, slipping away at this hour of the night could surely be doing so with only one intention; to meet Annette.

Celia did not stop to think, to ask herself if this were her concern, to weigh the ethics of pursuing a young man to a love tryst. She got up and followed him.

She did not know in what direction he had gone but she guessed that he would go toward Cedar Hill. This wood extended from Cedar Hill to Rosewoods and, beyond, to the house of that other Miss Mayley; the three places were, in reality, only one place, connected by the belt of trees. As swiftly and silently as the boy had gone, Celia slipped across the little lawn and disappeared among the shadows.

She had not gone very far before she found what she sought; ahead of her, in a small cleared space she saw them, Annette and Guy. She stopped where she was. Her intention, scarcely formed but instinctive, had been, if she did find them, to send Guy back again and herself take Annette home to Cedar Hill. To speak kindly but decisively, tell them that this sort of thing must not go on. Instead, she stood rooted, hidden by the great bole of an ancient cedar, unable to go forward, struck motionless by the sheer beauty of what she saw.

They stood, those two young things, in a shaft of moonlight. Annette was in a white frock; her fair hair, silver under the moon, hanging in soft, childish waves to her shoulders, her face colorless, her brown velvet eyes like big dark pools. Guy faced her tall and slender, with his alert and nervous air which was Lancing's own, his smooth black hair and thin, sensitive face. He might



got up from his chair, came to them with outstretched hand.

"Congratulations," he said austere, and shook each of their hands in turn.

"Thanks, old man," Lancing was laughing. "We are overwhelmed by such an exuberance of good wishes." He spoke in the rallying fashion in which he nearly always addressed his friend; he was exceedingly fond of Alec and never put out by the other's uncompromising and unadorned speech.

"You have my best wishes," Alec said. "Both of you." And returned to his chair.

# X

SUNLIGHT, shining into her eyes, awakened Celia next morning. She faced the new day serenely. She had been just a little troubled last evening when she came up to bed; the family, although kind, had not appeared overjoyed by the prospective marriage and Olga, indeed, had been clearly annoyed. But this was only natural; Lance was the darling of them all, scion of the "old Cavalier stock"; they would not have welcomed anyone from "outside" as Lance's wife. As for Olga, Celia had learned long ago that Olga was quite impersonally jealous of everyone, even of Annette; a supreme egoist, she could not bear to have any man care for any woman save herself. And she had looked upon her cousin Lance as her own property.

But Olga didn't matter and neither did the dear, hide-bound aunts, nor even Alec who had also seemed to disapprove. These minor worries which had shadowed her joy last evening were now dissolved by sunshine and sweet air, a rested body and refreshed brain.

She drank her tea, got up and dressed, and ate her breakfast with appetite. Presently, having visited the kitchen and laundry and set everything in train for the day, she took her basket and went down into the garden. No sound as yet had come from Olga's or Annette's rooms.

Celia snipped dead blossoms and leaves, pulled up some stout weeds, carried her basket of withered flowers to the rubbish pile which was burned every fortnight. Coming back along the path again she was startled to see a figure advancing; Dr. Mackenzie in his stiff drill suit, carrying his straw hat in his hand.

"Good morning," said Celia.

"Good morning. Are you alone?"

"The others haven't stirred yet. Have you had breakfast, Dr. Mackenzie? I can get you some in a moment."

"I have had breakfast, thank you."

A pause ensued. Celia was at a loss, did not know what to say next and Alec was of no assistance, standing there before her in silence. It was an odd hour for him to choose to come to Cedar Hill; he often dropped in for tea and once he had come to early breakfast with Lancing. But it was between half-past nine and ten now, neither one thing nor the other.

"You look tired," she said, feeling that she must say something. He did look tired, and drawn.

"I was disturbed," he answered. "I—to tell you the truth, your announcement last night gave me a shock."

"Everyone appeared astounded," Celia returned with a trace of bitterness. "That was made quite clear to me. I suppose I can hardly expect Lance's family and friends to be pleased—"

"It is a very happy step," Alec went on as if she had not spoken.

"Perhaps," Celia's voice trembled a little but she lifted her head proudly. "It is a very sudden step but Lance has chosen to take it."

"I am not thinking of Lance. I am speaking of yourself."

"Of me!" She was genuinely surprised. "I thought you, like the others, were upset because—because—" she stopped.

"You are alone in a strange place. You have no one to help or advise you."

"I am not alone. Not now, Lance—" her voice faltered on the name. "Lance stands beside me. If he were here," she went on quickly, "he would not allow you to speak so to me."

"But will you not allow me, Celia? Believe me, it is only because I care, very greatly, for your happiness. I do not believe that this marriage will contribute

to it. Won't you, at least, wait a little?"

"We are waiting a month."

"Wouldn't it be better," he suggested, "to go home, see your people, think it over quietly? A girl should be married from her own home. If, in a few months' time, you and Lancing are still of the same mind, he could go to England and marry you there. Leave Blanque, Celia." His voice quickened. "You are bewitched, the island has put a spell on you. I told you it was a bad place."

"A bad place! This?" Her eyes swept the sunshiny garden where the flowers danced in a sea-scented breeze under a turquoise sky.

"It is," he insisted. "I grant you its charms, but that charm is a fatal one. You have lost your good judgment. Go home, Celia, where you can think clearly."

"I will not go home. And I am in full possession of my senses. What are you trying to say to me? You are Lance's friend; what have you got against him?"

"I am his friend," said Alec, speaking with difficulty. "I have nothing against him, as you put it. I am simply convinced that he is not the husband for you. This is no life for you, here in Blanque. I know what I am talking about; won't you listen to me?"

"I don't understand," she said, bewildered.

"No." He spoke with unbelievable gentleness. "I know you don't. Let us leave it. Since it seems you are determined—"

She put up a hand to stop him.

"Please. Nothing and no one can stop me."

"I believe it," he answered. "In that case, I'll stay for your wedding, Celia."

He left her then, refusing to wait and see Olga. He had come in a launch from the town and was going on across the bay to have lunch at the rectory. Celia watched him as he tramped down the path to the shore; the big, loose-jointed figure which yet was not clumsy, which moved slowly but lightly and always with precision. Her friend; yes, they had become friends. Only today, when she had thought she was losing him, did Celia realize how, unconsciously, against her own volition, she had come to depend upon the friendship of Alec Mackenzie.

Celia was happy. The family, if in secret they were disappointed by the impending marriage of Lance to an outsider, hid their feelings. Even Olga, frankly amazed, unable to understand what Lance could possibly see in this unremarkable girl, appeared determined to make the best of it. As for Lance's son, he was charming to Celia; he, at least, seemed honestly glad of the marriage. It had been arranged that when Lance took his bride to Fairfax, Guy should be established in a small house on the Rosewoods estate; the "dower house" as it was called. The aunts, who adored Guy, were only too delighted to lend it to him.

The one discordant voice in the general congratulation was that of Miss Flett.

"This is a great surprise," she observed to Celia.

"Yes, I suppose it is," Celia assented.

"It is rather unusual to marry a man you have known scarcely four weeks," the spinster went on.

"But very exciting," said Celia.

"Hmm. I dare say. More exciting than you may have bargained for. Have you seen your future home yet?"

"Fairfax? Yes, of course."

"What do you think of it?"

"It is the most beautiful place I have ever seen."

"It's picturesque enough," Miss Flett returned, "but it gives me the creeps. I should go out of my mind if I had to live there."

"Then it is fortunate that you don't have to," said Celia. "I myself am not subject to creeps."

"You don't feel that the place is haunted?"

"Not in the least."

"Well," said Miss Flett acidly, "if there is a ghost anywhere it will be at Fairfax. In fact, some of the darkies declare they have seen it."

"How very thrilling I hope that I shall see it"

"I sincerely hope that you won't, my

dear Miss Celia. I can imagine nothing more unpleasant for a bride than to see the ghosts of her husband's first wife."

"Well!" thought Celia when the good lady had taken herself off. "That is a nice, congratulatory sort of thing to say. Why is this woman so bitter?"

She was not disturbed by the ghoulish tale. She knew that Lance's poor little first wife had died either in childbirth or shortly afterward; no one spoke of her to Celia; it had all happened so long ago. Celia had only pity for the dead girl; if her ghost did haunt Fairfax, who could be afraid of so pitiful a thing?

She laughed at Miss Flett and forgot her.

It was three days to the wedding; it was only two, it was the day itself. Celia awakened early, slipped from her bed to kneel at the open window, looking out over the dewy garden to the glimmer of the bay beyond and the misty blur of the headland behind which lay Fairfax in its ring of enchanted woods. She said her prayers as she knelt there, asking for a blessing upon Lance and herself and their life together which would begin today.

The wedding was to take place at twelve o'clock. Celia stayed in her room; Mam'Easter brought up her breakfast tray. Until now, she had gone about her usual daily duties; during the last week a capable woman, sister of Miss Allie, the hairdresser, had been installed at Cedar Hill as housekeeper—Olga flatly refused another "companion"—and Celia had carefully instructed the newcomer in the ways of the household. Olga took the innovation cheerfully; she was, Celia had to admit, behaving like an angel.

When she had finished her breakfast Celia went softly about the room, packing the last of her possessions, moving in a daze. She took her wedding-dress from its hanger in the closet, spread it carefully on the bed, adding the silk stockings and shoes, the delicate underwear which was Annette's present, the white hat with its big white rose dipping the wide brim, the string of small perfect pearls which Lance had given her, the little matching earrings from Alec, the old bracelet of silver studded with seed pearls, a family heirloom, which was the Aunts' gift.

The frock itself was in Celia's own characteristic style, short-puffed sleeves, long flaring skirt of chiffon organdie. Olga had given her the material and Celia had made the dress herself, sewing into its fine seams her love and her hopes.

"Celia, you are perfect," Annette cried, coming into the room a little later to find the bride-elect dressed and waiting. "No, I mustn't touch you; I might crush it."

Feeling herself in a dream, Celia got into the carriage, drove through the white-walled roads to the little church on the hill. She had a confused impression of faces, gay frocks, men in antiquated morning suits, an organ playing, the scent of freesias. Then she saw Lance waiting for her, she met his eyes, she was beside him.

She felt herself trembling but made her responses clearly. She knelt beside Lance, his hand holding hers. Then, somehow, they were in the vestry, people were crowding around them. She saw Annette standing beside Guy; she saw Alec Mackenzie threading his way toward her.

"Alec!" She lifted her face to his. He took her hand, said nothing. She had thought he would kiss her. He did not, but he held her hand close in his big warm one and Celia stopped trembling as she clung to the strong, wise fingers. Then she and Lance were walking down the aisle together; she was Lance's wife.

The breakfast was at Rosewoods; an hilarious affair which lasted well into the afternoon. Miss Rose had prepared a wonderful spread. Celia, standing beside her husband, received the good wishes of the guests; she felt her cup of happiness full, she felt that she loved them all.

Miss Anne and Miss Rose were especially kind, saying that she belonged to the family now. Misseena embraced her; there was something vaguely distasteful to Celia in her clinging arms, her curious expression. Misseena grew a trifle

hysterical later on, but that might have been owing to the champagne. Everyone was exhilarated; Annette had two pink flames in her cheeks and her velvety brown eyes were bright and wild. Celia saw it and would spare a thought from her own joy to be anxious about the child.

"Guy," she turned to the boy who was standing near, "look after Annette. Don't let her have any more champagne. Bring her over to us."

Guy went off. Annette's cheeks flamed more hotly as he came to her. Guy stared at her as if he had never seen her before; she looked back at him in silence. Then he said slowly:

"You look different today, Annette. You look grown-up in that new frock." Annette's red mouth parted on a quick breath.

"Do I?" she whispered.

"Yes." He was still staring at her. Abruptly he put his hand on her arm.

"Let's go down where it is cooler." He forgot that Celia had told him to bring the child to her. They went down behind the grape arbor at the side of the house. Annette had taken off her hat.

"Your hair is pure gold," said Guy.

"And yours is a black satin cap," she returned.

With a youthful gesture he put his hand up to his head.

"Do you like black hair?" he asked.

"The best of all. Do you like fair hair, Guy?"

"The best of all. You—you are very pretty, Annette."

"You have told me that before," she replied tremulously.

"Yes. But I never—I feel as if I had never seen you until today."

"Do you really see me today?"

"Lord knows I do. Annette, do you think you could—like me a little?"

"I always did, Guy. I saw you, long ago." Her voice was just audible.

"You—darling! What a blind ass I have been!"

"It's the wedding," Annette cried. "It's the wedding that has made you see."

"Bless the wedding then. Annette, I've got to kiss you—"

She lifted her wild-rose face.

"We mustn't tell," he whispered. "They will say we are too young. You are too young; only sixteen! I shouldn't—"

"I am old enough to love you, Guy."

"You are." He had known that when he kissed her. "But we must not tell, Annette."

"No, we won't tell."

Celia cut her cake, tried to eat some of the good things provided. Lance never left her side. They were not going for a wedding trip; the honeymoon was to be spent at Fairfax and Lance would sail his bride home.

She went back presently to Cedar Hill to change her frock, most of the guests following. She felt exhausted, still half-dazed, her happiness shot by rapturous thrills of fear, of the unknown, of being alone with Lance. Her cheeks burned, her hands were cold.

When she went down with Lance to the bay she saw a fleet of yachts at anchor. Dinghies were drawn up on the shore; laughing and chattering the guests rowed themselves out to the boats.

"Are they all coming?" Celia demanded in laughing dismay.

"They won't land," Lancing assured her. "They are racing us home. It is an island custom."

The breeze was strong, the water whipped to waves. Celia, seating herself on the cushions of Lancing's yacht felt her excitement mounting. An island custom; it made her think of old tales of Circassian horsemen racing home on their fleet ponies, their brides at their saddle-bows, pursued by their friends.

The yachts spread out on the blue water, their sails like silver under the sun.

"I've never, never seen so beautiful a sight," said Celia, then uttered a cry: "Lance—look!"

Something skimmed by them, a white bird, a narrow sailing canoe with a girl at the helm.

"It is Annette. Stop her. She shouldn't go out into the sea in that crazy cockleshell."

"She's all right," said Lance, "but by heaven, she's going to beat us. The young monkey—"



A shadow fell across the flagged floor; she looked up to see the overseer, Job. He moved like a panther, soft-footed in rubber-soled shoes.

"Do you want anything, Job?"

"No, Miss Ceely. I just goin' down to the lower ten."

He had no business to go down by the front of the house and Celia knew she ought to reprimand him, but she lacked the courage to do so. She was afraid of this man with his insolent bearing. If Lance had been at home she would not have hesitated to rebuke him—but Lance was not there. Job went on, crossing the lawn; she saw him disappear between the oleanders.

Five minutes later a step sounded on the path and a second shadow fell across the corner of the piazza. Celia uttered a stifled cry, stared with dilated eyes, then gave another cry and sprang from her chair.

"Alec. Alec. You!"

More swiftly than she had ever seen him move he was beside her. "I startled you. I am sorry."

"No—oh, I am so glad to see you."

Gently he pushed her down into her chair.

"You are white as paper, Celia. What has happened to your nerves?"

"I thought you were Job—coming back—"

"Job! The head man?"

"Yes. I can't bear him. He was here a few minutes ago, where he had no business to be."

Alec seated himself, facing her. "Where is Lance?" he asked.

"He is away. In Virginia."

"And you are alone here?"

"I didn't want to go." Celia's color was coming back. "It wasn't worth while, he will only be there a week or so."

"I see," said Alec gravely. "But why haven't you got someone here with you? Or why not go to Cedar Hill or Rose-woods?"

"I don't want anyone, Alec. And I would not leave Fairfax."

"But if you are nervous—"

"I am not, really. It is just that I don't like Job; pure prejudice, I dare say. Lance swears by him. But the others, old Horace and Jinny and the rest, I like very much. They take good care of me."

"You are quite safe with Horace and the others to look after you," Alec conceded, "but it is not right to be nervous. Let me take you to Miss Anne."

"I wouldn't dream of it. And I am not really nervous; it is just that I am a bit off color today; it is an oppressive afternoon. Besides," she smiled, "I must get used to being alone. Lance will often be going away and I can't run every time he does."

"You must go with him."

"That wouldn't do. He likes to go off by himself. He has always done it, you know."

"He wasn't a married man in those days."

"No. But I am not going to tie him to my apronstrings. And now," she obviously wanted to change the subject, "do tell me, when did you arrive? How long are you staying?"

Alec explained that he was on his way to the States. A cruising ship, taking a southerly course and touching at Blanque before going on up the American coast, had been due to leave England at much the same time as he himself wanted to sail. He had been able to book passage in her, a week or so earlier than he had originally intended; unable, he said, to resist this chance of looking in upon his friends on the island.

"How long will the ship be in port here?" she asked.

"Only tonight. We sail in the morning, put in simply to coal."

"So short a time! I suppose you could not stay and dine with me, Alec? I must not be selfish; I know the others will want you—"

"I have seen the others," he replied. "I had tea at Cedar Hill and borrowed the launch to come over to Fairfax. I should like very much to dine with you."

They dined in the great candle-lit room and then sat on the piazza talking together like the old friends they were. Alec said no more of Lancing, and Celia avoided the subject. She asked him about his trip and what it had been like in England and Scotland; he told her,

for the first time, about his place in the Highlands on a mountain-enclosed loch. "In the mist and chill," he reminded her.

"I should not object to a touch of mist and chill at this moment," Celia returned. The evening was close and heavy.

"Let us go for a little stroll, Alec. It's a perfect night, but there isn't much air here on the piazza."

He assented at once. They strolled down through the oleanders by the perilous little brick steps, stopped at the plateau where the vegetable garden lay. A young moon had climbed the sky; the flower fields and the fruit groves were bathed in misty silver.

"Beautiful," said Celia softly.

"It is," he agreed.

"Do you remember accusing me of seeing Fairfax through rose-colored glasses, Alec?"

"I remember. Are you wearing them still, Celia?"

"I think," she said slowly, "that I have taken them off."

"I guessed," he answered, "that you had."

"It is better to see clearly, Alec."

"Are you not happy?" he asked.

"I am happy. But—more soberly."

He stood rigid beside her, his face stern in the moonlight. Celia looked up at him and saw his eyes, gazing down at her. She, too, stood rigid a moment, her face paling. He was going tomorrow, she was losing her friend. Would he come back again? Like a child, she said:

"I wish you were not going."

He did not seem to hear. Still he stood motionless, then abruptly he exclaimed:

"You are not happy. I was afraid of this. I told you once to go home to England. I tell you so again; go home, Celia."

She stared at him.

"Go home," she echoed. "Leave Fairfax? Leave—Lance? You are mad, Alec."

"Think what you will of me. I repeat, Celia, go home. Before you are broken."

"I am not going to be broken! I am perfectly happy. I love Lance—"

"All the more reason to leave him. You will not survive if you stay. Have you not seen the change in yourself? You are the shadow of the girl you were."

"Alec!" She was half-laughing. He seemed unable to stop.

"You say you love Lance. You are infatuated. You were blinded, swept away. It is not love, Celia." Then recollecting himself, he added: "I beg your pardon. I should not speak like this to you. Forgive me."

She looked at him, very steadily, no longer laughing.

"You may say what you like to me, Alec. You are my friend. More than a friend; you are like a big brother to me. I may disagree with you, but nothing you say can ever make me angry again. And perhaps—" her voice was low but firm, the dark eyes lifted to his very grave and clear—"perhaps you are right. I don't know. Lance—my marriage with him—has not been what I expected. I don't mean that it has been unhappy, but it has been different from all my conceptions of life. But it is my life, Alec; my—destiny. I can't put it in words. I only know that I am caught fast, by Lance and by Fairfax. Perhaps it is a spell. The island is full of spells."

He put his hand on her arm. "I understand. I did not mean to distress you."

"You have not distressed me. It was I who seemed to distress you. I wanted you to understand. Not to—worry about me."

"I shall try not to do so." But his eyes belied him. "I was grieved when I saw you today, so changed, but I shall say no more."

"If—" Celia drew a long breath—"if I have gone off in looks, there is a reason for that. For the change in me, I mean." She felt rather than saw his sudden start.

"Celia?" The grey eyes held hers. She nodded her head.

"I wasn't sure. Now I am quite sure."

"My dear child" he said gently. "My poor child."

"Poor? But, Alec, it is the most wonderful thing—the most happy thing—"

"Does Lance know of this?" he demanded.

"No. I didn't know, myself. Until

today." She smiled up at him; in the faint moonlight he saw her lashes shining wet. "But now you see that, no matter what happens—and nothing unhappy will happen—I am bound to Fairfax. For good and all."

"Yes," he agreed soberly. "You are bound now, Celia."

"We must go back to the house," she said. "The mist is rising."

They went back, Alec putting his strong arm under hers as they climbed the insecure steps. In the drawing-room he faced her to say good-by.

"Will you come back later in the summer, Alec? You promised that you would."

"I shall try to come, but not until next year, Celia. My—my plans have changed."

"I'll miss you. It has been lovely having you today."

"Good-by," he said abruptly, taking her hand.

"Good-by, Alec. And please—don't think—"

He gave her a long look.

"God bless you," he said. "No, don't come out with me. Stay here."

He was gone, striding away without a backward glance. Celia stood where he had left her until the firm footfalls ceased. Then her hands went up to her face, pressed hard against her eyes.

"I wish—I wish you were not gone. Oh, Alec, my friend, I'll miss you so!"

#### XIV

IT WAS another three weeks before Lancing arrived. Characteristically he appeared without warning, coming upon Celia as she sat alone on the piazza at tea-time, coming around the corner of the house just as Alec had done, his shadow before him. And, as before, Celia sprang up with a cry.

"Lance—oh, Lance!"

She was in her husband's arms, the vivid blue eyes were laughing down into hers.

"Glad to see me, my sweet?"

"Very glad."

"Angel." He kissed her again, released here, picked up a crisp hot biscuit from the table and crunched it between strong white teeth with relish. "It's good to get back to Jinny's cooking. How is the teapot?"

"Hot and quite fresh, Lance. Sit down. Horace—" as the old man appeared in the doorway—"bring another cup."

"Howdy, Mr. Lance," said Horace, beaming. "Yes, Miss Ceely." He hurried away to fetch the cup and saucer.

Lance flung himself into a chair; Celia sat down and poured his tea.

"Did you have a nice time, Lance?" she asked. "Was there any hunting?"

"A couple of paper chases. No foxes. But I got some jolly fine runs."

"How did you get back? Another freighter?"

"Yes, fruit boat. But why on earth, Celia, haven't you had Annette over here? And Guy, too?"

"They came to see me very often," she answered. "I didn't want anyone in the house with me. That would have seemed too childish on my part."

He gave her an approving look. "Thank heaven, you are not the sort of woman who can't be alone for five minutes. But you are a bit washed out. Aren't you thinner, too?"

"Am I?" She looked at him with a grave smile. "I have something to tell you, Lance."

"By Jove! Celia! You don't mean it."

"Are you glad?" Her smile wavered, her eyes welled with sudden tears.

"Glad! What do you think? Another Lancing at Fairfax—a son—" He was out of his chair again, his arms around her. "You blessed girl!" he cried.

Her heart rose on a great wave of happiness and reassurance. She relaxed against him, feeling the nervous strength of him, forgetting that those arms of his had ever failed her.

"And if it isn't a son?" she whispered.

He spoke buoyantly. "I adore girls. A little Annette of our own. But it's sure to be a boy, Celia."

She was touched to see him so pleased, so excited; what a boy he was! And how thankful she was that he took the news as he did.

During the days which followed, Lancing's happy mood did not abate. He was

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his gayest, most fascinating self; delighted to be again at his beloved Fairfax, proud and happy in the thought of his approaching fatherhood.

Celia glowed in the sunshine of his renewed interest; they were together all day as they had been during those heavenly weeks of honeymoon. But as the days went on and melted into weeks, her happiness dimmed again. If only it did not take so long. Why could not one be a potential mother and, at the same time, bride, wife and tireless companion to one's husband?

"I must live up to him," she had said to herself. She found it increasingly difficult to do so. Long tramps began to make her breathless. She hid this as well as she could; after all, exercise was essential at such a time. But Lance, who could do nothing in moderation, was a very swift walker, striding along with the ease of his trained muscles, and he had no patience with a laggard. Very soon these walks became sheer torture to Celia.

She was very much alone, now. She seldom left Fairfax and saw few visitors. Guy and Annette came fairly often; the engagement had been formally announced and Annette wore a ring on her left hand, a cluster of old rose diamonds in an antique setting which Celia had found in that treasurehouse which was the attic, and had given to Guy when the boy confided that he had no money to buy Annette a ring and was unable to get any from his chronically hard-up father. Annette glowed like a rose, these days. Starry-eyed, tremulous, just being engaged to Guy was for her the ultimate rapture. Guy appeared happy, also, but Celia watched him with increasing concern. In spite of his high spirits and energy he did not look well; his gaiety was a temperamental thing, alternating with fits of depression, short-lived but dismaying. More and more Celia saw his father in him; she did not love him the less for that, but she trembled for Annette's future happiness. Guy was a darling, but he was unbalanced; marriage might steady him, but Celia doubted it.

Celia came down the stairs, out to the piazza, seated herself before a wicker table drawn up in a corner shaded by white jasmine. The table was laid for one person's breakfast; half a melon resting on ice, a freshly baked loaf, pale butter, a round of guava jelly and a steaming coffee-pot.

The first stage of expectant motherhood had passed; Celia was alive again, healthily hungry for her meals. Her eyes and mouth no longer looked as if they had been tied back with string.

She sat down at her little table, eyed expectantly a covered silver dish which Horace placed before her. She ate her breakfast—and enjoyed it. When she had finished, she got up and crossed the lawn to the oleanders. It was early; Celia awakened early these mornings and liked to get up and enjoy the first freshness before the sun climbed too high. Lance generally came down later, except when, as frequently happened, he rose before dawn to go fishing. They seldom had breakfast together.

Celia went carefully down the brick steps; she had asked Lance to have them repaired and he had promised to do so, but nothing had been done. There were other repairs needed at Fairfax, and nothing was done about them, either. Lance gaily but inexorably pleaded poverty, and she knew that he was always hard pressed. She knew, too, however, that the yacht was kept in most beautiful trim, that Lance refused to give up his horses which must cost a great deal, and also, if he wanted to go off on a trip, money was forthcoming.

She went down now past the great vegetable tract, skirted a banana patch and took a path toward the shore. She had discovered a mangrove swamp down there, a queer, dank place with gnome-



have been a younger Lance standing there, save for his eyes, those large and too luminous eyes which were so beautiful but so strange, so gay at times, so pathetic at others. They puzzled Celia always and occasionally dismayed her, but tonight they were gentle, quiet. He and Annette were standing quite still, not touching each other, just looking into each other's faces. Celia, forgetting all she knew about spying and eavesdropping, stood as motionless as they. Guy spoke at last.

"I hoped you would come, Annette."

"I had to come. I could not go to sleep until I had said good night to you."

"I tried to get to you, all day," he answered, "but I couldn't leave the others. I saw you on the shore, Annette."

"I went to watch you, Guy. You did wonderfully."

"That was because you were watching me."

"I hated the high diving," she said.

"I couldn't look then."

"Were you frightened?"

"Dreadfully."

"But you knew it was all right. You have often seen me dive from there before."

"Before!" Celia's eyes pricked with sudden tears at Annette's tone. "It didn't matter before. I didn't know—"

"Does it matter so much now?" he asked.

"Now? If anything happened to you now I could not go on living."

"Darling!" He caught her in his arms. "Do you love me so much?"

"Yes. I love you so much."

"Kiss me again, Annette. I love you—I love you. Now—I must take you back."

"I don't want to go back."

"Oh, Annette! I don't want to let you go. But I must. Don't make it too hard for me."

"Very well. I'll go." Gentle, docile, she lifted her face for a last kiss. Docile. Yes, Annette had always been that. But her docility, thought Celia, might be her undoing in the end.

"I ought to show myself, speak to them—" but Celia could not do it. It seemed to her that to break in upon those two beautiful children at this moment would be little short of sacrilege. She stayed where she was and saw them, the boy with his arm close about the girl, move slowly out of the patch of moonlight and take the shadowy path back to Cedar Hill.

She waited for some minutes, until she was sure that they were far enough away to hear no movement of hers; then she struck into the wood at right angles, feeling disinclined to go back as yet to her room, wanting to think the matter out and decide upon some course of action. She was not in the least nervous at being here alone, for this was private and enclosed land; besides, there was nothing to be afraid of in Blanque.

Guy and Annette. These two! Their beauty, their youth, their innocence and love for each other moved Celia to the heart. The things they had said, shy, childish things, made her want to smile and to cry. There was nothing to fear; they were, in truth, the children she had called them. Yes. But they were in the grip of an emotion which is far from childlike and their innocence of that ruthless force might destroy them. She wished Alec had not left on one of his trips. It would have helped to talk it over with him.

"I must speak to Lance," decided Celia. "I must betray them. There is nothing else to be done."

Pondering this problem, she had walked farther than she knew; suddenly she realized that she had almost reached the confines of that other Miss Mayley's place and she turned to go back again. She went slowly; it was still not late and it was wonderful in this black and silver wood with the dry springy moss underfoot and the great branches of the trees stretching benevolently above her head. Her nerves were quiet now; she had come to a conclusion and would act upon it. Things would turn out all right. The peace of the night stole in upon her at last; she thought, as she had thought so often before: "This is a heavenly place."

Then, tearing the silence, ripping the peace, came a scream, long-drawn and

hideous. Again and again it came, shattering the night.

For the second time Celia stood rooted, indescribably shocked, and it seemed to her that she heard other screams and under them a wild medley of other voices. She never knew whether these second sounds were real or only in her imagination; she stood transfixed in a night gone deathly still again, and as she stood there she saw a figure coming hurriedly toward her and saw, with bewilderment yet no actual surprise, the bright turban, the snowy apron and round black face of Mam'Easter.

"Miss Ceely! What you doin' here?" Mam'Easter demanded. At sound of the familiar old voice Celia came back from nightmare to reality again. She explained—apologetically, for, like the rest of the family she never felt more than ten years old before Mam'Easter—that she had not wanted to go to bed and had come out for a walk, had heard those dreadful screams, and was just about to run and get help.

"Dey don't want no help. You get along home to your bed where you belongs," said Mam'Easter severely.

"But what was it?" cried Celia. "And what are you doing here?"

"I'm busy. Never mind them screams. Dey don't mean nothin'."

"But something must be wrong—" Celia began.

"You think you can fix it? Climb up and put out dat moon, Miss Ceely! Maybe dat'll stop it. She spoke with a terrible grimness, half anger, half grief.

"What do you mean, Mam'Easter? Won't you tell me?"

The old woman laid a hand on Celia's arm; her face held a look of entreaty.

"Miss Ceely, child, it ain' none o' your business. Dere's things in dis island nobody ain't got a right to know; nobody from outside like what you is. Please go on back to bed, now."

She was so in earnest, so anxious and distressed that Celia could not persist further.

"All right, Mam'Easter," she said. "I will go back."

"An' don't say nothin' to nobody."

"I won't."

"Dat's a good girl. Run along now, honey." The old black hand with its soft pink palm gave Celia a little pat on the shoulder, then Mam'Easter was hurrying on and Celia, shaken, desperately curious but true to her word, was running as quickly as she could back to the house.

### XIII

CELIA and Lance went back to Fairfax next morning and Celia made her communication concerning Annette and Guy to her husband.

"What? Already? The young monkeys." Lancing did not seem in the least disturbed.

"Had you suspected it, Lance?"

"No. Not yet. Annette is a mere infant and Guy only nineteen."

"Would you like them to marry each other?"

"Would I like it! My dear child, I'd have roped and tied and dragged them to church."

"Lance! What in the world—" She was laughing, puzzled.

"They have got to marry," he said. "Fairfax needs Annette."

"Needs her?" Celia looked still more puzzled.

"Her fortune," he explained.

"I didn't know Annette had a fortune."

"Didn't you? Her father was a rich man, Celia."

"So I understood. But I always thought he had left everything to Olga."

"Not he. Olga is simply her guardian. She draws an allowance from the estate for herself and the child during Annette's minority. Annette comes into the capital at twenty-one or upon her marriage."

"I see." So this was why Olga had kept the child! "Will Olga have nothing then?"

"She will still get an allowance."

"Little Annette an heiress!" Celia said, amazed. "Does she know it?"

"No. It doesn't do children any good to know things like that."

"And Guy?"

"I don't think so. In fact I'm sure he doesn't. We have kept it quiet, only the Padre and the aunts know about it."

"Guy is so young, younger than his years," she said. "He has never been anywhere, never seen anything. Don't you think it would be a good thing to send him away for a time, give him a change? Let him go to your friends in Virginia. He needs a change, Lance. He is far too much imbued with the island, with its myths and witches' tales. He isn't fit for marriage yet; he won't be, even in another year, if he continues this sort of life. He's the dearest boy in the world, but he wants poise and balance. A new viewpoint."

"Send Guy away! What are you thinking of?"

"It would do him so much good," she pleaded. "I love Guy and I love Annette. But they are simply two children. It isn't so important on her side, perhaps; but for him—to be a husband—responsible for her—"

"Nonsense, Celia. Send Guy away, indeed! That would be a fine proceeding." Again Lance smiled, that reckless, enchanting smile of his. "Do you think I am going to put that impressionable youngster among those sirens? You've never seen the Virginia girls. They are mantraps with a capital M, I assure you."

"You mean he might forget Annette?"

"Well, she is the only really pretty girl he has ever seen. And such things do happen, with young men."

"That might not be an entirely bad thing, Lance," she said slowly. "Annette would break her little heart, but hearts mend quickly at sixteen. She is far too young to think of marrying for years yet."

"Are you mad, Celia?" Lance exclaimed.

"Mad?" She was startled.

"My dear girl, you have missed the whole point of this affair."

"Surely the point is the happiness and welfare of those two. I am not at all sure that it might not be better for each of them if they married someone else. They are so alike, they have been brought up as cousins, they have no surprises for each other—"

"And what about Fairfax? I can't hold out forever, Celia. Guy might, of course, marry someone from outside with money, but he might not. And American girls with money have very distinct ideas as to how it shall be spent. Annette has been brought up in the family tradition; there will be no difficulty with her. This marriage has got to take place. Otherwise, Fairfax may go out of the family."

"I see," said Celia quietly. "For the moment I had forgotten Fairfax."

She said no more on the subject. What was the use? She had made her protest and it was of no avail. To persist would only be to antagonize Lance. She could do no more; she had her own life to live and it was not an easy one. Guy and Annette would have to work out their salvation as best they could.

It was growing hotter. The sun gained power daily, the air lost its fresh tang and the nights were no longer cool. The freesias were over; the lilies bloomed, filling the air with their fragrance. Celia was entranced by those acres of heavenly white flowers with their gold stamens; all Fairfax was drowned in their perfume, one breathed it waking and sleeping.

Then presently it seemed too much; there was something of death in that heavy sweetness. Celia, in spite of herself, was affected by it, and she saw that it—or something else—was affecting Lance. He was restless, more easily irritated and there were occasional black moods which lasted hours and turned Celia's heart to water.

She never knew just what caused these moods. There was no warning; Lance was his gayest, most adoring self at one moment; the next he was speaking with icy politeness, with formality, his eyes inimical. And then for hours, sometimes for a day and more he would not speak at all, save when absolutely necessary. It ended as abruptly as it began; Celia had only to wait, to bide her time, seize upon the moment and Lance was beside her, his arms around her, contrite, his eyes tragic, breaking her heart.

She had only to wait, but these times of waiting were hard to bear. The fiercest quarrel would have been prefer-

able. The dreadful silence, the cruel cold voice when he spoke at all, the darkened face. Her heart never beat normally until the mood had passed; she felt physically sick, it was the refinement of torture. When it was over, when once again he was himself and she in his arms, her reaction was painful. Always she cried her heart out, she who had never been given to tears.

"If you would only tell me at once, Lance, and not put us both through such misery," she would sob. And Lance always promised, but next time it was the same thing. It was wearing Celia out; she lived in dread of a dark mood; she watched her actions and her speech carefully. She was, in fact, becoming undermined, her strength of character in abeyance, her common sense gone, and in occasional lucid flashes she knew it. But she could not seem to help it; his power over her remained unabated.

She was sitting alone in the drawing-room one evening after dinner, there had been some thunder and lightning although no rain, and Horace had put the coffee indoors. Lance, after his coffee, had gone off somewhere; Celia sat knitting by the open window, reveling in the scent from the lily fields, which filled all the house.

Lance came back, moved restlessly about, then suddenly closed the window.

"Is it raining?" she asked, surprised.

"No. But I'm sick of that eternal smell of flowers."

"Oh, Lance, don't shut it out. It is so heavenly."

He made no reply, began to pace up and down the room.

"Do you want to play a game?" she asked. They occasionally played cards together.

"No, thanks."

"Shall we go for a stroll?"

"There is nowhere to go. Cooped up here—"

Celia's heart missed a beat. She kept on knitting, her eyes lowered.

"Look here," he said abruptly, "I think I'll run up to Virginia. I ought to have gone long ago."

"That is a good idea," she answered.

"When shall we go, Lance?"

"We?" He gave her a quick look.

"Well, naturally." She managed to laugh. "You aren't going to run away from me, are you?"

"I'm afraid you'd hate the trip, Celia. I'll have to take a freighter. It would be horribly uncomfortable for a woman."

"I shouldn't mind a freighter. It would be fun."

"I'll take you, later on. It isn't worth while this time. I won't be there more than a week."

"You mean you would rather go alone?"

"Don't you think," he smiled persuasively, "that it is a good thing for husbands and wives to be separated now and then?"

"I—I suppose it is."

"Don't look so serious," he protested. "I'll be back before you know I have gone. Would you like to have Annette to stay here with you?"

"When are you going, Lance?"

"There is a freighter calling tomorrow which takes a passenger or two."

"Tomorrow!"

"Yes. We'll sail about noon. I will send Annette over if you want her."

"No, don't do that. I shall send for her myself, if I want her." She put her knitting aside. "I had better go up and sort out your things, Lance. What bags are you taking?"

"Horace will see to all that. Smile at me, Celia. You don't mind my going, do you?"

"No, of course not." She smiled at him.

"And you will be all right?"

"Yes. I will be all right."

Celia sat on the piazza drinking tea. An unearthly silence enveloped Fairfax. The sky was overcast, a heavy grey; beneath it the lawn, which was watered morning and evening, showed luridly green, closely hemmed in by the darker green of the dense oleanders. Celia drained her cup, set it down; the spoon clicked against the saucer and the slight sound was loud in the stillness. Lance had been gone for three days and during this time Celia had seen and spoken to no one save the servants.



just above this one. A thick vine grew up the wall; a vine whose stout branches would support the weight of a climbing man.

With a frantic movement she crashed the heavy shutter together, slid the bolt into its socket. Like rats in a cage her thoughts darted. Doors? Other windows? The upstairs windows were closed and shuttered; she had heard the maids fastening them. Dining room? Library?

A shadow moved across the floor; she uttered a stifled cry, but it was only the lamp flaring again. She caught up her torch, ran into the hall, across to the dining room. All fast here. The other rooms were secured against the storm as well. He could not get in—but what about the kitchen and pantries? Was there any way there? Was he already in the house?

She went back to the drawing-room. Upstairs? No, she could not go upstairs. If he got in—if he got in—she would be trapped up there. Could she get to the cabins? Impossible. He might hear or see her. It would be madness to attempt it.

Call the servants. They would hear nothing on a night like this. But there was the bell, the great bell in the roof which was rung for the laborers at sunrise and at noon and sunset. Its rope hung in the hall. With a cry of relief, Celia ran out. The rope lay on the floor. It had broken a week ago and Lance had neglected to get a new one.

She went back again, her face ghastly, her eyes no longer sane. She tried to control herself, to think of her child. The man could not get in. "He can't, he can't. I must keep calm."

She heard a fumbling at the window and shrieked aloud, or thought she did, but the only sound she made was a hoarse little croak. Then there was no sound but the drumming rain, the thunder and the wind blowing madly.

Where had he gone? What door or window was he trying now? How long would he persist? He was drunk; probably he had a bottle or flask in his pocket; he might drink himself insensible. But he might not.

Would this nightmare never end? Would the storm never cease? If only it would she could call to the servants, scream, smash windows, make them hear some way. But no one could hear anything in a bedlam like this. She began to pace up and down the room.

A sound—a new sound—brought her to an agonized stop. Tingling from head to foot, the very hair on her head creeping, she listened.

A sound from the pantry—stealthy—a chair overturned—a muttered exclamation—he was in! He was in the house!

She turned and dashed from the room, she was at the house door, wrenching back the heavy bolts. The door swung open on a gust of wind, Celia ran like a mad thing across the piazza, across the lawn. Not back toward the servants' quarters; she was beyond reason now. Her one frantic instinct was to run—to escape.

Blindly she went toward the opening in the oleanders. Someone shouted—a man's voice—she screamed and plunged forward down the brick steps. Rotting, unsafe, the storm had finished them. They gave way under Celia's feet and she fell in a crumpled heap on the terrace below.

## XV

LIGHT flickering through a wall of rain, wind whipping the trees, waves thundering on the beach, the crack of a snapped branch. Something was hurting; someone, somewhere, was in pain.

Celia, momentarily stunned by her fall, came back to consciousness and to panic again. Spring up—stagger on—but she could not move. She felt a hand upon her, she was being lifted, she knew the final agony of fear and horror, and from this uttermost depth she shrieked, struggled.

"Celia!"

Someone flashed a lantern; she looked into Alec Mackenzie's eyes.

"Alec! Alec!"

Her arms went up about his neck, she clung to him.

"Don't leave me. Don't leave me."

"I will never leave you again."

"The man—Job—"

"He is being taken care of. It's all right, Celia. You are safe."

All right. Yes, all was well now. Alec was here, holding her safe. She did not question his coming, did not even wonder at it. She slid into a deep pool of water which closed gently, caressingly, above her head. She let herself sink; there was no need for any further effort.

Voices cut through her consciousness; two voices murmuring together. The sound was a pleasant one, like running water, soothing. She was lying on something cool and soft; that was very pleasant, too. They had let her alone at last; they had done with her.

She lay very still; if she made the slightest movement the torture might begin again. Perhaps they did not know she was here; they must not guess. Murmur—murmur—the voices were growing louder. Light was coming from somewhere. She thought she would like to open her eyes and see the light, but if she did they might catch the flicker of her eyelids and begin to hurt her again.

The light grew stronger; the drumming in her ears subsided. She heard the voices clearly now and could follow the words.

"Poor girl. And poor Lance. Have they heard from him?"

"Yes. The cruiser has a wireless. They've turned back."

"Will she pull through, do you think?"

"Oh, yes. There are no complications; perfectly straightforward case. The danger was the strain on the heart, but she has stood it wonderfully."

Would who pull through? Was someone ill? Lance—who was Lance?

"Oh!" Celia opened her eyes. "Job—Alec!"

"She's come to! There, there, Mrs. Lancing." A young woman in a crisp white dress, with a veil on her hair, bent over the bed. "It's all right. Lie down again." She smiled reassuringly.

"This is splendid. How do you feel?" Celia's hazel eyes, sunk in hollow sockets, stared up at the cheerful, professional face in painful bewilderment.

"How—where—?" Her tongue was stiff.

"You are in the hospital, Mrs. Lancing."

"Have I been very ill?"

"We won't talk about that just now," the nurse replied firmly.

"But I must. I must ask you a few questions."

"Well," the nurse eyed her doubtfully, took hold of her wrist, "I dare say it won't do you any more harm than lying there fretting. What do you want to ask, Mrs. Lancing?"

"I suppose," said Celia, speaking with difficulty, "that the—the baby—"

The nurse nodded, her professional face changing in spite of herself. "It couldn't be helped—I am so sorry—"

"I see," said Celia faintly.

"At least we saved you," said the nurse, trying to be bright again. "And that took some doing, I don't mind saying."

"How long have I been here?"

"Three days."

"Three days! How did I get here?"

"Dr. Mackenzie brought you in the hotel launch."

"On the night of the storm?"

"That very night. And saved your life by doing it."

"But how—? I don't see how any small boat—"

"The bay was sheltered. It was just getting around the headland. And a launch will go through a good deal. Not that I'd like to have been in it, myself. I must say. I wouldn't have taken a chance and I don't know who else would, except Dr. Mackenzie. How he persuaded the two darkies to go with him, I don't know; but I expect most people do what Dr. Mackenzie tells them to."

"Is he—is he still in Blanque?"

"In Blanque! I should think he is. He has been at the hospital night and day. He's a grand man," said the nurse with conviction. "And of course he was very anxious; such a friend of Mr. Lancing, and all."

The white face on the pillow contracted oddly. Celia looked up again.

"Has—has anyone heard—?"

"From Mr. Lancing?" asked the nurse quickly. "Dear me, yes. They sent out an

SOS from our station here, yesterday. Nobody thought of it at first; we had enough to do thinking of you. But anyhow, an answer came last night that the cruiser was turning back."

"I am so glad. I was anxious—that awful storm—"

"Blanque people aren't ones to get lost in storms," said the cheerful nurse.

"You'll be seeing your husband safe and sound in a day or two. And now we are going to settle down and go to sleep again."

Celia obeyed. She didn't believe that she would be able to sleep; there was far too much to think about. But a sedative took care of that; within ten minutes she was breathing softly and regularly.

She slept through the night, stirring at intervals, drowsily conscious that she was being given something, medicine or nourishment, and sinking again into deep, healing sleep. In the morning, the night nurse bathed her, slipped a clean gown over her head, brushed the soft bright hair and braided it into two long plaits. The bed was made, the room tidied.

Celia finished her breakfast; the tray was removed.

"And now," said the nurse, "I wonder if you feel well enough to see a visitor? It is a doctor," she added, smiling, "and he wouldn't ask to come if he didn't think it would be all right."

"I am quite well enough. Ask Dr. Mackenzie to come up."

The young woman went off; Celia began to tremble. She heard a firm, unhurried step in the passage beyond her door and trembled more violently. But when the door opened and she saw the big figure, the fine face that seemed hewn out of rock—changeless rock—the quiet, steady grey eyes, her tremors ceased. She stretched out a hand to him.

"Alec!" Her hand was taken in the well-remembered clasp; she felt new strength flowing through her. The nurse had placed a chair at the bedside before leaving the room; Alec Mackenzie sat down, still holding the thin white hand in his.

"How are you feeling, Celia? I got a good report of you this morning from the house surgeon."

"I feel wonderfully," she answered. "I believe they are all surprised and very proud of me."

"Well done. But it is no more than I expected. Your heart is a good sound engine, you have nice clean blood and no diseased organs."

A glimmer of laughter showed in her hollow eyes.

"Oh, Alec. That does sound so like you."

"What does?" he demanded, pleased by the gleam.

"Your—your very technical explanation of my quick recovery."

"But that is the explanation," he returned mildly.

"I know. But only you would expound it in just those words. The nurses and Dr. Grey flattered me about my invincible spirit, and so on. But you, most honest and logical of men—" She began to laugh and then, to her own dismay, her eyes brimmed with tears. She put a hasty hand under her pillow, fumbled there. Alec drew a linen handkerchief from his pocket. Very gently he dried her eyes.

"Don't cry, Celia."

"No." The hysterical emotion subsided.

"I wasn't crying, really. It was just—you made me laugh—and I am so terribly glad to see you."

"I am glad to see you," he responded, "although not in these circumstances. My poor child."

She gave him a quick look.

"Yes. It is—bad. I'd rather not talk about it just yet. I had so hoped—" She gave her head a little shake. "Tell me, Alec, how in the world did you happen to be there when I—I fell?"

"Shall we defer talking of that, too, for a time?" he demurred. "You are not very strong, you know, and agitation will do you no good."

"I am far more agitated lying here wondering, trying to puzzle it all out. I should much rather hear the whole story. I think it would take away some of the horror, to talk it over with you."

"On the horror," he answered firmly, "you must not dwell. I don't say forget it; that is impossible. But remember,

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Celia, such a thing has never happened before in Blanque and is not likely to occur again. You must not brood on it."

"I'll try not to. But he—what—?"

"Job is dead," said Alec quietly. "There was a scuffle—he was trying to get away—and one of the Fairfax boys killed him. A pure case of self-defense. There are half a dozen witnesses to that."

She looked at him, a quick look of comprehension.

"There would be. The boys all hated him." Alec Mackenzie nodded.

"And that disposes of the brute. Try not to give him another thought."

"It is all—dreadful—" A long shudder shook Celia. Alec's hand tightened on hers.

"It is. It never should have happened." His face was terrible for a moment in its bitter sternness. "However—" He drew a deep breath. "Thank Heaven I got there when I did."

"How did you happen to get there?"

"I arrived at the island that evening. We had met the storm out at sea long before it struck here, and were delayed. We made the reef just in time."

"But why did you come to Fairfax at that hour, in that storm? Why didn't you come earlier if you meant to do so at all?"

"I did not mean to come that night. I got a room at the hotel, dined there. I was going to turn in, at ten o'clock, but the storm made any such idea impossible. No one could have slept."

"No," Celia murmured. "I couldn't go to bed, either."

"Just after ten," Alec went on, "Dulany turned up; had been dining somewhere near and came in to get a room for the night; the road to his place was flooded. We sat yarning for a time and then, when he was saying good night, he happened to mention that Lance had gone off that morning with Williams in the cruiser. He wasn't alarmed; was sure they had found shelter somewhere, as we know they did."

"Yes," said Celia.

"I knew then," Alec continued, "that you were alone at Fairfax, in your precarious state of health, in that awful storm. I knew, too," said Alec sternly, "that you were quite likely to have half the roof about your ears if the blow got worse. It couldn't be risked; you could not be left alone to experience such a shock or any other shock."

Celia turned her head away for a moment. "Well, what then?" she asked, turning to face him again.

"I got the hotel launch, and bribed two fine chaps to come with me. They weren't keen, but all these Blanque negroes are water dogs and they were not really very much alarmed. The minute we touched the jetty we knew that something was wrong. I felt it; the boys felt it. We came up the path, hell for leather. The house was dark; the shutters drawn, of course. But we saw a chink from a downstairs window and I knew you were there, Celia. Then, just as we turned the corner of the house the door burst open and you dashed out. I shouted but you did not hear. I went after you as fast as I could—but I was too late."

"Too late! You saved my life, Alec. Saved far more than my life."

"I did not save you from the fall, Celia, which has shattered your hopes."

"Perhaps"—her cheeks flushed—"it is the best thing. After such a shock, after such a night, what sort of baby—?"

"My dear." He had never heard so bitter a tone from her. "Put those thoughts away. It is over, Celia."

"Yes." She made an effort. "You haven't finished yet, Alec. What happened after you found me?"

"You fainted. We carried you up, one of the boys and I. The other, good fellow, had rushed into the house; we all knew, of course, that someone must be there who had frightened you. The bell rope was broken, but he dashed up the stairs, climbed into the loft and rang



like trees whose roots, heaped upon the ground, were like serpents. The place had given her a shock when first she came upon it, but curiously it attracted her. It had a weird sort of beauty, and it was cool; astonishingly cool even on the hottest day. No one ever went near it; she had formed a habit of retreating here when she wanted to be alone.

She made her way there now, sat down in a cluster of roots close by the water. She leaned her head against the trunk of a tree and gave herself up to her thoughts.

Then she sat still, paralyzed. Someone was watching her; someone had come creeping through the swamp. A dark face peered through a tangle of mangrove roots; with a dreadful certainty she knew that it had been watching her for several minutes.

For a moment it seemed to her that she was dying; dying of sheer horror. She could neither have moved nor cried out; she sat transfixed. Only her eyes lived, dilating, as she stared at the dark face.

Then—it seemed hours later—her heart began to thump like an engine in her breast, but she could move and speak now.

"What are you doing here, Job?" She heard her own voice and marvelled at it. Instinct had prompted her; her tone was cold, authoritative, the voice of the mistress.

The overseer, for it was he, drew himself up, came toward her with his graceful, insolent gait.

"Nothin', Miss Ceely. I jes' came along."

"Then go back at once. Aren't the men picking persimmons today?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"It is your business to see that they do it properly." She was on her feet now; she knew that she must face him standing. The man grinned, but instinct prompted him as well. Celia's sharp voice and firm air of authority brought an inevitable response; something in-born, age-old, caused him to answer, with a touch of mingled sheepishness and respect:

"It's goin', Miss Ceely. I jes' came down to git cooled off."

"You can do that when the picking is finished. Go back to your work."

"Yes'm."

The man slouched off. Celia stood still until she saw him take the path leading back to the groves. Then she swayed, put out a hand blindly, grasped an overhanging branch to steady herself. She was breathing like a runner, her face deathly pale.

"I must get to the house. He might come back." She was trembling from head to foot. With a supreme effort she controlled herself.

She could not go the way the negro had gone; she was afraid of encountering him on the path or in the dark banana patch. She must go by the shore. Slipping, stumbling among the roots, clinging to them, now and again ankle-deep in water, she made her way along the edge of the swamp toward the firm sand beyond. It was hard going; her breath was labored, her forehead wet, there was a dull pain in her side and her heart beat with sickening thumps. Would she ever reach the sand?

She reached it finally, stood firm, began to run, stumbling. The jetty at last; and two gentle, friendly negroes cleaning the yacht. They looked up in mild surprise at sight of her, gave her a cheerful good morning and went on with their task. It was not for them to question the doings of the mistress.

She was safe now, but she went on as fast as she could up the long path, up the terraces to the house. Breathless, still trying to run, she turned the corner and saw Lancing on the piazza eating his breakfast.

"Celia! What on earth—?" He sprang up.

"Oh, Lance! I was frightened—"

"What frightened you? Where have you been? How did you get all wet and muddy?"

"I was in the swamp," she panted.

"Sit down, child." He pushed her into a chair, began to pull off her soaked shoes and stockings. "You ought to know better, Celia. You will make yourself ill. What in Heaven's name were you doing in the swamp?"

"I went down—I often go, Lance. It is so cool and strange, I like it."

"You have odd tastes. It is a beastly place."

"I'll never go again," said Celia, with a shudder.

"I hope you won't. But what is the matter? What frightened you?"

"It was Job," she said. "I was sitting there by the water and suddenly looked up and saw him staring at me."

"It was enough to make him stare. One doesn't expect to find a lady or anyone else sitting in a mangrove swamp."

"It wasn't that," said Celia painfully.

"It was—the look on his face. I think he followed me."

"Nonsense," cried Lance briskly. "Why should he do that?"

"They do—sometimes—"

"Not in Blaque. You know that as well as I do. There is no trouble of that sort here. Never has been. My dear girl," he said patiently, "Job is my head man. Can you seriously suppose that he would dare to annoy my wife?"

"But—he came. And stood there. Looking at me."

"Naturally. He was astonished to see you."

"He had no business to be there himself, Lance."

"He has a perfect right to go to the swamp if he wishes. Now do pull yourself together, Celia. This is ridiculous."

"Then—you won't get rid of him?"

"I will not," cried Lance, losing his temper at last. "Do try to behave like a sensible woman. And don't go wandering about in swamps. If you do that sort of thing you must expect to have the boys staring at you. But don't get any more hysterical notions about them. We have them all in hand, there is absolutely nothing to fear. Do you understand?"

"Yes, I understand that," Celia got to her feet. "I must go and change my frock."

She gathered up her shoes and stockings, went into the house. She was still very pale, but she took a hot bath and dressed again with steady hands.

But for all that she did not regain her color and there was fear in her over-bright eyes. Lancing, however, did not notice it; he met her with a smile when she came down, and said:

"All right again, sweet? Good. I can't have my serene girl getting hysterical bees in her bonnet. Now I must be off."

"Can't you stay with me today, Lance? I should love a sail—"

"Sorry, but I have an appointment. There is a man here from Norfolk who wants to do a deal—potatoes—it would mean a lot if I could get the contract."

"Could we fulfill it, Lance?"

"I'd take a chance. Fairfax needs money. Sometimes I feel it slipping from me." He turned tragic eyes to hers.

"Celia, I could not bear that—"

"No, no!" She soothed a frightened little boy. "You won't have to bear it. We'll hang on—somehow—and when Annette—"

"Yes." He grasped at that. "We'll hang on till then, Celia." He kissed her and strode off. Celia stood very still; she felt scorched, shamed, a traitor to herself and to everything she tried to be. Annette's marriage to Guy could not be a good thing; she was sure of it. Nor did she approve of the uses to which Annette's fortune would be put; it would be poured down the Fairfax drain, and mismanagement inevitably render the sacrifice useless. Celia could not but believe this, yet she had said what she had to Lance. And would say it again. Lance, Fairfax. What had they done to her?

The deal did not go through. Conditions on Lance's estate failed to satisfy the men from Virginia. The land was there, the labor was there, but something upset the contractor. The crop would be next spring's early crop; he appeared to think its success highly problematical.

Lance was disappointed, indignant. Fairfax had been slighted. And he had counted much upon this contract. He took it badly, grew moody and then restless; very restless. Celia had seen these signs before, but she would not allow herself to admit them now. Not now! Not when she needed him so, carrying his unborn child.

She watched him with anxious eyes during the next few days and saw that

the family watched him as well. On Lance's temper—or rather, his temperament—depended a great deal of the family happiness. Gay, he made everyone else gay; steeped in melancholy, he darkened their sky. Celia noticed that Guy was particularly sweet to her these days as if he realized that she was troubled on his father's account.

A day or two passed; Celia was outwardly cheerful, inwardly oppressed. Lance continued very restless. As on that former occasion, he announced, without preliminary, that he was going to "run up to the States."

Celia looked at him with wide eyes. "You don't mean—without me, Lance?"

"I am going with Williams in his motor cruiser," he replied. "We'll be a week on the way, and roll from shore to shore. You couldn't possibly stand the trip, my child."

She knew, of course, that it would be madness for her to take a trip just now in a small motor cruiser.

"But, Lance, I don't want to be left alone."

"Why not? You were quite contented when I was away before."

"I wasn't—nervous, then."

"Why on earth should you be nervous now?"

She looked at him, her eyes too bright. "Now see here, Celia," he exclaimed, "you have got to get over this nonsense once and for all. I will take you with me sometimes—when you are in a fit state to travel—but occasionally I like to run off by myself. I can't be tied down—"

"I know. I don't want to be a clog on you, Lance."

"You won't be that. If you are nervous you can go to Cedar Hill or Rosewoods, or have Guy come over here. Please yourself. But, Celia, it would be far better for you to get hold of yourself. You are as safe at Fairfax as you would be in a London flat. Look at Olga and Annette living alone at Cedar Hill. Look at the aunts, or Miss Allie or half a dozen other women who live alone."

"Yes, I know."

"Then why shouldn't you? I won't have you miserable; go along to Aunt Anne if you like, but for your own sake I wish you would brace up. I shall often be leaving you, not only to go to Virginia but for the fishing. The big season is coming on, we stay out two or three days. If you are going to get in a panic each time, what sort of life will we have together?"

"I don't want to be a coward. It is only—Don't leave me, Lance."

"If it is Job you are thinking of," said Lance, "I'll tell you here and now that I might think twice about leaving you if it weren't for Job. The entire place, including yourself, is put in his charge. He is responsible to me for your safety, and the welfare of Fairfax. No woman could have a more devoted protector. So if that is all that is troubling you—"

"When do you want to leave, Lance?"

"Tomorrow afternoon. Williams wants to get off at once. Would you like me to take you to Cedar Hill? Or shall I send Guy over?"

"Neither. I'll stay here, alone. I can do what—the other women do."

"That's my girl! I am glad, Celia. If you gave in this time it would be the same thing next time. The only way to conquer yourself is to face a situation. You will see how utterly safe you are, and that will be the end of it."

He was entirely sincere; he believed what he said. She knew that. If he had believed there was the slightest danger in leaving her he would never have done so. But he knew that she was nervous, that she was not in a state in which she should be allowed to feel nervous, yet he could leave her. Well—he had said she could go to the aunts or to Olga. But she was not going. She wanted Lance to stay with her and Lance had refused. She would accept no compromise.

For the rest of the evening he was his gayest self. He made much of Celia, he ran up the stairs like a boy, the whole house was filled with his vitality. He was glad to be getting away.

He left before lunch, Celia waving him off from the jetty. She went back to the house, up to her little sitting-room where the shutters were drawn against

the sun. The light came in through green slats, diffused and dim. She sat down and took up her knitting.

The day, already hot, grew stifling. A lurid light spread over the sky and the sun was a copper ball. Celia felt that she could not breathe. After luncheon she went out to the piazza but the blast of furnace-like air sent her quickly in again.

She tried to rest on her bed, but only tossed restlessly from side to side. In a corner, high up by the ceiling, a great spider was eating a cockroach. Celia tried not to look toward the corner but her eyes were drawn; she saw the hairy creature at its disgusting meal, then saw him run, noiseless and furtive, along the cornice. He made her think of Job, the big negro, who moved so swiftly and so silently.

Job! Was she foolish to feel such dread of him? On the face of it, she was. Even if he wished to, he would never dare to harm her.

As for Lance—he was right. Certainly their life would be intolerable if Celia continued to be afraid of being left alone in her own home. The other island women weren't afraid. But there were not strangers on these other estates; only the gentle negroes of Blaque who were a part of each family to whom they belonged. But hadn't Job become a part of the family at Fairfax? Of course he had. "I must be sensible," said Celia.

By tea-time the heat had not lessened but the sun was hidden now by copper-tinted clouds. Celia, unable to bear the house any longer, had tea on the piazza.

"Look like a storm comin'," old Horace observed.

"I hope not, with Mr. Lance at sea."

"He'll be all right. That boat of Mr. Billy Williams will stand anythin'. You all right, Miss Ceely?"

"Yes, Horace."

She was having her dinner on a tray in her sitting-room when the storm broke. After an interval of unearthly stillness the wind struck Fairfax with a shrill scream. She saw the oleanders and the great rhododendrons writhing in the gloom; then came a flash of lightning and a clap of loud thunder.

The curtains ballooned into the room; she sprang up to close the windows. A torrent of rain descended, drumming on the roof. Celia sat listening to the wind and the rain. She heard the voices of the servants, laughing, excited, going off to their own quarters. None of them slept in the house but in a string of small cabins beyond the kitchen yard.

"I wish I had asked Horace and Jinny to sleep in the house tonight," Celia thought presently. She was tempted to go after them, ask them to come back. But by this time they would doubtless be in bed. Besides, it would hardly do to betray that she was nervous.

Ten o'clock—eleven—the storm screamed without ceasing. The noise was maddening. Writhing trees, loud crashes, rattling windows, doors wrenching open and slamming again. Livid lightning revealing a tortured garden, blinding Celia's shrinking eyes. Claps of thunder that rocked the house; clash and clatter of loosened roof tiles above her head.

"Perhaps the roof will go next; Lance never had it repaired."

If it didn't stop she would go crazy. Her nerves were quivering.

"I can't stay up here. I feel like a rat in a trap."

She ran down the stairs, carrying a torch, went into the drawing-room and lit a lamp. The great room was full of moving shadows as the flame flickered in the draught. Celia's fearful eyes followed them.

She went to one of the long windows to look out at the storm. Face it. Things are never so bad when they are faced.

She drew back the heavy inner shutters, peered out. A flash of lightning lit up the scene and Celia screamed.

A figure was crouching close to the window; she saw a dark face and two black eyeballs circled with white. Then darkness again. She stood paralyzed. Another flash—and she saw the figure rise, saw the dark face smile.

Job. He lurched forward; she saw that he was drunk. What was he doing out in the storm? What had he been watching for? The window of her bedroom was



"I quite understand. Will you go back now, Celia? You know the road, it is quite safe. I'll take care of Guy and send for his father."

"Can't I stay—and help—it is insanity? Really?"

"Go back. You must not see—you should not see—poor girl," said Miss Flett with unexpected tenderness and patted Celia's head. "It is insanity, Celia. I have expected this."

Guy was still softly weeping; Celia by this time also in tears.

"Lance," she whispered, "Annette—" "Annette, indeed," Miss Flett echoed. "Oh, this island. This horrible island!" She clasped her hands with a passion of which Celia would never have believed her capable, lifted them and shook them at the moonlit sky. Then, quietly she said:

"You must go at once. And you had better tell Annette."

"I couldn't possibly!"

"She will bear it best from you," the other returned firmly. "She loves you more than anyone else. I'm not surprised. Tomorrow all Blanque will be ringing with this. You can save her the worst of the shock. Now run along, my dear."

She turned from Celia, bent over the crumpled figure on the ground.

"Come, Guy," she said, and the boy got up, clung to her arm and let her lead him away. Celia stood staring at the two departing figures.

Miss Flett! Whom she had detested, whom nobody loved. Jealous, spiteful, gossiping and unkind, Celia had thought her all these things, but she thought of her now as a ministering angel.

"Bless her," said Celia on a sobbing breath, then she turned and ran through the rectory garden, which she knew well, toward the gates, and came upon a straight white road leading to Cedar Hill.

She walked blindly; she did not want to reach Guy's house, she was distracted with grief and this nightmare thing; it seemed to her that only a very little more were needed to send her along the same path that Guy had taken. Her hands were ice, her cheeks burning, she was afraid of the wood, of the silent house awaiting her, of the anguish in store for Lance, and for them all. Of full realization; for she knew that there was more yet to realize, things unspeakable and unforgivable.

When she came in sight of the little white house she covered her eyes with her hand; then she heard someone call to her, heard someone hurrying toward her and, with a cry of indescribable sorrow and relief, stumbled forward to meet Alec Mackenzie.

#### XVII

"ARE YOU better now?" Alec was standing over her, a glass in his hand. She was in the house, in the cool white-plastered hall which was the only sitting-room. Alec had brought her in, put her down in a big chair and given her brandy.

"Yes, thank you, I am all right," she answered.

"Sit quiet and get your breath back," he interposed.

"I have got it. I had been running—Alec, do you know, have you heard?"

"Everything, Celia."

"Oh-h." She looked up at him with stricken eyes. "Lance?" she whispered.

"He is with his son."

"Did you see him? Guy?"

"No. I shall see him presently. I came straight here after you. You could not be left alone."

"Miss Flett sent the message?"

"At once. The Padre's boy brought it. He told us exactly what had occurred and that Miss Flett had sent you back."

"It was good of you to come to me, Alec."

"I wish I could have spared you this."

"Spared me? But I don't matter. It is the others. Lance—Annette—Guy himself—oh, I can't believe it. I can't understand."

"Can't you?" he asked quietly.

"I am beginning to," she whispered.

"Alec—what is this island? What is the matter with it?"

"I think you have found that out, Celia."

"It is incredible. Why is it? Guy always seemed so normal—"

"Did he?"

"No," she faltered, "he was very highly strung; I saw that, of course. Too excitable, changeable—"

"Exactly," said Alec.

"But all the same," she went on, "this—coming as it did—"

"It sometimes comes like that, Celia."

"But why should it, to him? Was—was his mother insane?"

"She went insane after his birth. Or, rather, the latent tendency developed then."

"The latent tendency," she repeated.

"She was—a Mayley. Her mother was Miss Anne's sister. Is the tendency in that family?"

"Yes. You have already guessed that, haven't you?"

"I did—tonight. The other Miss Mayley who lives alone—I heard her scream one night, and Mam'Easter appeared and sent me away—is she mad?"

"She has intermittent fits of madness. At times she is quite normal—in a sense."

"But the others? Miss Anne and Miss Rose—Misseena—?"

"Miss Anne and Miss Rose have escaped the taint. Misseena—well, one can only hope that she will remain as she is."

"But, Alec, it is too ghastly. Those other families—those mysterious people who never appear—is the whole island insane?"

"Gently, Celia. Try to control yourself. I would have spared you this knowledge if I could, but you must hear the truth now and hear it calmly."

"I will," she answered. "Tell me, Alec."

He told her, then, the full secret of Blanque, the tragedy of Blanque. Inbreeding, and the stubbornly isolated life which was led there.

"The tendency exists in half, more than half, of the families," he said. "In some cases it never develops. In many cases," his voice was stern, "it should not have been allowed to develop. That secluded Miss Mayley for instance; she was a beautiful girl, highly strung like all the Mayleys, but as capable of living a sane existence as Anne or Rose. She did lack their mental balance—that is proved—but properly handled I believe that she would not have become as she is. She never left the island, she began to mope, grew morose, quarrelled with her family and withdrew from them. The rest of it followed, inevitably. You have seen for yourself what Misseena is like. There are others whom you have not seen. Change, distraction, a full and proper life might have saved them. Not all; I speak only of certain cases. The generation before this should have gone away. Gone out and lived, married fresh blood—"

"Would that have been safe?"

"A generation ago, yes. Even now, in certain families. But they stay here, continue to intermarry—"

"Oh, it is horrible. This is a ghastly place."

"It is," said Alec. "I told you it was, long ago."

"But not why."

"I could not do that. Perhaps I was wrong, but I could not betray them."

"It wouldn't have mattered—then," said Celia. "Nothing you could have said would have stopped me. But, Alec—"

she was struck by another thought. "Lance knew this—knew what threatened Guy—"

"He did, Celia," Alec's voice was calm and pitiless. "There were unmistakable signs in Guy."

"But—but—he was going to let him marry Annette!"

"He was."

"He knew that Guy's mother and grandmother had gone insane—he saw the signs in Guy—yet he insisted on that marriage."

"Yes. Again I have tried to dissuade him; I might as well have spoken to a blank wall."

"But—it was wicked—criminal—"

"It did not seem so to him. He scouted the idea."

"He knew—he can't have helped knowing that it might happen. To Guy—or to Guy's child—"

"If he did not know, it was not for want of being told," Alec replied. "I used strong words and they were backed by my own particular knowledge."

"Yet he still insisted."

"To save Fairfax!" cried Celia. "He would have sacrificed Annette—"

"He did not see it in that light. He hoped—and had actually convinced himself—that things would be all right. That Guy would be all right."

"But he knew they might not. And he kept his son here, tied up, with no real work, no change or mental stimulus. This is an unforgivable thing, Alec."

"In anyone else it would be. Lance is not like other men."

"So you feel it too?"

"I care for him," said Alec simply.

"Very deeply."

"So do I. But this—it is too much—"

"You must forgive him. He needs you now as he has never done yet. And punishment has been taken out of our hands."

She bowed her head in her hands at that.

"Oh—poor Lance," he heard her whisper.

There was no sleep for Celia that night. She consented after a time to go to bed, going to please Alec, who pleaded with her to rest. He himself was sitting up; Lance might not return tonight, but if he did come back he would find his friend waiting for him.

She fell into a restless doze toward dawn and awakened unrefreshed but in a steadier frame of mind. She bathed and dressed and went out to find Alec Mackenzie waiting for her.

Lance had not come back, but a message had come from him to say that he was returning to Fairfax that evening. Guy, for the present, was in the hospital; Alec was going at once to see him.

"This afternoon," he said, "I will take you back to Fairfax, Celia. We must both be there when Lance arrives. He has intimated that he wants to be alone, but that would be unwise. I shall say nothing to him, if I see him, but I will take you back in the launch about two o'clock."

"Very well, Alec." Her voice was faint.

"Celia—" he spoke with difficulty—"this is very hard for you. I am deeply concerned for you."

"I'll weather it," she said, trying to smile. "I am not going to turn tail, Alec, although you did urge me to do so a few months ago."

"I remember. I was not quite myself that night. I was wrong."

"You no longer urge it, then?" She was more than a little curious at his changed attitude.

"I cannot do that." His manner held a trace of confusion. "You are Lance's wife. Your place is at his side."

"Yes. And I shall stay—if I can."

"Celia?" He looked startled.

"I shall do my best," she replied, very steadily. "But I am—what can I say—shattered, Alec."

"My dear—I know. What you went through last night—and you loved the boy—what you have already gone through—"

"It is not that. I am no weakling, Alec. I can stand things which affect myself. This affair of Annette—"

"You cannot forgive that?"

"It is not for me to forgive. I cannot feel as I did, that is all."

"It is not like you to be so hard, Celia."

"It is not like you to plead for Lance," she retorted, "considering the opposite pleas you made to me once."

"Then—you want me to advise you to leave him?"

"No. I want no advice, Alec. I must work this out for myself. It is only that I am a little surprised—I don't mean annoyed or hurt," she said swiftly, "far from it. But your attitude has changed."

"It has not changed," Alec returned. "But I can no longer advise the course I wish to. I am not disinterested. I never have been, but I tried to deceive myself."

She caught a quick breath, looked at him with dilating eyes.

"Alec! No—no—" She could not have told what she felt. Uppermost in her mind was the fear of losing her friend. He seemed to read her thought, for he answered, very quietly:

"We'll say no more of this, Celia. Forget that I have said even so much. And now I must leave you. What are you going to do?"

"I am going to see Annette." She went

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very white as she said it but she spoke steadily.

"Good. Then I shall call for you at Cedar Hill at two o'clock."

When he left her she stood looking after him for a long moment and sudden color touched her pale cheeks. The big figure striding away down the path wavered and blurred as her eyes filled with tears; then she turned with a decided movement, caught up her hat and took the track through the wood to Cedar Hill.

Mam'Easter met her at the door of the house. The round black face was drawn and there was no beaming smile today.

"Come in, Miss Ceely," she said. "You been walkin' too fast in dis sun. You look bad."

"I am all right, Mam'Easter. How is Miss Annette? May I see her?"

"She up in her room, Miss Ceely. She ain't spoke nor cried. I'm at my wit's end. Maybe you can do somethin'."

Celia went swiftly up the stairs, tapped at Annette's door. There was no reply. She opened the door and saw Annette sitting by the window, still in the white frock she had worn last night, a crumpled figure with a white face and staring eyes. She gave no sign of recognition when Celia came in.

"Annette, my darling," Celia was on her knees by the chair, gathering the little figure into her arms. Annette simply looked at her.

Celia began to stroke the golden head, pressing it close against her breast.

"Darling," Celia's voice was broken, "won't you speak to me?"

"There's nothing to say," Annette's voice was a dreary little thread of sound.

"Oh, Annette, I know. And what am I to say to you? My poor little girl—"

"Celia, Celia, it is my fault. I did it. I drove him to this—"

"Annette, dearest, try to be calm. You don't know what you are saying."

"But I do. If I hadn't been so cruel—"

"When were you cruel, Annette?"

"The night before last." She caught her breath painfully. "I was frightened. He terrified me. I told him I hated him. I didn't want to live, Celia, after seeing Guy like that! I screamed it at him and ran away." She stopped, trembling from head to foot while Celia's arms tightened about her.

"Annette—my poor little girl—"

"I didn't understand," Annette whispered. "He wanted to see me yesterday but I wouldn't see him. I stayed in bed. And then, suddenly, it all came clear. I understood."

"Darling," Celia's voice was just audible.

"I went, last night, to tell him," the hoarse little whisper continued. "I knew he would be at his house. We—we had a little call that he would hear, and come to me. But when I got to the edge of the trees I saw you with him. I didn't want you to see me so I kept still. I waited for you both to come back. But you came alone. Celia—Celia—it was too late! I can't tell him I am sorry!"

"Annette," Celia said, "try to listen to me. It was nothing that you said to him, nothing which occurred between yourself and Guy which caused his—breakdown. That must have happened in any case. Indeed," she spoke slowly and carefully, "if Guy did frighten you that evening it was this very malady that was at fault. He was not himself."

Annette shivered. "But I was cruel to him. Oh, Celia, if I had only seen him yesterday. To tell him I was sorry. Oh, Guy, Guy, what shall I do?"

The door opened softly. Mam'Easter came in.

"It's past one o'clock, Miss Ceely. I done brung you-all a bite o' lunch." She was carrying a tray.

"Thank you, Mam'Easter. I'm trying to persuade Miss Annette, to let me put her to bed."

"No, no," the child cried. "Take me away, Celia. Take me away."

"An' dat's just what you better do, Miss Ceely. Dis house ain't fit for her



the bell. The servants heard it, came tumbling out, thought the whole place was in flames. He—the man—was found, surrounded, tried to fight his way free and, as I told you, went down."

Celia covered her eyes with her hand. "Poor creature."

"Spare your pity," said Alec dryly. "On all counts, his own not least, it was the best thing that could happen."

"I understand," she replied faintly. And added, hurrying from the dreadful subject. "So, you brought me to the hospital. In spite of the storm."

"It was the only thing to do. A risk, but I took it. We wrapped you in blankets and put a tarpaulin over you. You were none the worse."

He was gently taking the pillows from beneath her shoulders, he lowered her in the bed with a firm, practiced touch. He put his hand on her head, smoothed the soft hair.

"Now rest, Celia," he said and went quietly out of the room.

The nurse came back, drew the shutters. To her own surprise Celia fell soundly asleep once more.

She made good progress. The aunts came to see her, kindly and sympathetic; Olga sent masses of flowers; Annette came, pale and nervous, but her visit was not a success. She burst into a storm of tears when she kissed Celia and the nurse took her away and refused to let her come back. Alec, however, was privileged; he came twice a day and stayed as long as he wished.

She was sitting up against her pillows on a certain evening when she heard a step on the stairs at the end of the passage, a step which she knew, quick impatient, which once had brought the hot color to her cheeks and set her heart beating passionately. Her heart began to beat now, hard and fast, but her color drained away and her eyes dilated. The door was flung open, Lance came in.

"My dear girl, my poor girl—" "Lance." She held out a hand to him. He looked tired, haggard. He caught her in his arms, kissed her.

"Are you all right? Better?" "I am almost well. When did you come? We thought you would not arrive till tomorrow."

"Got in just now. I came straight here." He sat down by the bed. I have been frantic," he said. "But what happened, Celia?"

"Don't you know?" She was startled; she had forgotten that Lance could have heard, by wireless, only that she was very ill.

"I know—they told me downstairs—that you had a fall and a miscarriage. I didn't wait for details. Where did you fall? What were you doing?"

"The steps gave way," she said.

"What steps?"

"The brick steps below the oleanders."

He looked thunderstruck.

"You asked me—and asked me—to have them repaired. I meant to do it—but what were you doing there? They tell me this happened on the night of the storm!"

"It was—Job," she answered painfully.

"Job!"

"He—came. He was drunk. I saw him from the drawing-room, crouched down watching my window. He saw me—and smiled." Celia shuddered. "He tried to get in—I could hear him trying—it seemed hours. But everything was locked and barred—I hoped he couldn't get in—"

"Why didn't you call the servants?" "They couldn't have heard me, in that storm."

"They would have heard the bell!"

"I couldn't ring the bell. The rope was broken. I could not climb into the roof."

"Oh—my God," Lance whispered hoarsely. "I meant to get a new rope—go on, Celia."

"He—he got in, Lance. Through a pantry window; I don't know how. And I rushed out—I was frantic—I didn't stop to think where to go. I ran for the steps—and they gave way."

"Celia, you were right; I wouldn't listen to you, but you were right. My God—when I think—and I've murdered your baby for you—"

"Lance—please! I—I can't bear—"

Her face brought him to his senses.

"There, Celia, I did not mean to upset you. I forgot how weak you must be.

Can you ever forgive me, after all that?"

She looked at him for a long moment.

"Of course I forgive you Lance. You didn't know—you couldn't believe—"

"How could I?" He caught eagerly at her words. "I trusted that devil as I do myself."

"I know you did. Poor Lance."

"You do forgive me? I shall never forgive myself."

"I do. I understand."

"You are an angel," he cried. "I'll make it up to you. I swear it, Celia."

She smiled at him. She looked, he thought, as if she might be going to faint.

"I have tired you," he exclaimed.

"Shall I ring for the nurse? Would you like me to leave you now?"

"Perhaps it would be better, Lance."

"Right. I'll be here early tomorrow. Good night, my poor sweet." He kissed her, rang the bell, left her as the nurse came in.

Once more alone, settled down for the night, Celia lay staring at the dark square of the open window. The blissful, drugged feeling of respite, an interval in time, a refuge from existence, was gone now. She was back again, facing her problems.

Lance. She had not expected this attitude from him. What she had expected she could hardly have told. Grief for the loss of the child; that, certainly. Lance had wanted his baby. Sympathy for herself; that, too. Lance was warmhearted; in his own way sincerely fond of her; she had never doubted this, even when she knew him bored with her. And he was always condescendingly kind; his unkindness was never deliberate; it sprang simply from an ill-balanced temperament and a colossal, if unconscious, egoism. Sympathy and sorrow she had expected from him, but contrition, self-accusation, these she had not been prepared for. It had seemed to her that what she had been through—by his fault—had killed her love for him, and she had dreaded meeting him again.

But seeing him contrite, hearing his bitter self-accusation, all that was tender, all that was maternal rose in Celia's heart; remembering that haggard, handsome face, tears welled in her eyes. She could not stop them. She lay weeping—for Lance.

She had told him that she forgave him. He was unforgivable but he was—himself. Yes, she forgave him. And loved him? She scarcely knew. It didn't matter. She knew herself bound to him by ties which were not to be explained.

But she showed the effect of what she had been through. A deeper gravity, a wiser look in the clear dark eyes, a studied control in her bearing. Not unhappiness, but a new awareness, as if she stood on guard. She was not conscious of this herself but it was apparent to certain others, not least to Lance who found her baffling, sweet as she had always been, but somehow withdrawn.

## XVI

TEN days later Celia was pronounced well enough to leave the hospital. Miss Anne had suggested her coming first to Rosewoods until she was stronger and had forgotten her shock, but Celia refused. She must face Fairfax some time and the sooner the better.

Life resumed its normal course. Celia took up the threads where they had been so rudely snapped; Lance, reassured, eagerly cast off the uncomfortable cloak of penitence and was his old cheerful self. The family and their friends made much of Celia, anxious to show their sympathy although, by tacit consent, no one ever referred to what had happened at Fairfax on the night of the storm. Blanche had been shaken to its centre by that dreadful thing. No one spoke of it, but in a score of small, unmistakable ways Celia was made to understand that such a thing had never occurred before and could never happen again. She was very willing to believe it and did believe it, but the island was no longer, to her, the paradise it once had been. She loved it still, but she had learned too much about it, she had penetrated beneath the smiling, innocent surface.

Alec had stayed two weeks at Fairfax and was remaining for one more; Celia dreaded the thought of his going, he had become an integral part of her life. Her

friend, her brother, closer than any friend she had ever had.

Two days before Alec was to sail they went over to stay at Guy's house. Dulany was giving a stag dinner for Dr. MacKenzie that evening, and Olga had invited the clan to a farewell party the next night, so it seemed a more convenient arrangement than making the two long trips back to Fairfax in the small hours of the morning.

They had tea at Cedar Hill; Annette was in bed with a headache. Celia went up to see the child and found her in a darkened room, apparently asleep. She stood a moment looking down at the lovely little face, very pale between the bright waves of hair. Annette's eyes remained closed and Celia, although she did not believe her to be asleep, went softly away again. Annette, obviously, wanted to be left alone with her headache.

Guy had not been invited to Jack Dulany's dinner, which was for older men; he and Celia dined at Rosewoods with the aunts. It was not a comfortable meal; Miss Anne and Miss Rose were calm and pleasant as always, but Miss-seena fluttered and chattered with even more inconsequence than usual, and Guy was in boisterous spirits, so boisterous that he embarrassed Celia and was, she saw, dismaying the two elder ladies.

It was no gaiety which had produced his mood; Celia, watching him anxiously, was convinced of that. He was wrought to this unpleasant pitch by some distress of mind. He was white and looked exhausted, his eyes were like glass, and they were never still. She was glad when it was time to leave, determining that she would do her best to persuade him to go to bed as soon as they reached home. Perhaps he would consent to taking a dose of bromide; he looked as if he had been sleeping badly.

They left Rosewoods about ten o'clock.

It was again the night of full moon. Walking back with Guy through the wood Celia remembered that other night and found herself nervously listening for the sound of a scream. No one cried out, however. All the world was wrapped in silence, and Guy, too, had fallen silent at last. He agreed to going at once to bed although he refused the bromide; Celia left him at the door of his room and went to her own. But, as on a former occasion, she did not undress, feeling disinclined for sleep, and a little later she heard Guy's step and then the sound of his bicycle being drawn from the shed behind the house. She ran out and confronted him.

"Where are you going, Guy? You promised to go to bed."

"I changed my mind. I couldn't possibly sleep. Look at the moon. I'm off for a paddle."

"Canoeing at this hour?"

"It isn't late."

"I shouldn't, Guy. You look so tired. You need a good night's sleep."

"I'm not tired; I wish I were. Sleep! I think I've done with it."

"Don't leave me alone here." She was exceedingly disturbed by his manner, but thought it better to ignore it.

"Why? You aren't afraid of being left, are you?"

"Not at all. But I'd rather you stayed. If you don't want to go to bed, we'll talk."

He shook his head.

"No. I can't sit still. I wish there were some wind, I'd go for a sail. As there isn't—" He grasped the handlebars of his machine.

"Wait," said Celia. "I'll go with you."

"Will you? Good girl." She had expected him to refuse to take her and was relieved by his answer. She did not want to go with him in his canoe tonight but she was determined that he should not go alone. What he had in mind, where he actually intended to go she could not guess, but she would do all in her power to frustrate him, for she did not trust him in this state.

All the islanders rode bicycles, and one was kept at Guy's house for Celia's use. As quickly as possible, lest he should again change his mind, she ran into the shed and brought it out; the next moment they were riding along the narrow path to the gates. They took a short cut to the lagoon, just a track which had been cut for cyclists; in ten

minutes they were there and saw the great sheet of shining water dotted by the small dark islands. Guy got out the canoe from his boathouse on the shore; Celia seated herself on cushions in the bow, facing him as he knelt in the stern. He dipped his paddle with a strong sweep and headed for the creeks.

"Not in there, Guy," Celia protested. "Let us stay out in the light."

"No, we're going in. You haven't seen the creeks by night. We'll go by the broken causeway—"

"No, Guy." The broken causeway was one of the negro quarters.

"Don't worry, Celia. We'll go on. That creek runs by the rectory garden beyond the causeway. That's funny when you come to think of it—" He laughed unthinkingly.

Celia gripped the sides of the canoe. What was the matter with this boy?

She sat silent while Guy continued to chatter in jerky, nervous sentences which reminded her of the way Miss-seena talked. He was paddling swiftly up the creek, which lay in deep and eerie shadow with here and there a finger of moonlight touching a twisted mangrove trunk or gliding over a heap of those snakelike roots. She began to feel that she was in a nightmare; she judged that they must be close to the broken causeway and heard again, or thought she heard, the strange medley of cries which had followed—or seemed to follow—upon the screams she had heard that other night.

Suddenly, from the bank on their right, came a loud laugh, a vacant laugh. Instantly, Guy echoed it. Horror gripped Celia like a hand closing on her throat. She stared at the boy while again from the bank came the laugh and again, insanely, he echoed it. A shaft of moonlight fell full upon his face, flung back and tilted upward, it shone in his eyes which glittered now with a light which she recognized by instinct—for she had never seen a madman before.

Impossible! It could not be. It could not happen like this, without warning, for no reason—but it could. It could. She knew, she had been told, or had read that sometimes it happened—just like this.

"Oh, God help us. Guy. Beloved Guy."

He lifted his paddle high, brought it down upon the water, hard, the shining drops flew up in every direction and into Celia's face. The sting of the water brought her back from her horrified trance.

"Guy," she said, trying to steady her voice and to speak with authority, "what in the world is the matter?"

"Matter? What should be the matter?"

He drove the paddle deep into the stream and the canoe sprang forward like a live thing. She clung to the sides of the boat while he, laughing, drove it along at perilous speed. They were in imminent danger of going over among the weeds and the unspeakable things which infested the bottom of the creek, but Celia was beyond fearing that. She could think only of one thing; that this boy whom she loved, who was Lance's son, whom Annette adored with all her innocent heart, was mad.

What was she to do? How could she persuade him to stop the canoe, to land? And if they did land, what then?

"What is all this?"

Celia heard a woman's voice, thin, acid, and recognized it as Miss Flett's. She remembered then what Guy had said about the creek running past the rectory. The next moment a tall figure loomed above them.

"Miss Flett," Celia gasped. "Guy—"

The Padre's sister bent down, Celia felt a firm hand upon her own.

"All right," Miss Flett said. "I heard you downstream. Jump out. Come, Guy."

The boy obeyed. He had refused Celia's pleading but instinctively he responded to the calm, authoritative and unpleasant voice of the parish tyrant. He stood upon the little wharf, wavering, passing his hand over and over his dark hair; then he sat down and began, very softly, to cry.

Miss Flett helped Celia out of the canoe.

"Oh, what is it?" Celia cried in an agonized whisper. "It came in a flash—without warning—"

"It does," the spinster replied grimly.

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## YARDLEY LAVENDER



right now. Miss Olga, she got one o' her tantrums an' the other ladies at Rose-woods is carryin' on—I got my hands full."

"But," Celia hesitated. "Mrs. Branson—I ought to ask her—"

"No," Annette cried again. "Take me away, Celia. Mother was angry with me yesterday. She—she—"

"Very well," Celia's voice was sharp. "Pack some of Miss Annette's clothes, Mam'Easter. I'll take her to Fairfax."

The heat increased as the day wore on. Arrived at Fairfax, Celia put Annette to bed. Alec administered a soothing draught and the child fell into a heavy sleep. Celia stayed with her until tea-time, then, summoning one of the maids to watch by her, went down to the piazza. Lance had not returned.

"Do you think he will come today?" she asked Alec nervously.

"I think so. Presently."

"Is there any hope, Alec?"

"For Guy? I fear not."

"Is Annette going to be very ill?"

"I am afraid," he answered, "that she is."

The heat grew intolerable and no breath of wind stirred. At dusk Lance had not returned; Celia felt her nerves stretched to breaking point.

"There is going to be a storm," she said.

"There is," Alec returned. "And it will be a bad one."

"As bad as the last?"

"Worse, I fancy."

They dined together, or made a pretense of doing so, at half-past eight. Still Lance did not come. Annette was still in that heavy drugged sleep when Celia went up to look at her at about ten o'clock. As she stood watching the wan little face on the pillow, she heard Lance's step below. A tremor ran through her, she flushed and paled, then with a resolute step went out and down the stairs. Alec and Lance were in the drawing-room. As Celia gained the lower floor the storm struck the house, a gale that sprang from nowhere. The stout old walls shuddered; the wind screamed and from the sea came a sound like cannon-shot.

Had it wakened Annette? She ran back to see. No, the child lay motionless. Phyllis, the maid, was hastily closing windows and shutters. Celia saw all made fast, told the girl to hurry along to her cabin before the rain began and ran downstairs again and into the drawing-room. Lance stood by the mantelpiece, negligently leaning against it in a familiar attitude. Celia's heart turned over in her breast at sight of his face.

"Lance—" Her voice failed. She would have gone to him, taken him into her arms, but something in his expression stopped her. Alec stood a little apart, in shadow.

"Well," said Lance, "that's that." His voice went through Celia like a file. His tone was unexpected, harsh and bitter.

"Lance—my dearest—what can I say to you?"

"Nothing, Celia. Do me the kindness to say nothing, both of you. I thought I had made it clear that I wanted Fairfax to myself."

"But I had to come home, Lance. And Alec naturally came with me—"

"So I see. You meant it kindly, no doubt." He looked from one to the other, his blue glance icy, inimical. It was a look that Celia knew too well, had seen too often, suffered from too much. The look which presaged a mood.

The passion of sympathy which had risen like a fountain unsealed in her heart at sight of him was forced back upon itself; she experienced a sharp reaction, astounded by this incalculable man.

"Lance—please—don't speak like that." Against her will she felt slow anger rising in her breast. "I know how you are suffering, but we are suffering, too. Why should you shut us out? I love Guy so dearly. And Annette—she is here, Lance—we are all together in this."

He appeared unmoved by her appeal.

"Is Annette here?" he asked.

"Yes. I brought her over."

"Why the devil did you do that?"

"Because she needs care. She is ill."

"And you are going to take care of her? What an extraordinary and high-handed proceeding."

"It is time someone did," said Celia,

goaded by his manner. "I only hope it is not too late."

Alec Mackenzie made a movement of protest, but said nothing.

"Spare me heroics," said Lance.

"Spare you!" She forgot his grief for his son, the state in which he appeared, his face which held the look of one stricken to death. "You have spared yourself too long, Lance. I warned you, Alec warned you, you knew—"

"Knew what, my dear?" Again his voice rasped her beyond bearing. She turned on him, splendid in her fury.

"That Guy—poor Guy—was doomed. That the one chance for him was to get away, live a different life. Alec told you that, Alec would have taken him, cured him, perhaps! But you kept him here because it pleased you to have him. And you wanted him to marry Annette. You knew—and you would have married him to Annette. Would have sacrificed her to save your estate. You kept them both tied up in this place although I warned you, begged of you, to send him away. You refused to listen, refused to believe, just as you refused to believe me when I told you about your overseer. I lost my child; Annette may die—or worse than that. They told me there was a ghost at Fairfax, Lance. There will be more ghosts here, and you—you—"

"Celia, I beg of you." That was Alec.

"Be quiet, for God's sake! You don't know what you are saying."

"I think she does," said Lance very quietly. "You blame me, don't you, Celia?"

"Can I do otherwise? You were told, warned, you insisted on the engagement, would have allowed the marriage—"

"I did not foresee this end."

"No, you didn't." As suddenly as it had arisen, Celia's fury dropped from her. She shrugged her shoulders wearily. "You couldn't believe it. I'm sorry, Lance. I shouldn't have said what I have. You cannot help—yourself."

"No. I am a poor thing."

Contrition caught her by the throat.

"Lance—I—" For the second time her voice failed her.

"It's all right, Celia. I agree with every word. Don't look so unhappy; I'm not worth it. I think we had better leave it now. We are all worn out."

"I agree," said Alec. "It will be wiser for us all to go to bed. Although I doubt if anyone can sleep in this storm. I think I shall prescribe a sleeping draught for you both."

"Give one to Celia," said Lance. "She needs it."

"What about yourself?"

"I'll sleep," he answered. "Soundly."

He went to the door; turned and faced them. Celia never forgot that sight of him; the gallant figure, the handsome face, more handsome in that moment than it had ever been before, with the strained look about the fine mouth and shadows under the blue eyes.

He glanced from one to the other, deliberately, inscrutably.

"Good night, my dears," he said. "Take care of Celia, Alec. Bless you both."

Then he straightened his shoulders, smiled his old, devil-may-care smile, lifted a hand as if he saluted them and went out of the room. They heard the angry scream of wind through the long draughty hall; the drawing-room door shut behind him with a crash.

"Alec—" she spoke breathlessly—"I have shocked and disappointed you. I shouldn't have broken out like that. I don't know what came over me."

"You are a woman, Celia," he answered, "a very human one. I am neither shocked nor disappointed; Lance deserves it all. But I am deeply concerned—for you both. However, this is no time for any further discussion. We are all overwrought. You must go to bed now."

"Are you going in to—to have a night-cap with Lance?"

"I think not. I shall go up, too. Lance wants no one tonight. Try to sleep, Celia, and don't worry. We'll find some solution tomorrow."

Celia went to her room where Annette lay sleeping in Celia's bed. Phyllis had made up a second bed for her mistress on the couch.

A few minutes later she heard Alec come upstairs, heard his door close. The storm was increasing in violence; she gave up all thought of going to bed.

Sleep was out of the question. Nor could she have slept in any case.

She was wrought to a pitch never experienced before. Grief for poor Guy, pity and terror for this child here, pity for Lance. Lance! She felt a hand close about her heart as she remembered him standing there at the door, humbled before herself and Alec, and admitting it, yet never in his life more handsome, more gallant. The old characteristic lift of his shoulders, the old reckless smile, his debonaire salute as he left them. She was glad he had done that.

She got up from her chair, began to take the pins from her cap of braided hair. Then again she started, stood with uplifted, arrested hands, listening. Someone was running across the piazza, shouting—she heard Alec's door open, heard him rush down the stairs, and with fast-beating heart and a sense of fresh calamity she followed him.

Alec was unbolting the great front door. A Negro, dripping, his eyeballs rolling, stood outside. Celia recognized Jim, one of the two men who took care of the yacht and fished daily for the household. He and his brother had a cabin down on the shore.

"What is the matter?" Alec demanded.

"Mr. Lance—Mr. Lance—"

"He is here. Lance!" shouted Alec.

"No, he's done gone. Mr. Lance is gone. He's gone in his yacht. Out to sea."

Celia, standing by the staircase, swayed against the newel-post, staring with terrified eyes at the dripping figure.

"When? How do you know?" Alec's questions were like pistol-shots.

"De canoe's done got loose; I went out—an' I see Mr. Lance's sail. Tearin' along—out to sea."

Celia's hand went up to her mouth to keep back a scream. Alec had turned deadly white; the boy began to sob.

"Be quiet," snapped Alec. "Go to the cabins—rouse the others—"

"Nobody can't do nothin', Mr. Alec. We can't follow him. He must 'a' gone plumb crazy."

"There are coastguards—a lifeboat—"

"How we gonna git to dem? Besides, it wouldn't do no good. Dat yacht can't last ten minutes in dis blow."

Alec turned sharply as Celia, behind him, slithered to the floor. At the same moment old Horace appeared, his dark face grey, his hands shaking.

"I knowed somethin' was wrong. I never should have left him. Oh, Mr. Lance—!"

"See to this boy," Alec commanded. "I must carry Mrs. Lance to her room. She has fainted."

The servants were all roused now, by some uncanny instinct. A terrible wail rose above the wild storm, rang about Fairfax like a knell.

SOME three weeks later Celia stood at the rail of a ship which was making slowly across the lagoon toward the reef. Pale-faced, with wide, sorrowful eyes, she watched the receding shores of Blanque. Alec Mackenzie stood beside her, lean grizzled, his stern face scored by new lines, but his grey eyes steady and quiet as ever. Down below in a cabin lay Annette, not yet well enough to walk; she had been carried on board this morning.

It had been a strange and heart-breaking three weeks. On the morning succeeding to the night of storm, a broken spar, a torn piece of sail, were washed up on the shore below Fairfax. Nothing more; Lance had gone out to sea for the last time, the wind and the waves that he loved had received him forever.

For a time Celia lay broken, nerveless; shock and grief and remorse ate into her soul.

"If I hadn't said what I did, Alec. If I hadn't said those wicked things to him. I should have comforted him—"

Alec shook his head.

"He was beyond comfort, Celia. Do not blame yourself. He simply could not face life any longer. Guy was worse than dead to him—Fairfax lost—"

They had learned, by this time, that Fairfax had, indeed, been mortgaged; now it was to be sold, to go out of the family, to become the property of an outsider from the States who had long wished to own it. Annette's fortune, her marriage to Guy, had been Lance's last hope; he had seen that hope shattered.

"I must get away," she said to Alec. "The aunts have begged me to stay; they have offered me Guy's house. But I cannot stay any longer in this island."

"You will go back to your people, Celia?"

"I will go back. Yes, for a little time I can stay with one of my sisters. Until I find something to do."

"You mean another job? That is not necessary. There will be something for you when Lance's affairs are settled up, and I understand that you have a certain income of your own."

"It isn't a question of money, Alec. I must work; to save my soul. But don't let us talk of me; it is Annette I am worrying about. How can I leave her here? Yet I can't possibly take her away—"

"She is being taken away," said Alec. "By me."

"By you! But her stepmother—Olga—?"

"I have seen Olga," he replied grimly. "And she consents?"

"Ay. She consents. And now I have a proposition to make to you, Celia. You say you are in need of a job?"

"I am. I must earn my living, Alec."

"Will you take on Annette? Will you go with her to my house in Scotland, run the place for me and play foster-mother to the child?"

"Alec!"

"I'll not go into details," Alec said, "but I've got the guardianship of Annette. I can't take care of her myself, I'm seldom at home, and for the next year I shall be away most of the time. Will you do this for me, Celia?"

"For you. You are doing this for me. I don't know what to say—"

"You need say nothing but 'yes.' I'm thinking entirely of my own convenience. Annette must have a companion, and my place up there is falling into neglect. I've had experience," said Alec, "of your capabilities in running a large place. You'll be doing me a favor."

So it had been settled; Annette was to go with Celia to Alec's home in the Highlands. What Alec had said to Olga, what pressure had been brought to bear, Celia never knew, but she could guess at that interview between them. Annette would be saved; hearts mend swiftly at sixteen although sixteen is not aware of it.

Preparations for departure were quickly made. Celia said good-by to her friends and to the aunts; to the dear servants and Mam'Easter. She wished Mam'Easter could come with her nursing, but the old woman sadly shook her head.

"I can't go, Miss Ceely. I got my han's full with de others."

She did not see Olga, who sent a message to say that she was too ill to see anyone. Celia was relieved; she could not have borne to see Olga again. Nor did she see Guy in the hospital. Alec was making himself responsible for Guy's comfort; he would take care of him. Miss Flett reported that the boy was losing strength daily; she did not believe that he would live long, and Celia could only pray that this might be so.

The ship moved slowly on; the figures on the quay became indistinct, the voices of the negroes, laughing, childlike, faded away. They were close to the reef.

Alec Mackenzie spoke, breaking a long silence.

"Good-by to Blanque, Celia."

"Good-by to Blanque," she echoed. Her eyes were filled with tears. "Can you smell the oleanders, Alec?"

"I can. Do you remember when you first smelled the freesias?"

"Can I ever forget!"

"And what I said to you about the island?"

"Yes. You were right. It is a terrible place. But oh, it is beautiful."

It lay, in the early sunlight, a little jewel dropped from heaven. Between the tiny islets with their crowns of fantastic cedars, white sails rose and dipped. Behind them were the lovely low shores, white walls, glimpses of flowering vines, the glimmer of the creeks. Tranquil and smiling, an abode of peace. She covered her eyes with her hands.

"Come." Alec drew her gently from the rail. "Come to the other side, Celia. Let us look out to sea. Out toward home."

THE END.



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